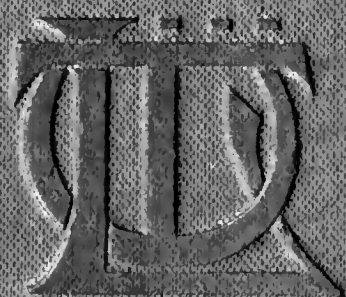


IN CASTLE AND COURT HOUSE:
BEING REMINISCENCES
OF 30 YEARS IN IRELAND



By RAMSAY COLLES

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CASTLE
AND
COURT HOUSE



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IN CASTLE AND COURT HOUSE

BEING REMINISCENCES OF 30 YEARS IN IRELAND

BY
RAMSAY COLLES

"The world's a stage," a stage without a light,
Whereon the actors blindly grope their way;
Happy are they whom Fortune guides aright:
For them she doth not, sorry is the play!



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To
J. E. EVANS-JACKSON
("ONE OF THE BEST. THERE ARE VERY
FEW OF US LEFT")

1772

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In Castle and Court House

CHAPTER I

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL'S LAST FIGHT

Parnell's Last Fight—Election in Carlow—The Priest :
In Politics—Hammond *v.* Kettle—I am Presiding
Officer—Sworn in at Carlow—Drive to Clonegall—
Midnight Visitors—A Personating Agent—Scenes in
Polling Booth—Illiterates Innumerable—I Frustrate
the Game—Expostulation—A Drive to Carlow—Our
Armed Guard—Result of Election—Parnell's Atti-
tude—His Return to Dublin—My Sonnet to Him—
His Death—Father Skerrett.

AN unknown Greek philosopher remarked "Know Thyself"; the modern philosopher says: "Let the Public Know!" Acting on this excellent advice, I proceed, as is now fashionable, to jot down what I remember, before I am fifty, and have possibly forgotten these "Footnotes to History."

My entry into public life commenced with my being appointed Presiding officer at Clonegall, Co. Carlow, when the struggle commenced between Parnell's nominee, the late Mr Andrew Kettle, and

In Castle and Court House

the late Mr Thomas Hammond, who had the support of the Priests.

It will be remembered that in 1891, Parnell's private life had been very dramatically exposed to the public gaze, and the Irish Priesthood saw their chance to free themselves from his autocratic rule, and threw themselves into the arena with a zest which eventually secured for the Church the victory; their war-cry being, "Purity in private as in public life."

In working to this end the priests fought to the death. They knew no such terms as compromise. I myself heard a young priest in the main street of Carlow, say to a voter, "You must either vote for this (holding out a crucifix) and Hammond, or vote for the Devil and Parnell." Such tactics employed by their spiritual guides had, of course, an immense weight with an ignorant and superstitious peasantry.

I was sworn in at 3 o'clock on Monday, 6th July, 1891, by Mr John Alexander, the Sheriff, and drove to Clonegall, and was put up at a small house for the night.

As my clerk, who accompanied me, was a thirsty soul, and as I was myself very dubious as to the resources of Clonegall, I purchased a couple of bottles of whisky, and lucky it was that I did so, for when, in order to be fresh for the duties of the morrow, I retired early to bed, I was so mercilessly persecuted by midnight visitors in the shape of agile agitators "from whom is derived the verb to flee," that in despair I arose, poured all the whisky into the

Charles Stewart Parnell's Last Fight

wash basin, and proceeded to soak my pyjamas in the pure spirit!

I then wrung the garments out thoroughly, into the basin, and putting them on, sprang into bed, with the happy result of a total rout of the foe and the sleep of the just for myself!

When my clerk, who had slept at the house of the local clergyman, a teetotaller, turned up in the morning at 7 o'clock, I was still asleep. As the polling booth had to open at 8, he awoke me, and I explained the reason of the heavy aroma of alcohol in the room. Looking into the basin, he said, "Begorra! some poor fellah might like to have that, I'll just cork what remains of the blessed liquor up again." I expostulated in vain. He reminded me that when a big whisky fire at Roe's Distillery took place in Dublin, the crowd in the street drank the ignited fluid as it poured down the channels, taking their shoes off to serve them as drinking vessels. "I'll just put the bottle in my outside pocket," he said, "and some poor fellah 'll be glad enough to steal it out of it!" This was exactly what happened that very night in the crowded streets of Carlow.

Polling commenced sharp at 8 o'clock, many men hanging around for the polling booth to open. I shall not give the names of the personating agents, but one of them was a priest. As a resident in Dublin, and knowing little or nothing of Carlow, I was astonished at the number of illiterates.

In order to make my statement clear to the general reader, I must explain the method of procedure.

In Castle and Court House

If Pat Murphy, on being handed his voting paper, says he cannot read or write, the Presiding Officer fills a form of solemn declaration to that effect, and having read it aloud to him, witnesses Murphy's mark on the form. Murphy then declares aloud that he votes either for Hammond or Kettle, as the case may be; but the ballot being no longer secret, the personating agents know how he votes, and the priest being a personating agent, becomes aware that Pat has done as he was told to do.

As nearly every voter in the district appeared to be illiterate, I became suspicious, and after a little reflection, I handed the next illiterate his voting paper upside down. He confirmed my suspicions by turning it round, the while declaring himself unable to read! This was too much for me. I said to him "Are you prepared to make a solemn declaration that you can neither read nor write?"

"I am, sir," he replied.

A happy thought struck me, "Are you prepared to take your *oath* that you can neither read nor write?"

He hesitated. I continued, "See here," I said, producing the familiar, so-called "Swearing Book" (a New Testament with a cross painted on it in white enamel). "Are you prepared to kiss that Book?" handing it to him, and pointing to the cross; "are you prepared to kiss *that* and swear that you cannot read? Remember there is such a thing as perjury, and that you can be severely punished for swearing what is false!"

Charles Stewart Parnell's Last Fight

The priest here sought to interfere. He saw that things were looking very blue. He could absolve Pat for making a solemn declaration which, though it was false, his spiritual adviser approved of his making; he could not shield poor Pat from the punishment the law awards to perjurers.

I silenced his Reverence by holding up my hand, while I continued, addressing the voter:

"Why did you turn that paper round?"

"Och, shure! I was only twisting it," said Pat.

"Well," I said, "either swear that you can't read, or 'twist' into that corner (pointing to it) where you will find a pencil, and put your mark against the name of the candidate for whom you intend to vote. Then fold the paper in two, and put it into this box," pointing to the ballot-box, which stood on the table; "and remember the ballot is secret."

From this time on, my course was clear. In only one case, from that hour, about 2 o'clock, until the polling booth closed at 8 p.m., did anyone take the oath. One and all of the so-called illiterates were eager to make the solemn declaration, but shirked the consequences of the oath.

The priest expostulated, but I was firm.

"Reverend Sir," I said, "You must really keep quiet. I will take the consequences of my conduct, and if you interfere with me any more, I shall, with great reluctance, have you removed."

This had the desired effect, and I parted the best of friends with all present. Later I wrote to Mr

In Castle and Court House

A. J. Balfour, who was then Chief Secretary for Ireland, on this subject.

At twenty minutes past eight that evening all Clonegall had assembled to see us depart. First an Irish jaunting car with four armed policemen. Then the ballot-box placed in a conspicuous position on the well of the car, with my clerk on one side with a policeman, and a policeman with me on the other side. Then a third car, like the car in front, with four policemen, and in this order we drove along the country roads, on a lovely July night, with the golden sickle of a new moon on high ; drove between hedgerows which were prodigal homes of unmarketable beauty, and which glistened with the shaken silver of a recent summer shower. Carlow was reached at five minutes to eleven, and the ballot-box handed over to be dealt with by those to whom the counting of the votes had been entrusted. Our task was ended.

The result of the poll was declared at 1.20 next day, in favour of Hammond. Parnell was very cool. He spoke, as usual, with much deliberation, and even with the defeat at Kilkenny fresh in his memory, declared that this was not the end. Parnell was always a speaker who impressed me as one who thought first and spoke afterwards. He did not merely talk for the sake of talking. His voice had a fine, sonorous ring in it, and carried conviction with it. We returned by the same train to Dublin. Parnell hardly spoke a word all the way. As a proof of the kindness of the man, I may mention the fact

Charles Stewart Parnell's Last Fight

that the first thing he did on reaching Dublin, was to drive to a private hospital in Harcourt Street to inquire about one of his followers who had been injured at the previous Election in Kilkenny.

Although nominally a Conservative, I had great sympathy with Charles Stewart Parnell, especially in his struggle against the interference of the priests in politics, and I addressed the following sonnet to him, submitting it first to that severe critic, Dr George Sigerson, who approved of it, and gratified me by saying that he considered it very good.

TO CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, M.P.

He is not vanquish'd who renews the fight,
And open-breasted bids the foe again
Defiance, while alert he waits the rain
Of blows that fall, and, meeting might with might,
Is conscious of his strength, as of his right.

He is not vanquish'd who erect doth stand,
And holdeth fortune in his own right hand,
With face uplifted and with eyes alight.

Nay, rather, though his foes plant many a blow,
And mock his silence with untimely mirth;
Tho' marr'd his visage be beyond recall—
Yea, though his blood should as a river flow—
Hail him we victor, who from every fall
Riseth, Antæus-like, from Mother Earth!

The polling day in Clonégall was the 7th July, 1891, and on the 7th October, exactly three months later, Charles Stewart Parnell was dead! Dead? Has anyone who has seen Charles Stewart Parnell alive seen him after death? The Rev. Father Skerret, a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church,

In Castle and Court House

assured me that he did his best, as a Priest, to see the corpse, but was refused. Father Skerret impressed me as being a lover of truth. He died very suddenly himself. On the last occasion on which I saw him, an occasion made memorable to me by a disgraceful assault upon myself, the story of which I tell later, he said, "I declare solemnly that though I have searched high and low, I have never met anyone, man or woman, even his nearest and dearest, who saw the dead Parnell."

There we may leave the matter. We may not agree with his methods. As William Ernest Henley pointed out, in that brilliant but short-lived paper *The Scot's Observer*, Parnell had all the qualifications to militate against his being a Leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party. He was a Landowner, a Protestant, and a Gentleman, and surely when we look at

"The apes whose ancestors were men,"

we must solemnly admit this statement.

He was a man, take him for all in all;
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

CHAPTER II

THE IRISH LITERARY MOVEMENT

Irish Literary Movement—Sir Walter Besant and “The Author”—The Poets and Poetry of Young Ireland—A Literary Pilgrimage—Miss Katharine Tynan—W. B. Yeats—Rev. Father Russell, S.J.—Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert)—John O’Leary the Fenian Leader—Some Visitors to Whitehall—George Pellew—Some American Writers—Richard Ashe King—Anecdote of James Payn—Dr Douglas Hyde—“A. E.” Russell—Charlotte Grace O’Brien—Dr Sigerson.

I SANDWICH between the description of Parnell’s last fight, and my account of Lecky’s candidature for the representation of T. C. D. in Parliament, an account of some of the representatives of literature in Ireland at a time when many who are now well known were starting their careers.

When “The Author” was founded by Sir Walter Besant in July, 1890, he wrote to me, asking me to contribute an article on “Literature in Ireland.” I did so to the best of my ability, but like many another well meant effort, my attempt to catalogue the names of my contemporaries was not altogether well received. This was not my fault, for the article was mutilated in an extraordinary manner, not, I am certain by Sir Walter; and, as an instance of the

In Castle and Court House

stupidity with which the excisions were made, I may point to the fact that my references to a young and rising poet who had fully justified the praise with which his work was greeted (Mr W. B. Yeats), were cut completely out.

Professor Dowden had laughingly remarked, on his deciding to decline the offer of the Chair of Literature in an American University: "I suppose I make take out a perpetuity in Mount Jerome now." Mount Jerome is the Protestant burial ground, and I had used Dowden's remark without acknowledging its source, and was naturally accused of bad taste in consequence. These were some of the troubles that afflicted the just, but I was not much worried by the strictures passed upon me, for I was conscious of the fact that I never spoke a word or wrote a line with the object of paining anyone. Swinburne paid me the compliment of writing to me, "I am sure you cannot have written anything to offend a sensible reader." I mention this lest there should be anything in this book that may be mis-interpreted.

The Irish Literary Movement, as it has since been called, was started about 1886. Poets who have since won world-wide reputations, were then either writing verses for circulation amongst their friends, or sending the poems to "The Irish Fireside," edited, I believe, by Miss Rose Kavanagh, a charming young woman, herself a writer of graceful verse, who, alas! was laid in a few years in an early grave, the victim of consumption.

An attempt had been made, in 1886, to resusci-

The Irish Literary Movement

tate "The Dublin University Magazine," which was in 1840 a publication of which Ireland might be proud; and to this later issue, contributions were sent by all who aspired to be literary. Mr Yeats sent some of his earlier work to this magazine, and in it appeared his finest dramatic poem, "Mosada."

Those were the days when pilgrimages were made, every Sunday, to Whitehall, Clondalkin, where Miss Katharine Tynan (now Mrs H. A. Hinkson) lived in a delightful old farmhouse. Miss Tynan, who has since contributed very largely both in prose and verse, to the delight of her readers, had at that time only a slender little volume bearing her name: "Louise de la Vallière." It was, however, a little book full of promise, and was followed by another in which a great advance in her art was discernible, "Shamrocks," for which I suggested the motto chosen from a poem by Richard Hengist Horne, "'Tis always morning somewhere in the world."

At the time of which I write, there was no steam-tram to help pilgrims on their way to this literary Mecca. Four miles, at least, of country road had to be walked or cycled, but to young hearts full of enthusiasm, young heads full of glorious projects, and to the springy step of youth, what are four miles? I used to think it was most appropriate that the glass panels of the hall door at Whitehall were *couleur de rose*, for the young writer's view of her friends was always "kindly Irish of the Irish," making the most of their virtues, and quite blind to their faults, whatever they might be.

In Castle and Court House

In the delightful low, thatched farmhouse under the Dublin Mountains, with its tangled orchard at the back, its garden with a sundial, its labyrinth of little flower-beds with box borders, and its great walnut tree, all sorts and conditions of men and women might be met. Here a Protestant Home Ruler hob-a-nobbed fraternally with an enthusiastic Conservative, or a Fenian leader. All politics were forgotten as well as were all creeds. Here I met, amongst others, Father Russell of the Society of Jesus, Editor of "The Irish Monthly," an old established and ably conducted magazine, in which the literary tone predominated. To this magazine Oscar Wilde contributed some of his earlier verses; for it M. E. Francis (Mrs Blundell) wrote her first novel "Whither?" and some of her best work. Father Russell, a brother of Lord Russell of Killowen, has a fine catholic taste in literature, and "The Irish Monthly" represented some of the best productions of the literary party in Ireland. Miss Tynan, of course, was a contributor, as were also Miss Rosa Mulholland, now Lady Gilbert, Miss Ellen O'Leary, sister of John O'Leary (the old Fenian chief) and Miss Dora Sigerson (now Mrs Clement Shorter) and her sister Hester (now Mrs Piatt).

Not the least noticeable person in Whitehall was Miss Tynan's father, a fine old man, not unlike Walter Savage Landor in that old lion's most combative moods. Mr Tynan expressed himself in vigorous terms, and always won an audience who listened to him with more than ordinary pleasure.

The Irish Literary Movement

“Amongst the guests star-scattered o’er the grass” on the afternoon of a summer’s day, I found Miss Frances Wynne, the author of a very beautiful little book of verse, entitled “Whisper.” Yeats also was there and recited to me on the road home his musical verses on the old fisherman, with its refrain—

“When I was a boy with never a crack in my heart.”

Frederick Gregg, now an author and journalist in New York, was a constant visitor, as were also W. S. Pyper and Pococke, who wrote a clever parody on Browning, and was joint author with my old school-fellow, Henry Stewart Macran, of a paper entitled *Signs of the Times*, which, though it did not contain a word of sense, was read before the Philosophical Society in T.C.D., and gained the Gold Medal for composition; a medal which the authors refused, under the circumstances, to accept. Macran is now a Fellow of T.C.D., and the author of an important work on Greek music. Few men combine, as does Macran, a knowledge of Greek and Music.

It is to Miss Tynan that I owe my knowledge of George Pellew, of Katonah, New York. He was then collecting the materials of his book “In Castle and Cabin, or Talks in Ireland in 1887,” which on its appearance Lord Morley of Blackburn declared in “The Nineteenth Century,” to be one of the most important contributions towards the solution of the Irish problem.

A mad dog was in the neighbourhood of Clondalkin at the time and many people carried revolvers.

In Castle and Court House

Pellew had to pass through a lonely stretch of road to reach "Belgard" where Sir Henry Hayes Laurence, Bart., a descendant of the great Indian hero, lived, and on whom he proposed to call, but he refused the loan of any weapon whatsoever. Pellew and I were driven into Dublin that evening and spent the greater part of the night at the Imperial Hotel, discussing literature. I remember he was enthusiastic about Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's "Love Sonnets of Proteus," and he was the only man I ever met, save Mr Watts-Dunton who appreciated the poems of Ebenezer Jones, the author of "Studies in Sensation and Event." I can hear him, after this lapse of time, reciting "When the World is Burning," a truly extraordinary poem which, like Wordsworth's Lucy

There were none to praise
And very few to love.

Pellew it was who sent me novels by Edgar Saltus, whose work I collected with enthusiasm, and on whom, years after, I wrote an article in *The Westminster Review*, gaining a letter thereby from Saltus, signed "Yours attentively." Pellew also called my attention to the verse of Edgar Fawcett, especially to a poem entitled "Dei Gratia." He gave me an introduction to Thomas Sergeant Perry, of Boston, author of "From Opitz to Lessing"; "A Study in Neo-Classicism"; "The Evolution of the Snob"; and a Study of "Greek Literature," an exhaustive treatise on the subject. Mrs Perry is an artist and the author of some beautiful translations

The Irish Literary Movement

from the Greek Anthology entitled "From the Garden of Hellas." She published anonymously a charming little volume of poems, "The Heart of the Weed," a title explained by a quotation from James Russell Lowell, "to win the secret of the weed's plain heart." This little book contains a sonnet on Swinburne's poems to children, a copy of which I sent to the author of "A Dark Month."

Another friend I owe to Pellew was Richard Hovey, the American poet, author of some beautiful verse. But I must reserve my recollections of American poets for the section to be devoted to Walt Whitman and other representatives of literature in America.

I have always admired Miss Katharine Tynan's poems. One of her poems contributed to "The Dublin University Magazine," she has, I believe, never reprinted, but the following, which I quote from memory is, I think, exquisite in many of its expressions; for instance, "Her eyes are starring the happy shadows."

O my swallows! hasten up from the South,
For young May walks knee-deep in the Irish meadows,
And living gold is her hair, and the breath of her mouth
Is delight, and her eyes are starring the happy shadows.
The honey-heart of the cowslip lies at her feet,
The faint fresh buds of the hawthorn trail o'er her bosom,
And the garment that covers her, fragrant and sweet,
Is the mingled rose and snow of the apple blossom.

In another poem which won my admiration she writes of the dawn—

All the East, a rose uncurled,
Grows golden at the heart.

In Castle and Court House

There is nothing from "the gossamer spun on the dewy lea" to the "dawn's rose leaves shed on a yellow sea" that she has not rendered dearer to us by virtue of poetic association.

Mr H. A. Hinkson, a distinguished graduate of T.C.D., I also met at Whitehall. He is the author of one or two law books and of many capital novels, and is a Prince of Good Fellows. He married Miss Tynan in 1892.

Another writer I met at Whitehall was Mr Richard Ashe King, author of "The Wearing of the Green." I am indebted to him for the following story told him by James Payn, the novelist. It appears that Payn received a letter from an unknown person praising his works. "I liked to hear my books called 'works'," said Payn, "and I replied. He wrote me again, and I wrote in return a jocose letter. He replied in like terms. I again wrote telling him a funny story. He sent me a funny story. I capped it, and in a short time I got a Roland for my Oliver. I got a rather blue story in his next, and I wrote him one to match it, finally I got an indignant letter, commencing 'Sir, are you aware that I am a woman!' I often," said Payn, "blush under the bedclothes when I think of the stories I told that woman!"

Others who used to visit Whitehall were: Dr Douglas Hyde, very learned in the Irish tongue, of which he compiled a dictionary; George Russell, the poet, better known as "A. E.," the author of much mystical verse; Dr Sigerson, who wrote on many subjects, including poets and poetry; Edwin

The Irish Literary Movement

Hamilton, the Aristophanes of Ireland; Mr James Bowker, an official in the G.P.O., a lover of old books and a contributor to "The Irish Monthly"; and Charles Johnson and his sister, the son and daughter of that fine old fire-eater, Johnson of Ballykilbeg. I have also a dim recollection of a very charming personality, that of the late Charlotte Grace O'Brien, daughter of Smith O'Brien, the Irish rebel, whose statue, arrayed in a perfect frock coat, ornaments an approach to O'Connell Bridge.

CHAPTER III

LECKY'S CANDIDATURE FOR T.C.D.

W. E. H. Lecky the great Historian—Michael Hickie, a well-known Dublin Bookseller—An Amusing Incident—Vacancy in Parliamentary Representation of T.C.D. — Electioneering Arguments — Professor Mahaffy's Comment—My Lucky Discovery—Lecky's Early Book—"The Religious Tendencies of the Age"—*Irish Times v. Dublin Daily Express*—Lecky and the Church—Extracts from a very scarce Book—Lecky on Christianity—The Church Militant—My Interview with Lecky—Why I hold Unpublished Letters—His Triumphant Return for T.C.D.—His Personal Kindness to Myself.

THE first time I saw W. E. H. Lecky, the historian, was in 1891, in a second-hand book shop kept by one Michael Hickie. I remember Lecky, "angular and profound," with his hands clasped behind him, gazing at the titles of books far beyond the range of my vision. He seemed to my fancy—let me say it with all reverence for a great man and a great writer—like an inspired giraffe browsing upon the foliage on the topmost boughs of the tree of knowledge! Hickie stood in the centre of his shop piled up with stacks of books on every subject. A man

Lecky's Candidature for T.C.D.

came in with a volume he had picked up off the improvised shelf outside the shop, and asked:

"What do you want for that?"

It was a shabby looking copy of the Bible.

Hickie pulled his beard meditatively, and said "one shilling."

"It's not worth a shilling," said the man, emphatically, "I'll give you sixpence for it."

Upon this Hickie awoke, and shouted "Get out of my shop! Any man who says that the word of God is not worth a shilling won't stop here!"

Hickie was not religious, he told me afterwards that he had mistaken Lecky for a clergyman!

When, in the latter part of 1895, a vacancy was created in the Parliamentary representation of Dublin University by the Right Hon. David Plunket being raised to the Upper House as Lord Rathmore, the candidates were George Wright, Q.C., and Lecky. The fight raged hot, for both were well known men, the one on account of his personality, and his skill and eminence as a lawyer, the other on account of his world-wide celebrity as an historian. All's fair in love and war, and it is not surprising that Lecky's opponents used as a weapon against him his heterodox opinions as expressed in his works, especially in "The Rise of Rationalism in Europe," and "History of European Morals."

A very large number of the electors were clergymen, and it was held that if by any possibility they were ignorant of Lecky's works, they should be made

In Castle and Court House

aware of his having called an unfortunate class of women, "The High Priestesses of Purity"; and consequently everything was done that could be done, to intensify his supposed hostile attitude towards Christianity in general, and the Church in particular. He was branded not alone as an agnostic, but as an out and out atheist, and the simple, kindly-hearted gentleman was painted as a very devil incarnate.

Elections in Ireland are perhaps no worse than in England, but the absurdity of the arguments on both sides may be gauged from the fact that one of Mr Lecky's supporters wrote to the daily papers pointing out that Lecky paid pew rent! This was followed by a letter from an opponent who demonstrated clearly that the historian, notwithstanding his payment of pew rent, never went to church. Another correspondent rushed into print stating that he knew for a fact that Mr George Wright was a devout attendant every Sunday at such and such a church! Finally Professor Mahaffy wittily remarked that the electors were called upon to face the problem as to whether they would prefer to support a candidate who paid pew rent but did not go to church, or a candidate who went regularly to church, but did not pay pew rent.

However laughable, at this time and distance, such arguments may appear to be, there is no doubt whatever that heavy artillery was being used against Lecky, the weapons being somewhat antiquated and, as students of American history may remember, the

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ammunition consisted of theology as it did actually consist on one occasion in the American War of Watt's hymn books. After all, orthodoxy carries weight, and the church which, as I shall prove, leant towards Lecky's side, began to have doubts about the wisdom of its choice.

At this critical time I was, one Saturday, wandering along the quays in Dublin (almost as famous as those in Paris, and for the same reason) in search of old books. Seeing me passing, and knowing my keen interest in such things, a second-hand book-seller, Mr George Webb, of 5, Crampton Quay, asked me in to see a book by Lecky. I entered the shop in a most sceptical mood, for I had studied Lecky's books, including his "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland"; judge then my astonishment when Mr Webb produced a little volume bound in blue cloth, entitled "The Religious Tendencies of the Age," published by Messrs Otley and Saunders in 1860. The book did not bear the author's name on the title page, and there was no reference to previous work by the same hand in its 320 pages, but an advertisement at the end of the volume stated that by the same author was written "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland."

In addition to the book, which I eagerly acquired, was an autograph letter from the author, written from 14, Onslow Gardens, his residence in London, and addressed to a correspondent in Dublin, in which Mr Lecky evidently replied to a question with regard to his authorship, by admitting the fact.

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Never did I pay fifteen shillings more willingly than to Mr Webb, the bookseller, on that occasion! I now possessed materials from which to manufacture a bomb to throw into the camp of the enemy!

The Irish Times, the most powerful organ in Ireland, and a supporter of Lecky, was then edited by the late Mr Scott. "Promising Scott" he was called, because he had a habit of promising anything; and such I found him to be when later I called upon him. *The Dublin Daily Express* was owned by my friend, James Poole Maunsell, who died all too soon. I had been connected, off and on, with the *Express* as a reviewer, occasional leader writer, etc., and accordingly to the *Express* I went, and saw the late Dr Patton, who at once saw the force of my argument, and, he having promised me the space I required, I repaired to the offices of *The Irish Times* and saw Mr Scott, who promised me the same amount of space—a full column.

The result of my perusal of "The Religious Tendencies of the Age" appeared on the following Monday morning, when my full column appeared in *The Dublin Daily Express*, and not one word was to be found in *The Irish Times*! The immediate effect of my signed letter on the subject of the contents of the book, was the trebling of the circulation of the *Express*, which was quoted by all the papers in the kingdom, and was made much use of by Lecky's committee.

Readers of Mrs Lecky's beautiful life of her husband, may wonder that there is no reference to



Photo, Lafayette]

RAMSAY COLLES (1896)

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these matters to be found in her pages. The fact is that when Mrs Lecky was advertising for letters written by the great historian, I was in Germany, and my attention not being drawn to the advertisement, I did not forward the letters written to me by Mr Lecky, to his biographer for inspection. Readers of that life will remember that Lecky intended to enter the Church, and only abandoned the idea after devoting some years to the study of theology. The tone, therefore, of "The Religious Tendencies of the Age," his first book, is not to be wondered at.

As the book had so great an effect in connection with Dublin University Election, and as it has been quite out of print for years, and is indeed very scarce, the following quotation may not be out of place, and may give the reader an idea of the contents, as well as a picture of what Lecky considered the profession which he intended to follow to be—

"The position," he wrote, "of the Protestant clergyman is, in theory at least, one of the most beautiful that can be conceived. It forms, as Goethe remarked, the one idyll of modern civilisation. Our reformers, by abolishing compulsory celibacy would remove religion from an unamiable and comparatively unproductive isolation and transfuse it through society as an ameliorating and harmonizing influence. They would blend it with every scene of domestic joy, with the ineffable love, and the open sympathy, and the unclouded confidence of the

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family circle, with the ringing laugh of children and the soaring hopes of youth. They would exhibit in a single man the model christian and the model citizen; the lights of heaven and of earth mingling and intensifying each other. He who aspires to so high a position should seek, in every way to make religion in his person attractive, and to gain the respect and the affection of those around him. Youth should find him a participator in its pleasures, and a cordial sympathiser with its hopes; manhood, a sagacious counsellor in secular matters as well as in religion; age, a patient listener and an unwearied minister to its wants. He should endeavour, by varied studies, by the cultivation of every grace, by the ascendancy in society as would secure a respectful attention to his statements. If he has wit, it should coruscate with a bright, though innocuous flame. If he possesses conversational powers he should employ them in allaying discord and promoting charity and adorning truth. In the pulpit he should make his many studies converge to a single object, deriving illustrations from the most varied sources, culling pregnant thoughts from the most dissimilar writers, borrowing examples from every page of history and biography. Untenable arguments and exaggerated assertions should find no place in his discourses. Virulent controversy should never be introduced into his pulpit. He should combat error by the enforcement of truth, and dwell rather on doctrines that are generally admitted than on those that are questioned. Above

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all, he should represent Christianity as an ennobling and harmonizing principle, promoting human happiness and developing human capacities, a principle designed to reform society, not to subvert it, and to purify the enjoyments of life, not to destroy them."

Such, I wrote in my letter to the *Express*, is the picture drawn by Mr Lecky of the modern "man of God," and who shall say that his brush is tinged with either agnosticism or atheism?

"There lives no record of reply," to quote Tennyson's "In Memoriam," and I drove my argument home with but one more extract with which I shall trouble my readers, an extract trebly valuable at the time, as can be readily understood, for I alone possessed the book, and I alone could quote from it!

In reference to a future life, the so-called atheist had written—

"But as finite things can never satisfy the longing of man after the infinite, as a canker lurks in every pleasure, and time withers life's noblest works, as imagination creates aspirations for higher existences and more perfect forms of enjoyment than earth can afford, there is an object of ambition offered to us grander than any of those things that are seen, a state of life is revealed where the capacities of man may be developed to the fullest extent, where his affections may find worthy objects, his intellect an ample range, his hopes a full completion. This life is supplemented by death; earth is made the portal to heaven, and ambition finds in the future world its noblest and its final object."

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The effect of my letter, which contained other extracts, and closed with the words, "I have dwelt thus long on this book, because it exhibits an attitude towards Christianity on the part of the great historian with which his opponents do not credit him," was undoubtedly very great, and I was much gratified by a letter of thanks from Mr Lecky, in which he pathetically refers to the fact that the book was published so long ago as 1860. "Who would have thought," he wrote, "that a book dead and buried so long should arise from the tomb to confront me now," and concluded by inviting me to call to see him at a private hotel in Molesworth Street.

I had received another letter on the same subject. This was from a high dignitary of the Church, and an old friend of mine, also asking me to call. I did so, and was much amused to find the Church was largely represented on the occasion. I laughingly inquired of my friend why he had summoned a spirit like myself to face such an assembly, and the reply was that the Church, as represented by those present, had read the letter in the *Express* with much satisfaction, but were anxious, if possible, that I should prove from "The Religious Tendencies of the Age" that Lecky believed in the Divinity of Christ.

Remembering the sentence given above, "Untenable arguments and exaggerated assertions should find no place in the discourses of the clergy," I felt at once the difficulty of such a task, but promised to do my best, with which unsatisfactory assurance I left my audience, happy in the main, and, on dipping

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further into the book, managed to write a second letter, which occupied two columns in *The Daily Express*, besides appearing in *The Belfast Newsletter* and *The Cork Constitution*.

In the meantime *The Irish Times* remained silent on the subject, and aroused the ire of its opponent, which had the following:—

“THE UNIVERSITY ELECTION

It is only right to state that the complete refutation of Mr Lecky's critics, supplied in Mr Ramsay Colles's extracts from Mr Lecky's 'Religious Tendencies of the Age,' was deliberately withheld from the readers of a newspaper purporting to support Mr Wright. This is a fair sample of the way in which Mr Lecky's opponents are economising truth to serve their own ends.”

I called to see Mr Lecky on the afternoon of Friday, 29th November, and found him as serene as if no storm were sweeping around him. He asked me where I had found the book, and thanked me most graciously for the good use I had made of it. I felt sorry to be worrying him on the afternoon of a busy day, and said so, but he replied that his speech made during the day had not wearied him in the least, though he had been frequently interrupted. He said, “I take a pleasure in the exuberance of youth.” I thought of his reference to the “ringing laughter of children” in the little book. He referred to his forthcoming “Liberty and Democracy,” which reminded me of a promise made

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to a friend, and I asked him to sign for me one or two copies of his little volume of poems; which he asked me to leave with him for the purpose. These he kindly signed and sent me.

He sat in a low armchair, his massive head swaying occasionally from side to side, and his hands clasped in front of him. I did not stay long, for he had a public dinner to attend in an hour or so, a function at which I also had to be present. I said in leaving, "I feel certain of your success, Mr Lecky!" but he merely replied "Thank you," and added "and thank you for all you have done in the matter."

Lecky's return as representative of T.C.D. was received with great enthusiasm, and how ably and energetically he acted in that capacity is a matter of history. He never forgot the humble but effective part I played at that period of his career, and when, many years later, I was a candidate for a commissionership in West Africa, he was one of my most ardent supporters; and it was through his influence that I was appointed in 1896 a Justice of the Peace for the Borough of Dublin. I may add that, notwithstanding the machinations of many enemies, political and social, I still retain my Commission of the Peace.

CHAPTER IV

SOCIAL LIFE IN DUBLIN

The Two Sections of Society in Dublin—Castle *v.* Mansion House—Sir George Moyers—Same Division in Literary as in Social Life—People *v.* Professors—Thomas Moore Centenary—Amusing Incidents—Tercentenary of T.C.D.—Aloofness of “the Silent Sister”—Some Young Poets—A Don’s Luncheon Party—The Poet and the Bee—Lionel Johnson—W. A. Craig—What happened at “The Professor’s Love Story”—The Corinthian Club—Some Members—Martin Harvey and Edward Terry—Miss Irene Vanbrugh—Chancellor Tisdall—Shakespeare and Bacon—George Alexander—W. S. Penley—A Unique Recitation—The Scientific Beggar Man.

SOCIETY in Dublin may be said to be divided into two sections composed of those who attend receptions at the Mansion House and those who go to Drawing Rooms at Dublin Castle. Very few, indeed, are those who go to functions at both. This used not to be so. At one time it was customary for the Lord Lieutenant to be present at civic banquets given by the Lord Mayor, and for the Lord Mayor of Dublin to attend His Excellency’s levees and be present at St Patrick’s ball, given on the 17th March in each year.

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All this, however, is changed, owing chiefly to "the great divide" made by the political feeling which has been allowed to create distrust on both sides, and has fixed such an immeasurable gulf between the Castle and the Mansion House; between the Representative of the Crown and Representative of the City, as is not likely to be bridged over in our time.

Sir George Moyers, LL.D., when Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1881, entertained the Lord Lieutenant and Countess Cowper. This was the last occasion on which the representatives of the sovereign were received at the Mansion House.

This division of the body Social in Dublin is also seen in the cleft between the representatives of the Literary Movement in younger Ireland, and those who represent the traditions of Trinity College. Never, indeed, has there been a popular movement in connection with the literary life of Ireland, that has had the whole-hearted sympathy of those connected with Dublin University. As an example, I may point to the Thomas Moore Centenary, which got no countenance from T.C.D., though Oliver Wendell Holmes, from the far United States, sent a poem specially written for the occasion, and Moore's genius received recognition from all parts of the world. This spirit of aloofness from the life of the people is the great mistake made by "the Silent Sister."

In all great popular movements there are bound to be mistakes and *fiascoes*, and the Moore Cen-

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tenary was not without its laughable incidents; the chief of which was that the late Dennis Florence MacCarthy, himself a gifted translator of Calderon, and a poet whose verses on "Waiting for the May" are as musical as any in our language, was no after-dinner speaker, and although expected to deliver an oration, could get no further than "Ladies and Gentleman," despite which fact, the oration duly appeared in the morrow's papers! Another whimsical occurrence was that the laurel wreath designed for MacCarthy's brows, when placed upon his head, fell down to his shoulders, making a necklet instead of a crown!

The Centenary committee would have been worthy of all admiration and true applause, if the result of its labours had been the removal of a hideous statue to Moore, which stands in College Street. Professor Dowden had a good humoured jest on this, and said that the new one to take its place should represent the Muse giving a sound castigation to "Our Western Bul-Bul, half Cupid, half Tom-Tit" for his many peccadillos.

Be that as it may, Moore was a true singer, his songs are singable, and although Professor Yelverton Tyrrell in his admirable book on "Latin Poetry" has likened his work to Horace at its worst, and has laughed at—

Fill the bumper fair;
Every drop we sprinkle,
From the brow of care,
Wipes away a wrinkle,

there are still left some to whom Wendell Holmes's

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poem on the Centenary will appeal. I quote from memory a couple of stanzas, as the poem has not been reprinted.

She is seated before the Clementi piano;
There were six of us then—there are two of us now.
She is singing, the girl with the silver soprano,
How the Lord of the Valley was false to his vow.
“Let Erin remember,” the echoes are calling,
Through the Vale of Avoca the waters are rolled,
The Exile laments while the night-dews are falling—
The Morning of Life dawns again as of old.

But if T.C.D. was indifferent to a popular movement like the Moore Centenary, the vast body of the people were equally indifferent to subjects which greatly moved the University, as, for instance, the Tercentenary Celebrations, which were strictly academic in tone and environment, and of which the most noteworthy were, a garden party given in the Fellows' garden, when a mulberry tree was planted by Miss Salmon, daughter of the Provost; the performance in the Leinster Hall of an ode specially composed for the occasion by Sir Robert Stewart, and the production of a play by Undergraduates at the Gaiety Theatre.

But though the University, as a body, remained indifferent to the Irish Literary Movement, individual professors took a kindly interest in some of the youthful poets. Thus I met two of these young men at luncheon one Sunday. For policy's sake I shall call them Bates and Thompson. I arrived earlier than the bards and was shown into the Professor's study. I found him busy reading the

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poems of Bates. He handed me a volume by Thompson, and said:

“ I think it would be well if you memorised a line or so, to fire off at the author, during luncheon. I am choosing a line from Bates, with the same view.”

The line I chose was

“ How much of pain it takes to purify the world.”

The day was an unclouded one in July, and when we reached the dining-room with its French windows opening on the garden full of summer spice and humming air, I wondered if I had chosen my quotation wisely. The Professor got in his quotation very aptly and I was in despair. However, Providence came to my aid. A blundering bee came buzzing in and, taking Thompson's nose for a red, red rose, which it closely resembled, was brushed away, only to return and bury its sting in the poet's preface! Then there was a hub-bub, and blue-bags and other forms of consolation were administered. “ When the tumult dwindled to a calm,” I quietly observed, “ How much of pain it takes to purify the world.”

Poets are strange things whom we must not judge harshly. One of the poets I met at this period was the late Lionel Johnson, author of “ The Art of Thomas Hardy.” I was introduced to him by a local bard, W. A. Craig, who wrote a volume of ballads and poems, and of whom more anon. We dined at the hotel, and repaired to the Gaiety Theatre, where we were shown into a small box.

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Johnson, who was quite sober, was no sooner seated than he went to sleep, and snored very loudly. In order to smother the sound I pulled one of the curtains which draped the box around him. This only intensified the mystery, and we were, in consequence, the observed of all observers. The play was "The Professor's Love Story," and to the fact that the stage was strewn with hay, and its aroma filling the house, I attribute Johnson's somnolence.

The box was a small one and just held three, but such was Craig's courtesy that he invited a lady to join us. This lady was surprised on seeing the snoring bard. Craig said, apologetically,

"He's a very nice fellow when he's awake."

"Oh, don't waken him on any account," cried the lady, as she took my seat in front, and I prepared to gaze at the back of her head during the rest of the performance.

While I stood with my back to the door I felt an inrush of cold air and, turning round, saw the door quickly close. Thinking someone had made a mistake, I faced about and once more gazed at the coiffure of the lady in front of me. Once again an inrush of cold air, and again a sudden closing of the door. This time I did not turn round. When the door opened again, I saw a man I had never seen before, and whispered, "Do you know anyone here?" He did not reply, but kept pushing past me. I repeated my query, but he remained silent, and pushed more vigorously, whereupon I smote him, and he fell into the passage. Craig, hearing the

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commotion, turned as he fell, and cried "Oh my God, my guest, Jack Moloney," or some such a name. We, of course, rushed to the prostrate figure and lifted him in, whereupon Craig, with superfluous politeness, formally introduced us! Then followed mutual recriminations, apologies and regrets, and in the end we all went to supper, and parted the best of friends.

Craig was Treasurer to the Corinthian Club, a club run on much the same lines as the Savage. It was founded by Sir Charles Cameron, C.B., the City Analyst, who is, I believe, also a member of the Savage Club. The Corinthians make a point of entertaining people of note who visit Dublin. The membership is large and includes such citizens as Mr Justice Ross, Sir Andrew Reed, Sir George Moyers, and Sir John Ross of Bladenburg.

The guests have been many, and have included men and women of all ranks and professions. On one occasion an invitation to supper for Saturday night had been sent to Mr Martin Harvey who was at the Theatre Royal, and to Mr Edward Terry who was at the Gaiety. Both the distinguished actors declined, on the plea that they were leaving for England on the night of the proposed supper, but they accepted an invitation to luncheon which was substituted for supper.

As a rule the menus were adorned with verses written by the members, and Craig's, I remember, were exceedingly appropriate. They included the

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following, which I quote, as indeed I do throughout this book, from memory—

For when “ Sweet Lavender ” perfumed the air,
We knew that Edward Terry must be there;
A compliment we also wished to pay
To Martin Harvey and his tragic play,
And found this luncheon was “ The Only Way.”

Miss Irene Vanbrugh made a fascinating speech at the Corinthians, when she was a guest at a luncheon given in her honour. If ever women sit in Parliament, Miss Irene Vanbrugh should lead the Opposition.

An amusing incident at the Club luncheon referred to, was the recital by the Rev. Chancellor Tisdall of a poem on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, written by Sir Francis Brady. Chancellor Tisdall was a picturesque figure, and he recited with vigour the following lines from the poem—

“ If Shakespeare had eaten of rashers well-dressed,
Then a glass of ‘ John Jameson ’ taken,
We all would have said that his plays, at their best,
Were largely indebted to *Bacon*.
’Tis the banner of Matterson flies o’er the world——”

Here the elocutionist was interrupted by shouts of laughter, caused by the fact that he alone was ignorant of the fact that his *vis-a-vis* at the luncheon table was Mr Matterson, head of the celebrated firm of bacon curers of Limerick!

On one occasion Mr George Alexander and Mr W. S. Penley were both playing at Dublin, and were both invited to supper by the Corinthian Club. Mr Alexander accepted. Mr Penley, for some reason

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or other declined, and gave a supper himself at a well-known restaurant. I attended both functions, and when I was the guest of Penley, I asked the impersonator of "Charley's Aunt" if I might recite. Everyone was disgusted, and Penley gave a very reluctant consent. I recited the following lines by my friend Edwin Hamilton—

" 'Twas a scientific beggar-man who said,
 ' Of starvation I am very nearly dead;
 Grant a cube of butter, please,
 And a cylinder of cheese,
 And a parallelopipedon of bread.' "

and then sat down.

"Have you forgotten the rest?" asked the chairman.

"There is no more," I replied.

Never was the conclusion of a recitation received with such rapturous applause and with such evident relief!

CHAPTER V

QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT

Queen Victoria visits Ireland—Reception at Dublin Castle—A Curious Accident—Miss Maud Gonne—Her Strange Statements—Can a Liar be called a Lady?—I am Assaulted—The Fate of the Assaulter—The Old Guards' Union or The Blackguards' Union—Colles's Fracture—Mr John Mallon, J.P.—Kilmainham Memories—Miss Gonne carries a Dog-whip—I carry Firearms—"A Kiss for a Blow"—I am Misinformed—Miss Gonne's Action for Criminal Libel—The Result—I am Out on my Own—"An all-Gonne Feeling"—Friends to the Rescue—I Apologise—The Irish Joan of Arc.

IN March, 1900, Queen Victoria paid her memorable visit to Ireland. The announcement of the Queen's approaching visit was made at a Reception given at Dublin Castle on the 16th, a Reception which took the place of St. Patrick's Ball, which is usually given annually on the 17th of March. The reason for this change I forget, although I was present on the occasion.

My recollection of that particular night is very vivid on account of a singular misfortune that befel me. On account of my not having grown thinner during the twelve months preceding, I had sent my

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Court suit to my tailors to be, if possible, enlarged, and had promised to call and have it tried on. I forgot all about my promise, and on the afternoon of the Reception I was particularly busy, so I did not call, but sent for the suit in which I arrayed myself in due course, and set out for the function in the best conveyance I could procure, a heavy brougham of the old type, drawn by two horses. Not being a Cabinet Minister, I had the usual weary wait in a long line of vehicles, and as I neared the Lower Castle Yard I thought I would look out of the window and see how matters were progressing. With considerable exertion I managed to open the window, and in doing so, heard a sound as of ripping of stitches giving way! My suspicions were, alas! confirmed when I sat down and found nothing between myself and the carriage cushions.

“Here’s a how-do-ye-do!” said I to myself, as I endeavoured ineffectually to discover if the “rent” were as great as that attributed to Cassius. The friend who accompanied me, an Army Captain, endeavoured to console me by saying it was “all right” and he would get me “pinned up” if I drove back to the Club. Seeing that there was nothing for it, I consented, stipulating, however, that the gallant Captain was to wait until the entrance to the Castle was reached, and then leave me to my fate. This he declined to do, and accordingly we got out of line and drove to the Club, where my garments were pinned together, including the tails of my coat, and we returned in time to arrive at the tail end

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of the long line of carriages. With the skilful manipulation of my hat, which I held behind me with both hands I bowed to Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Cadogan, and passed on, but I could not help reflecting that my condition was representative of the condition of the country generally! Of a land of old renown, of which the inhabitants claim to be the descendants of kings, while they themselves are content to career about in battered hats and with no seats in their nether garments!

Of course, Queen Victoria's visit was the cause of not a little political agitation. In the City Hall long and loud were the debates as to whether or not an address of welcome should be presented to Her Majesty, and I am glad to say that my old friend Sir Thomas Devereux Pile, Bart., then Lord Mayor of Dublin carried the day and duly read the address to the Queen.

One of the most active of the agitators at this period was Miss Maud Gonne, "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair." I met Miss Gonne some years earlier in the studio of Miss Sarah Purser, A.R.H.A., who painted a portrait of Miss Gonne and of Mr Michael Davitt, M.P. I also sat, at her request, to Miss Purser, and as the hour at which I did so came between those of the other two sitters, I used to complain of being placed between Beauty and the Beast.

Miss Gonne was at this time publishing statements in two papers, one published in Paris, called *L'Irlande Libre*; the other published in Dublin



Photo, Chancellor

MISS MAUD GONNE

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and entitled *The United Irishman*. She wrote for the French paper, articles which were translated for the Irish one. In one of these articles she stated that the Irish soldiers ordered to the front in the South African War were put on board the transports with manacled wrists. I took exception to such statements, and even went so far as to state in print in a paper of which I was then proprietor and editor, that she was a liar. This led to much unpleasantness, as will be seen.

The Queen arrived on Wednesday, the 4th of March, and entered the city about one o'clock. I spent the Saturday following in acting as one of the stewards in the Phoenix Park, when Her Majesty inspected some 50,000 children, and on Monday I invited several people to view, from the windows of my office, the Royal procession, as it passed through Grafton Street.

At about half past one o'clock I found a man waiting to see me. He had on a top coat, and had his arms folded in quite a Napoleonic fashion. I asked him what he wanted. He replied by asking me if I were Mr Ramsay Colles. On my saying "Yes," he struck my silk hat off my head, saying "then take that." I was completely surprised, but I at once grappled with him and found that the stick he carried was a South African jambok (made of hide) and that therefore I could not break it. There were round the walls of my office a number of short swords which I had purchased at a sale. I took off my frock coat and placed it and my silk hat in a place

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of safety, locked the door, and offering one of the swords to the man, I said, "defend yourself, or you will not leave this place alive!" He made no offer of resistance, whereupon I assumed the airs of a maniac, and chased him round and round the board-room table which stood in the centre of the large room. Finally he tripped over something and fell, and I said to him, "If Her Majesty were not passing through this street under these very windows, I would throw you out of them." I then opened the door, and said, "Get out." He said "I won't." I settled the matter by taking him by the back of the neck and handing him over to the constable on duty at the corner of the street. He was taken to the police station and brought up before Mr Byrne, a divisional magistrate, by whom he was fined one pound or fourteen days, and ordered to find two sureties of five pounds each to keep the peace towards me. This he refused to do, and was sentenced to another fourteen days, exclaiming as he left the dock, "I'll not enter into any bail to keep the peace towards Mr Colles."

The report of this case caused some agitation, and a body of men entitled "The Old Guards' Union," sent me a report of the proceedings of their august corporation, in the course of which it was resolved that I should be summarily dealt with for having slandered a lady. I replied in my paper that I cared little for either the Old Guards' Union or the Blackguards' Union, and if any of their number visited my office they might bring the City Ambulance with

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them as I should give them Colles's fracture, referring thereby to the double fracture of the radius known by that name. I was visited by some of these "boys" a little later. One evening, when talking in my office to a friend, a man shuffled in and asked random questions about the paper and some of its contents, and pretended to look over the file. My friend being suspicious, suddenly opened the office door and three men who were waiting outside cleared off at once, only to be hastily followed by the one in the office.

It is not astonishing that under these circumstances that Mr John Mallon, J.P., Assistant-Commissioner of Police wrote to me, warning me to carry firearms, and telling me that "Miss Gonne has landed; she carries a dog whip." Mr Mallon also added that I was shadowed by the police. In reply I wrote:

"DEAR MR MALLON,—Thanks for your letter. Did you ever in your youth read a little book called 'A Kiss for a Blow'? There is no knowing what may happen to Miss Gonne if she hits me."

I called to see Mr Mallon, whose name is well known in connection with the Phoenix Park murders, the story of which he told in his book "Kilmainham Memories." All the time I was seated with Mr Mallon, police constables kept coming into the room and saluting and then stating such a fact as "Her Majesty is just past the South Circular Road now," and Mr Mallon would look at his watch and take a

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note of the fact. At last he said, with a sigh, "I wish to God she was out of the country."

"Why?" I asked, "do you fear any trouble?"

"No, no," he replied, "but I've got some information that Maud Gonne intends to make herself a nuisance by organising a row of some kind or another."

I was much interested, and doubly so when Mr Mallon said, on parting, "and, of course, you know that Miss Gonne has £300 a year pension."

I did *not* know, but thought it would do some good to call public attention to the fact, which I did in the next issue of my paper, *The Irish Figaro*, printing on the poster "Maud Gonne's Pension." In the paper I pointed out that Miss Gonne, if she continued to agitate as she was then doing, ought to drop her pension. The result was that Miss Gonne took an action against me for criminal libel.

The action was based, not on what I had written in the paper, but solely on the contents of the poster. The case presented one curious feature, viz., that the Crown Prosecutor, Mr J. H. Campbell, K.C., M.P., instead of prosecuting me, was defending me! Of course the National Press commented on the fact. The case was heard by Mr Swifte in the Southern Police Court. When Miss Gonne appeared leaning on the arm of the late John O'Leary, the old Fenian leader, she was loudly cheered, whilst I was greeted with hisses!

There is no use in raking up the ashes of the dead unhappy past, but in order to understand my

Queen Victoria's Visit

case, I may refer to the fact that Miss Gonne's language with regard to Queen Victoria was in the very worst of bad taste, and the lengths to which her absurd opinions drove her can be seen in the fact, that she, the daughter of a Colonel in the British Army, wrote advising the Irish soldiers in South Africa to shoot their officers.

Sergeant Dodd, Q.C., now Mr Justice Dodd, and the late John F. Taylor, Q.C., appeared for Miss Gonne. Mr Campbell (ex-Solicitor General for Ireland), made an eloquent and able defence, but Mr Swifte had no option but to return the case for trial, my own bail being accepted.

If I could have stated from whom I got the information, there would have been much foment, and I deemed it best to be silent. In certain quarters I asked for assistance, and even went so far as to beg that a question might be asked in the House, but I was told not to harass the Government, who had decided not to prosecute. Under these circumstances, and as I had no personal grudge whatever against Miss Gonne, whom I had met in social circles in Dublin, on several occasions, I followed the advice of my Counsel, and apologised. On my way back from Court, where we appeared before the late Sir Frederick Falkiner, now succeeded as Recorder of Dublin by that very able lawyer, Mr Thomas L. O'Shaughnessy, K.C., I told my friend Mr J. F. Taylor, Miss Gonne's Counsel, that I would apologise to her not alone in the *Figaro* itself, but also on the offending poster, which accordingly was done.

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My friends rallied round me, a subscription list was opened and a handsome sum subscribed to pay my law expenses, and relieve me of what I described at the time as "an all-Gonne feeling."

I have never seen Miss Gonne since I sat opposite to her at the Solicitor's table in Green Street Court House, but I learnt that the reason why she took this action, was because Michael Davitt accused her of being a spy. I never deemed her to be a spy. My belief was that a special grant was made to her and her sister as daughters of a distinguished officer, who had died very suddenly of scarlatina by being housed in insanitary barracks at Kilmainham, but I never had an opportunity to explain this to my fair prosecutor, who has been designated "The Irish Joan of Arc." All I can say is that if Joan of Arc was half as beautiful as Miss Maud Gonne, no man could possibly have been found willing to burn her!

CHAPTER VI

SOME ACTORS AND ACTRESSES

Mrs Brown-Potter and Kyrle-Bellew—I appear with Mrs Brown-Potter in “La Dame Aux Camelias”—“Armand has Won!”—“There’s Gold! Gold!! Gold!!!”—Consternation of Kyrle Bellew—No Gold!—Sir Frederick Falkiner’s “At Home”—Mr Hugh Fleming—“Mr and Mrs Brown-Potter!”—Mrs Brown-Potter as an After-dinner Speaker—Amateur Actors—I appear as “My Blue-eyed Boy”—The Hero and the Lancet—Sir Henry Irving—T.C.D. Historical Society’s Banquet—“My dear fellow-worker Ellen Terry”—Anecdote of Irving—John Fergus O’Hea—Herman Vezin—Romola Tynte—The Split Infinitives—Sir Herbert Tree—May Fortescue—Helen Ferrers—Bram Stoker—Frankfort Moore—Surgeon Parke.

I HAVE had the pleasure of meeting many actors and actresses, not a few of whom I count among my very good friends. In connection with the Corinthian Club I have already mentioned some notable names.

I sometimes amuse myself startling people by telling them that I have appeared on the stage with Mrs Brown-Potter!

The facts are these: When Mrs Brown-Potter and Kyrle Bellew were playing at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in “La Dame Aux Camelias”; they wanted

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two or three ladies and gentlemen in evening dress to walk on the stage in the gambling scene. All that these amateur actors and actresses had to do, was to watch the play at the tables and pretend to play, and for this purpose they were provided with imitation banknotes and gold coin. At a certain cue they were to cry out "Armand has Won!" and when supper was announced, to say "Ah, Supper!"

Wilfred Cotton, whose name is familiar as late manager for Forbes Robertson, and whose wife, Ada Reeve, is even better known in the theatrical world than he is himself; was then the Resident Manager of the Theatre Royal. He did not think a rehearsal necessary, but introduced the amateurs to Mr Musgrave's manager, who was running the company, and he, considering the few words that had to be spoken, contented himself with giving verbal instructions. All went well. "Armand has Won!" was given at the proper time, as was also "Ah, Supper!"; but to the annoyance of Kyrle Bellew, all the amateurs cleared off to "supper," leaving the gold and notes with which they had been provided, on the gaming tables in full view of the audience!

Those who remember "La Dame Aux Camelias," will recollect that the heroine returns almost immediately to the front to be pelted by the hero with gold, who, as he flings it in handfuls at her, cries "There's Gold! Gold!! Gold!!!" Mr Kyrle Bellew had little or no gold to fling, and asked hurriedly for it. I had all my coins to hand him, and had noticed that little heaps of sovereigns had been left on the

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tables, but did not dare to touch them, lest the audience should notice the fact, and take me for a thief! The last time I had the pleasure of a chat with Kyrle Bellew was in the Lyric Theatre when my friend Baroness Orczy's play "The Sin of William Jackson" was produced.

The Recorder of Dublin, at that time Sir Frederick Falkiner, gave an "At Home" for Mrs Brown-Potter. Mr Hugh Fleming, her advance manager, will forgive me for recalling the amusing incident which occurred on that occasion, when the servant, noticing the attention paid by Mr Fleming to Mrs Brown-Potter as she entered, flung open the drawing-room door with the announcement "Mr and Mrs Brown-Potter!"

Mrs Brown-Potter is one of the most beautiful of women, and most versatile and graceful of actresses. I am glad to think that through my suggestion she was asked quite recently by Mr Evans-Jackson, Honorary Secretary of the Imperial Industries Club, to respond to the toast of "The Ladies." Her speech was so remarkably fine, and the delivery so admirable, that I will be forgiven for quoting the most noticeable passage in it. "We women occupy a great place in the field of work to-day. We go shoulder to shoulder with men; you cannot better yourselves without helping us; you cannot help us without bettering yourselves. I know and feel our power, our influence increases with yours. It matters really not much whether you agree to let us cast a paper into a ballot-box or not, without voting we

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influence politics, science, and art. Who trains and develops the future statesman, scientist, artist, and merchant prince—the future unknown ruler?—his Mother; who stimulates the man within his own home and inspires him to plant the flag of his ambition on some high hill in life?—his Sweetheart; who helps the man perplexed and worried with the stress and cares of life?—his Wife; who delights and charms existence for the old, and makes him prize the evening of his life?—his Daughter. Men and women go hand in hand and heart to heart through this life—we have gained through our work a position of great importance in the world of toilers which no one can take away.”

Apropos of amateur actors, I once played the part of the hero of Jerome K. Jerome’s pretty little curtain raiser “Sunset,” under somewhat trying circumstances.

The heroine was a very charming young girl, since happily married, but at that time engaged to a very jealous young man, a medical student. As readers of “Sunset” will remember, the heroine sinks into an armchair, exclaiming:

“He is coming, my own dear love, my Blue-eyed Boy, my King, my Darling”!

This was the cue for my appearance! The first night of the performance I merely played in the same manner as that in which Miss—— and I had rehearsed it. But I had to moderate the Blue-eyed Boy’s transports at meeting his Beloved on all later occasions, for the medical student, who was an



Photo, Huber, Edinburgh

MRS. BROWN-POTTER

Some Actors and Actresses

athletic youth, watched the proceedings on the stage from the wings with a "lancet" in his hand, prepared to let out the hero's gore if he should exhibit any symptoms of warm bloodedness! The play ran for three nights, and at the closing performance the heroine had to make love to a very nervous hero!

One of the best amateur performances I ever saw in my life, was that of "The Ballad-Monger," given by a very youthful company of amateurs at "Winstead," Upper Rathmines, when Professor Dowden lived there. Some of my readers may care to see the following which I wrote on the occasion—

The "Ballad-Monger" once I saw them play
 (That merry, youthful company I knew);
The starving poet weighed a ton or two,
And poor Loyse wept like a rainy day
When he would supplicate the stars, and pray
 To them for bread, as he was wont to do.
The fair Juliette, with hair of ebon hue,
The king, the page, the barber—all were gay.
And as I gazed I yearned that I might see
 What Fate for each might in the future hold.
Shall Gringoire win as fair a maid? Shall she
 Homage receive from poet half as bold?
Who'll shave the barber? Who will Juliette gain?
The Sphinx is silent, and I ask in vain!

I met Sir Henry Irving on many occasions, the last being at the Inaugural Supper of the College Historical Society, given at the Shelbourne Hotel on 22nd November, 1894. He was the guest of the evening, and attended the function after appearing in "Nance Oldfield" and "The Bells" and was very warmly received. His health was proposed by

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the late Senior Fellow, Dr George Ferdinand Shaw, and, in responding, Irving paid a graceful compliment to his "dear fellow-worker, Ellen Terry." Mr Richard Tweedy contributed a recitation to which Irving listened with evident pleasure.

My friend, John Fergus O'Hea, the artist, told me a rather amusing story of Irving.

When Irving paid his first visit to Ireland, he was called upon by O'Hea who wished to make some lightning sketches of the great actor. Having made a few thumbnail portraits, O'Hea said:

"May I ask, Mr Irving, if you can give me a photograph?" It may assist me in completing these sketches."

"Certainly," replied Irving, producing a couple of dozen photographs of himself, "you can have which you like."

O'Hea chose a photograph, and then as he was taking leave, said, "Will you add to your kindness, Mr Irving, by signing this photograph?"

"With pleasure," said Irving, and, taking up a pen he wrote across the foot of the photograph:

"To my very dear friend—" he paused, and turning to O'Hea, asked in the charming manner, which all lovers of Irving will recall with a sigh, "What name did you say?"

I saw that grand old man, Herman Vezin first, when many years ago he appeared at a recital given by him and Miss Romola Tynte. I must say I greatly admired Miss Tynte's recitations. And her portrait by Sant inspired the following sonnet

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addressed to her, and published in *The Dublin Evening Mail* in 1887, when I was twenty-five—

O flower-like form! fairer than fairest flowers—
A Dante's rose aflame with Heaven's clear light—
Thou glowest, star-like, tremulously bright,
Breathing effulgence on the soul's dark hours;
E'en brightening with thy light the cloud that lowers,
And hides from human eyes life's utmost bound;

For when thou standest with mild beauty crown'd.
Under no weight the spirit longer cowers,
But turneth, like the sunflower, to the sun—

The sun: the Truth: to which the soul aspires.
So shall it be—until all days be done—

When Beauty speaks—when, as by lightning's fires,
We see that Truth and Beauty are as one—
To move the soul up never-ending gyres!

I wrote a dramatic poem for Miss Romola Tynte, which Herman Vezin wrote her was very good, and advised her to recite it, saying "I would do it if I were you."

Never have I heard any recitation to equal in force and fidelity, Herman Vezin's recital of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven," which was the interpretation by a magician of the work of an artist in words. The last time I met the great actor was at the now defunct Pharos Club when Lady Warwick and other advocates of so-called "Rational Dress" for women were present. I asked Vezin "Why, what brings you here?" He replied, "To see the Split Infinitives!"

Sir Herbert Tree and Lady Tree I have met at Professor Dowden's. Mr Beerbohm Tree, as he was then, appeared with Julia Neilson in "The Dancing

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Girl." Miss Neilson won all hearts by her beauty and her impersonation of the heroine. Mr Tree as his scapegrace the duke, was most impressive, especially in the final act before the play was altered to suit the playgoers who want a happy ending, and I was particularly struck by Mrs Tree's quiet forcefulness as Sybil the cripple girl. Another actor who won not a little praise for his dignified conduct on the stage, was Sir Herbert's bull-dog, now deceased.

I wrote a leading article in *The Dublin Evening Mail* on the performance, and had a letter from Mr Beerbohm Tree thanking me for my appreciation of the play. This letter I showed to the Editor of the paper referred to, whereupon he sent me one of his inimitable sketches showing Tree on one side and myself on the other of the following duologue—

Says Ramsay C. to Beerbohm Tree,
"Your acting doth o'erpower me."
Says Beerbohm Tree to Ramsay C.,
"You are a critic, Sir, I see."

Tears of appreciation were falling from my eyes, which Tree was depicted as catching in his hat!

At Dr John Knott's I met the Garthornes and Miss Helen Ferrers, the gifted sister of that charming actress, Miss May Fortescue, whom I first met at Mrs Orr William's house at Blackrock. Miss Fortescue made a decided hit in the dramatic version of Ouida's "Moths," in which Miss Ferrers appeared as the Countess. Mrs Knott's sisters were married to Mr Bram Stoker (for many years Sir Henry Irving's manager, and eventually his biographer), and

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Mr Frankfort Moore, the author of many delightful novels. Mr Bram Stoker's "Dracula" and other weird tales are very powerful.

With this connection with the stage it is not surprising that Mrs Knott frequently entertained leading actors and actresses as well as the representatives of other professions, for Dr John Knott is a specialist, of whom more anon; and it was in 34, York Street, that I was introduced to the late Surgeon Parke, of South African fame, to whom a monument was erected in the grounds of Leinster House. Surgeon Parke was a very remarkable man who died quite young, the result of an arduous life in a very trying climate. His book on Stanley's work has had a big circulation. His sister is married to Mr Herbert Malley, the well-known solicitor. On one occasion someone looking at Mrs Malley, asked me, "Is she a professional beauty?" "No," I replied, "Mrs Malley is content to be an amateur."

Another representative of the stage whom I met was the beautiful and gifted Lily Hanbury (Mrs Herbert Guedalla), whom I had the pleasure of taking in to supper on an occasion when the late Provost of T.C.D., Dr Edward Salmon, the great mathematician, took in Mrs Tree. Miss Hanbury, I remember, talked chiefly of Canada, under the impression that I had been there. I never have!

CHAPTER VII

LAW AND SOME LAWYERS

Some Eminent Lawyers—Lord Ashbourne—Sir Edmund Bewley—John Mayne Colles, LL.D., J.P.—Sir Edward Carson—J. H. M. Campbell, K.C., M.P., ex-Solicitor-General for Ireland—John Gordon, K.C., M.P. for Londonderry—The Dublin Boundaries Bill, 1900—The Added Area—The Area not Added—Drumcondra and Clontarf—Sir John Atkinson (now Lord Atkinson), Attorney-General for Ireland, and the Boundaries Bill—Drumcondra Petty Sessions—I sit at Drumcondra—Mr James Brady, T.C.—Messrs Ennis and Hanmore—Amusing Proceedings—Gilbertian Situation—I give Costs against the Crown—Proclamation by the Lord Lieutenant—A Case in London—I am Receiver—Robinson Printing Company *v.* Chic Limited—Mr Justice Warrington decides against me—An Appeal—Lords Justices Vaughan Williams—Romer and Cozens Hardy—Re-trial—I emerge Triumphant—A Precedent in English Law—George Dames Burtchaell, Athlone Pursuivant.

THERE are very few eminent representatives of the law in Dublin whom I have not met inside the Courts, if not outside. Lord Ashbourne, Lord Chancellor for Ireland, 1885-1892, 1895-1906, married a Miss Colles, herself the daughter of a lawyer, the late H. J. Cope Colles, Principal Taxing

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Master for Ireland. The late Judge, Sir Edmund Bewley married her sister. Their brother, John Mayne Colles, LL.D., J.P., Registrar in Lunacy, edited a very interesting diary kept by his grandfather, John Mayne, in 1814, and is author of one or two legal handbooks. Mr Lecky, the historian, gave me a letter to Sir Edward Carson when I was applicant for a Commissionership in Western Africa, a post for which I was recommended by, amongst other lawyers, Mr J. H. M. Campbell, K.C., M.P., ex-Solicitor General for Ireland, and Mr John Gordon, K.C., M.P., South Londonderry.

I have always had a great respect for the law, and a great reverence for lawyers, although some of the incidents in my career may seem to prove the contrary, as, for instance, my conduct in connection with the Dublin Boundaries Bill of 1900. The facts are these. The Act of 1874, section 12, lays it down that every spirit dealer must have his license renewed at a licensing petty sessions. Now the Boundaries Bill detaches Clontarf and Drumcondra (two suburbs of Dublin) from the County for all criminal and civil business and expressly declares that County Dublin Magistrates shall cease to have jurisdiction. Under an Act of George III. the Dublin City magistrates received more than usual powers, and the area of their jurisdiction was defined. Clontarf and Drumcondra were not included, and the Boundaries Bill, which was, I believe, framed by the then Attorney-General for Ireland, Sir John Atkinson (now Baron Atkinson, K.C., P.C., Lord of Appeal), did not clear

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the matter up. Hence the crux; the tangle which I resolved to set straight.

Under the Boundaries Act, the County magistrates were unable to sit at Drumcondra, and, of course, the Divisional magistrates refused to go outside their recognised sphere of jurisdiction. There was nothing for me to do but to go as a borough magistrate and hold Petty Sessions in the neglected area!

Accordingly, on the morning of Friday, 18th January, 1901, I appeared at the small Court House at Drumcondra, on one of the windows of which had been pasted the following:—

“NOTICE.—Drumcondra Petty Sessions will not be held here in future for the hearing of cases which have arisen since the 14th inst. Cases arising in the Drumcondra Petty Sessions District, County Dublin, will be heard at the Gymnasium, Claremont, Glasnevin, on 17th January, 1901.

H. DUFFY, Clerk of the Petty Sessions.”

Entering the Court House I asked to see the Petty Sessions Clerk, to whom I presented the great Parchment Document issued in February, 1896 (just five years earlier) when Her Majesty's Commission of the Peace had been assigned to me. Mr Duffy was dumfounded! He had never anticipated such a turn of events. While very respectful, he declined to produce the Petty Sessions Book, and remained as far in the background as possible.

The legal gentlemen present were the late E. A.

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Ennis, a barrister (instructed by Messrs Ennis and Machen), and two well-known solicitors, each with a large practice, Mr James Brady, T.C., and the late Michael Hanmore. But, strange to say, there were no persons present to represent the prosecutors! The Royal Irish Constabulary, who are usually very much in evidence at such proceedings, were conspicuous by their absence! Only one sergeant—and he in what may be styled “undress” uniform—after first casting furtive glances from outside the door and windows of the Court, at last entered with a tread as noiseless as one on the track of a burglar.

Thus, as *The Dublin Evening Telegraph* wittily put it, there was presented, perhaps for the first time in the history of Ireland, the spectacle of a Court with a magistrate eager to dispense justice, advocates armed *cap-a-pie*, panting to enter the lists for their clients, but no police constable willing to prosecute, not even deigning to put his foot inside the Court.

I shall not weary my readers with an account of the proceedings, which were very amusing and lasted for over an hour, but will content myself with an extract from Mr Ennis’s speech, in the course of which he said:—

“We have been invited to nothing less than a burlesque here to-day. The action of the authorities was like that of a person who put an advertisement into a newspaper, ‘Lodgings to Let,’ and then when someone went down to engage the lodgings they found that the bill had disappeared off the window. Evidently law is to be administered no longer in

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Drumcondra, and the inhabitants of the district will find themselves face to face with the fact that ‘the enterprising burglar’ who loves to hear ‘the little brook a-gurgling, or listen to the pleasant village chime,’ may burgle with impunity; the cut-throat pursue unmolested his career in crime, and the coster indulge without molestation in his favourite pastime of jumping on his mother.” Mr Ennis also referred, in mock grandiloquent language, to what he facetiously called “The *lapsus linguæ* of the law!”

The Dublin Boundaries Bill had been advocated by the Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Devereux Pile, Bart., and Mr Ennis’s remarks included one to the effect that Lord Mayor Pile might be censured and opposed on account of attaching to the City of Dublin a new area in which crime can be committed with impunity! Ennis—familiarily known as Gasparo Ennis—had a pretty wit. Addressing the Bench, he said:

“You give me one pound costs against Constable O’Shea, your Worship?”

His Worship—Certainly.

Mr Ennis (to Sergeant Joyce)—What is the name of the new Inspector General?

Sergeant Joyce—Colonel Neville Chamberlain.

Mr Ennis—I’ll apply to him for this money if Constable O’Shea does not pay up.

The proceedings ended by my endorsing the summonses on which defendants attended; “No appearance, costs awarded 20s.”; thus giving costs against the Crown! The matter was ended, months

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later by a Proclamation by the Lord Lieutenant, Earl Cadogan, K.G., including the disputed areas within the new area. What Sir John Atkinson or Sir Patrick Coll, chief crown solicitor for Ireland, thought of the affair, I never ascertained, but Sir Thomas Pile told me, with a smile, that he thought I ought to be transported.

Gasparo Ennis's love of a practical joke got me into trouble with the late Michael Hanmore. Ennis produced a letter from Mr Spencer Lyttleton, at one time secretary to Mr W. E. Gladstone, in which it was stated that Mr Gladstone was glad to hear that Mr Philip Keogh, B.L. was engaged on a life of Mr Hanmore, but that with regard to the book being dedicated to him (W.E.G.) he preferred to leave the matter to his own discretion. Hanmore took an action for libel and, of course, I had no defence, but he eventually forgave me for my part in the matter, and was quite friendly when he appeared at Drumcondra on the unique occasion to which I have referred.

Years later I created a precedent in English law which is frequently cited; and will be found in the "Yearly Practice."

In 1904 I was receiver for the Debenture Holders of Chic Limited, and in order to keep the paper going I assigned to the Printers, the Robinson Printing Company, of Brighton, a portion of the book debts. To this action the Debenture Holders, Mr William O'Malley, M.P., and Mr John Cansfield, then Manager of Pearkes Limited, objected. An

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action was taken by Robinson against Chic and came before Mr Justice Warrington, who said I had far exceeded my powers as Receiver, and held that "the Receiver had no power to give a charge or lien on the Company's property."

The Robinson Printing Company appealed, and on 24th November, 1904, the case came before Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, Lord Justice Romer and Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy, who sent the case for re-trial, with the result that Mr Justice Warrington gave judgment in favour of the Plaintiffs, as reported in nearly a column of *The Times*, 17th April, 1905. In delivering judgment with personal liability against the defendants, I was (I presume inadvertently) referred to as "the Defendant, Colles," and accordingly, I wrote to *The Times* from The Royal Colonial Institute of which I was at the time a Fellow:—

"My attention has been drawn to a statement in your issue of the 17th inst., in which I am referred to in the above trial (Robinson *v.* Chic) by Mr Justice Warrington as 'the Defendant, Colles.' As his Lordship's judgment was given with costs and personal liability against the defendants, I shall be much obliged by your insertion of my statement to the effect that I was no party to the trial. My acts as Receiver for the Debenture Holders were ratified by the decision of the learned judge, which creates a very important precedent in law."

This letter was given a conspicuous position in *The Times*.



Photo, Lafayette

RIGHT HON. EDWARD GIBSON, LORD ASHBOURNE, P.C.,
Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, 1885-6, 1886-1892. 1895-1906

Law and Some Lawyers

This has, I fear, been a dull chapter, but, after all, it is not every man who has driven a coach-and-four through an Act of Parliament and created a precedent in English Law.

Apropos of the law, I once had the pleasure of discovering in the original MS. "The Laws of England" of Henry de Bracton, translated word for word and line for line by Richard Colles, who was called to the English Bar in 1842, and died Sheriff of Castlemaine, Victoria, in 1883. This volume I had strongly bound, and I then presented it to the Royal Irish Academy, of which I was at the time a Member, and in the library of which it now reposes.

When a boy at Bective College, a school referred to by Thackeray in his "Irish Sketch Book" as one in which there were more prizes given than there were pupils, I was ground in English Literature by Mr John Ross (now Mr Justice Ross) who had a very brilliant career at T.C.D., and has had the almost unprecedented good fortune of being made a judge at forty years of age. Mr Seymour Bushe, K.C., and Mr Richard Meredith (now the Master of the Rolls) acted as my counsel on more than one occasion. Mr T. M. Healy, M.P., has also appeared on my behalf, and won my case for me. One of the most brilliant lawyers I ever met was Constantine Molloy, Q.C., a criminal lawyer of remarkable acumen. Molloy was a friend of Neilson Hancock, Clerk of the Crown and Hanaper, a post ably filled later by J. Nugent Lentaigne. Hancock's sister married Professor James Thompson, a brother of

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Lord Kelvin. I knew Hancock's nephew, W. J. Hancock, who used, when we were boys, to tell me stories of his illustrious uncle's doings. Young Hancock went to Perth, Western Australia. He was a remarkable boy, perhaps the most remarkable I ever met, save only young Bell, the inventor of the Edison-Bell phonograph.

I must not forget my friend George Dames Burtchaell, who is a specialist in Genealogies and Registrar of the Office of Arms, Ireland, and Inspector of Historical MSS., and Athlone Pursuivant, and has more than once been summoned before the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords in cases of disputed titles, notably in the late case of the Claims of the Countess of Yarborough and the Countess of Powis to the Baronies of Fauconberg, Darcy de Knayth and Mcinill. Burtchaell was successful as to the first two Baronies, and consequently the Barony of Fauconberg was allowed to the Countess of Yarborough and the Barony of Darcy de Knayth to the Countess of Powis. George Dames Burtchaell was also engaged in the case of the claim of Lord Mowbray Segrave and Stourton to the Earldom of Norfolk, created in 1312. This was not successful, but the main point at issue has not been decided. These are the only two instances of a member of the Irish Bar only being engaged in purely English cases.

CHAPTER VIII

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Algernon Charles Swinburne—Ralph Waldo Emerson—William Wordsworth—My Visit to the Lake District—Keswick—I stay in Coleridge's Cottage next Greta Hall—I wind Wordsworth's Clock!—Canon Rawnsley—Mrs Lynn Linton—"Her Autobiography of Christopher Kirkland"—Robert Southey—Grasmere—I sleep all night at the foot of Wordsworth's Grave—Professor Dowden on "Intimations of Immortality"—Thomas Gray—Swinburne and Wordsworth.

IN his "English Traits," Ralph Waldo Emerson in describing his visit to Walter Savage Landor, wrote "He pestered me with Southey, but who is Southey?" This statement so roused Swinburne's ire that he referred to Emerson as an "impudent and foulmouthed Yankee Philosophaster." Although I trust I have never been guilty of being impudent or foulmouthed, I must confess that in my sixteenth and seventeenth years I "pestered" a great many people with Swinburne. Until 1878, or thereabouts, my "great poet" was Wordsworth, and I diligently read all the Lake Poets and studied the writings of De

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Quincey. So great was my enthusiasm that I paid a visit to Lake Land, tramping over the whole of that beautiful country on foot.

In order to more closely follow the career of Wordsworth, I, in my enthusiasm first visited Cockermouth, the birthplace of the poet, and then repaired to Keswick, where I had the happiness to stay for a week under the hospitable roof of Miss Christopherson who resided in the cottage next to, and in the same grounds as Southey's house, Greta Hall. In this cottage Samuel Taylor Coleridge lived for some time. It was the residence of Southey's model landlord. Miss Christopherson had purchased at a sale a large grandfather's clock, once the property of Wordsworth, and this clock she, to my great delight, permitted me to wind! It was one of the old-fashioned kind which told the day of the week and of the month, and the changes of the moon.

During my short sojourn in Keswick, I had the pleasure of being introduced to the Rev. Canon Rawnsley, who has written well and wisely on the Lake Poets, and is a poet himself of no mean powers, his forte being "the weaving of the sonnet." Canon Rawnsley is related to the Tennysons, and is thus a link between two Poets Laureate. Mrs Lynn Linton was expected to arrive shortly, but I could not await the day of her arrival and did not see her, though later she invited me to what she facetiously called her "mansion in the skies," referring thereby to her flat in Queen Anne's Mansions. I bought in Keswick a three volume copy of "The Autobiography

Algernon Charles Swinburne

of Christopher Kirkland," in which those who read between the lines discover the autobiography of Mrs Lynn Linton, and I had one or two letters from her during my stay in her beloved Keswick. On a Sunday I walked beside the Greta and attended the church in which Lough's monument of Southey recalls a great and gracious memory to his forgetful country; and heard Canon Rawnsley preach. I visited the graveyard at the side of the church and read on the tomb in which Southey's ashes repose, the injunction—

Not to the grave, not to the grave,
My soul descend to contemplate
The form that once was dear.

I was young and impressionable, and I must confess I burst into tears, for Southey, thanks to my friend Edward Dowden, is to me no mere name. He is a living presence, and this humble tribute to the fine monograph on Southey in "The Englishmen of Letters" series, is the lowest stone on the cairn of praise erected by many readers, the apex being the judgment pronounced by Sir Henry Taylor, who knew and loved Southey, and who said of Professor Dowden's book that for him it made Southey live once more. Higher praise than this could not be given.

But I could not stay long in Keswick, and one evening in July I determined to push on to Grasmere. I started at 8 p.m., and walked along the dusty road

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through the beautiful Vale of St. John, looking out for the cottage described by De Quincey, who gives a humorous account of seeing at midnight in December, when the frost was keen as it can be in the Lake District, a mammoth in shirt-sleeves sitting smoking in the front garden! When I visited the district the mammoth, no doubt, had long ago departed to those regions where the good mammoths go, and I passed his cottage as silent as my shadow cast by the full moon.

Walking beside the shore of Lake Thirlmere, I came upon a group of workmen whose daily work was, like old Kaspar's, done; and who were enjoying their pipes before turning in. They were engaged, I learned, on the works, just then in full swing, for the carrying of the waters of Thirlmere to Manchester. I was invited by the foreman to inspect some of the machinery, and I readily consented to do so, though it was nearly eleven o'clock, and when, having followed the many windings of the tunnel into which I was taken, and having listened to elaborate descriptions of the machinery employed, I emerged a wearied though a wiser man, I found it was midnight.

I had intended to put up at the Old Swan Inn, about a mile nearer Grasmere, but when I reached it, the Inn was closed and evidently untenanted. This was the Inn, it will be remembered, at which Scott used to call daily for a glass of beer, when staying with Wordsworth, who was a teetotaller, and how the Inn-keeper disconcerted Scott by inquiring

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one day as he passed with his host, whether he would have his glass as usual! I also was disconcerted to find the Inn closed, but I pushed on into Grasmere passing the little church on my right and walked up to the door of the modern hotel, the Rothsay. It also was closed. They keep early hours in Lake Land.

Not a twinkle from the fly,
Not a glimmer from the worm.

Windows fast and obdurate!
How the garden grudged me grass!
Where I stood the iron gate
Ground its teeth to let me pass!

I did not like to be selfish. There was evidently no hall porter, and I did not wish to disturb the rest of the sojourners in the hotel. There was also another good reason for my not applying my hand to the knocker or the bell, and that was a huge mastiff who, unlike the gate, "ground its teeth" but would *not* "let me pass." Every movement I made was to the accompaniment of a growl from this Cerberus, I therefore beat a retreat without enquiring with Coleridge "What is it ails the mastiff bitch?" I was like Browning's serenader at the villa—

"So wore night; the East was grey,
White the broad-faced hemlock flowers:
There would be another day.
'Ere its first of heavy hours
Found me, I had passed away."

Passed away, but not to any great distance. I had

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marked the church and the churchyard as I passed them, and I opened the little wooden gate and went to the church door, but it was, as I expected, locked. Then I explored the churchyard with the view of finding a resting-place, but there was none. I had a warm cloak in the double strap which held the tramp's outfit on my back, and wrapping this about me, I made my lodging on the cold, cold ground, agreeably cold on this lovely July night; and with the light of the moon overhead and the music of the river Rotha in my ear, wearied with my tramp from Keswick, I slept soundly.

I awoke at about six o'clock and glancing round, the first object that met my eyes was a tombstone bearing the name "William Wordsworth." Rising, I sat on the low stone wall that runs round the churchyard, and read also by the increasing sunlight, the familiar name of Hartley Coleridge and also that of Jane Clough, the mother, I believe, of Arthur Hugh Clough. This incident was referred to by H. A. Hinkson, Barrister and Novelist, in a skit he published at the time of the T.C.D. Tercentenary, and was pointed out to me before I met Mr Hinkson. Referring to those who visited Professor Dowden's house on Sunday afternoons, he says "those who assemble there include all kind of students of English literature, from the youth who has just discovered that there is a difference in style between the work of Tennyson and that of Browning, to the enthusiast who sought inspiration by sleeping on the grave of Wordsworth." When I mentioned to Professor

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Dowden the fact that I had slept at the foot of Wordsworth's grave, he enquired with all the gravity of the true humorist: "Had you any Intimations of Immortality'?"

Years after, when I edited the poems of Hartley Coleridge for Messrs Routledge, my knowledge of the Lake District proved of immense value to me, for I knew every inch of the ground. I ascended Skiddaw when in Keswick, and admired the Cockshot Woods praised by Gray, who was, as Mr Edmund Gosse pointed out, the pioneer in praise of the Lake District. In his admirable volume "English Literature in the Eighteenth Century," my friend Thomas Sergeant Perry clearly proved how up to Gray's time, any great elevation was always looked on in poetry as "horrid." Gray loved the mountains with all the love which Wordsworth afterwards displayed, and was the first to praise their grandeur, and make the reader of poetry have a true sense of their sublimity.

My readers will naturally ask what has all this to do with Swinburne? The link it must be confessed is slight. I began with the intention of devoting the chapter to Swinburne, but the reference to Wordsworth led me off on a side track. Swinburne, it must be remembered, was a Wordsworthian all his life, and his tributes to Wordsworth in prose and verse are many, ranging from the reference to him in the sonnet on Thomas Carlyle's "two venomous volumes of Reminiscences," in which he is referred to as—

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“ One whose clear spirit like an angel hung
Between the mountains, hallowed by his love,
And the sky, stainless as his soul, above : ”

to the famous essay on Wordsworth and Byron which appeared in “ The Nineteenth Century,” and is reprinted in the “ Miscellanies.”

In the Life of the author of a little book very popular in my childhood, entitled “ Amy Herbert, or the Happy Home,” we are told that the writer accompanied Lady Jane Swinburne and Algernon, then a little boy, to call on Wordsworth. The old poet received his visitors courteously and, patting Algernon on the head, enquired if he knew any of his poems. Yes, Algernon knew several of them, including “ We are seven,” and “ The Pet Lamb.” Wordsworth was pleased, and remarked that a knowledge of his poems would not do the boy any harm. So far as his readers are aware, a knowledge of Wordsworth had no ill effect on Swinburne, who praised Wordsworth with a poet’s discernment in the essay referred to, pointing out the Æschylean quality of such verses as those on Peele Castle with their “ trampling waves ” as a phrase worthy of him who wrote—

ποντίων τε κυμάτων ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα

and praising in glowing language the beauty of such lines as—

“ She is known to every star
And every wind that blows,”

from that otherwise prosaic poem “ The Thorn.”

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Swinburne cannot be discussed in this chapter, but must be referred to in the next. My readers must be content to accept, so far as this chapter is concerned, the lines of Landor—

“ Pass me. I only am the rind
To the rich fruit that you will find,
My friends, in every leaf behind.”

CHAPTER IX

A. C. SWINBURNE (CONTINUED)

The Warden of Alexandra College—Rev. R. Perceval Graves—Professor Mahaffy—Dr W. J. Chetwode Crawley—The Life of Sir William Rowan Hamilton—Professor Mahaffy on Old Age—Swinburne's Prose and Poetry—"Under the Microscope"—I write to Swinburne—His Letters to me—A Forgotten Poem by Swinburne—Richard Herne Shepherd—Swinburne's "Cleopatra"—Swinburne and the Irish Unionist Alliance—A Quick-change Artist!

THE first person I ever met who knew Swinburne personally was the Warden of Alexandra College, Dublin, the Rev. R. Perceval Graves, who wrote the "Life of Sir William Rowan Hamilton." When that book was first published I met one Sunday afternoon Professor John Pentland Mahaffy whose fame is world-wide as a scholar, and in particular in connection with his books on Greece. We met as we had done before, at the house of that genial member of the Senate of T.C.D., Dr W. J. Chetwode Crawley, 11, Merrion Square, at one time the residence of the Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, Lord Ash-

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bourne who, on several occasions held levees there. Professor Mahaffy praised the book but laughingly said in the course of his remarks, "Graves has no sense of humour, he writes for instance, 'Hamilton was not much of a poet, but on one occasion after a very tempestuous crossing from Holyhead to Dublin, he threw off the following sonnet'!"

Knowing Dr Chetwode Crawley's love of humour, I said "*A propos* of 'throwing off,' I have been reading some of Milton's prose works."

"Are they worth reading?" asked Mahaffy.

"Oh, yes," I said, "I think they are, for instance he says, *a propos* of your remarks, 'there are some people full of such a queasy spirit of luke-warmness that they would give a vomit to God Himself!'"

Crawley was amused when I added that Mr Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate had a sonnet written on a cross-channel steamer, in which he exclaims:

"England, I *reach* forth my soul to thy shores."

It was on that occasion when discussing old age in general, and "De Senectute" in particular, that Professor Mahaffy said:

"The most marvellous old man I ever met was after the siege of Paris. It was at a civic banquet given to celebrate our deliverance from having to eat cats and dogs and rats and mice. He was one hundred and eight and as gay as a lark! A marvellous man! But I am sorry to say there were some very wicked French actresses present, and he went

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away with the worst of them, and was found dead in his bed next morning!"

"Well," I said, "the moral is, I suppose, 'beware of wicked French actresses!'"

"Ah, yes!" said Mahaffy, gravely, "when you are *a hundred and eight*."

Professor Mahaffy, it will be remembered, does not confine his attention to Greece, he is also the author of a charming book on "The Principles of the Art of Conversation," a delightful volume dedicated to the Marchioness of Zetland.

The Rev. Perceval Graves was a picturesque figure. He also was a Wordsworthian, and knew Wordsworth personally, as readers of Alexander Grossart's edition of the prose works of Wordsworth are aware. I first met Dr Graves at Professor Dowden's house, "Winstead," Upper Rathmines, when the visitors included a son of Louis von Ranke, the great historian.

At that time the poems and prose of Swinburne were to me "a wonder and a wild delight." His "Study of Shakespeare," the first volume of his prose which I read, seemed eloquent as a poet's appreciation of a poet, and the grand chorus in "Atalanta in Calydon" haunted me with the magnificence of its music, while the "Erectheus" was full of the sounds of battle and of a breaking sea. I read every scrap of printed matter to which Swinburne's name was attached, and as I had not the means to purchase everything, I transcribed from volumes in Trinity College Library, or in the National Library of

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Ireland, all his fugitive contributions to *The Athenæum*, *The Spectator*, and other papers, besides his articles on Marlowe and Beaumont and Fletcher, which appeared in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Thus I possess at the present moment, the work of my youth, in the shape of a MS. volume of Swinburne which Mr Watts-Dunton has told me is unique. The contents include transcriptions of Swinburne's letters to Lord Houghton and to Sir Henry Taylor, and also a poem which appeared in "The Contemporary Review," a most amusing parody of Tennyson's "Despair," entitled "Disgust."

As time rolled on I acquired copies of "Once a Week" containing Swinburne's short prose story "Dead Love" with the illustration by M. J. Lawless and the first edition of "Bloody Son" which appeared later under the title of "Fratricide" in the first series of "Poems and Ballads." Thus I became word-perfect in Swinburne's poetry and prose, and have frequently been complimented by Mr Watts-Dunton on the fact that I have so faithfully memorised long passages from both.

In 1886, when I was twenty-four, I became much interested in a controversy which had aroused bad blood as early as 1872, that which arose out of the publication of Robert Buchanan's "The Fleshly School of Poetry," and Swinburne's reply, entitled "Under the Microscope." I found that the latter was completely out of print, and it struck me that I ought to suggest to Swinburne to reprint it. Accordingly I wrote in November, 1886, to the poet, care of

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his publishers, Messrs Chatto and Windus, and received in reply a postcard on which Swinburne wrote that he would very much like to see a copy of the pamphlet in question. I happened to mention this fact to Professor Dowden, whose Sunday afternoon receptions found me a frequent visitor at "Winstead," Temple Road, Upper Rathmines, where he then lived, and he, with the ready kindness which is one of his leading characteristics, offered to lend me a copy of the pamphlet. Having secured this, I wrote to Swinburne on the subject, and he replied, saying that his friends had often advised him to reprint the pamphlet, at the same time cutting away the merely ephemeral passages of satire or controversy.

My readers will naturally ask, "Where are these letters?" My reply is that my good friend Mr Watts-Dunton, who has seen the letters and finds them quite worthy of printing, in face of his public announcement that no letters of Swinburne are to be printed, cannot see his way to allow me to print them, a decision he told me, caused him not a little regret. Mr Watts-Dunton is Swinburne's sole executor and even if I could rebel against his decision I would not do so, for his unfailing kindness to me on many occasions is counted amongst the most pleasurable experiences of my life.

I have, however, received his permission to give the gist of the letters, though not their *ipsissima verba*.

Swinburne's wishes with regard to the pamphlet

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made me very enthusiastic, and I wrote offering to transcribe it and prepare it for the press. This offer Swinburne accepted in the most gracious way, and I spent my evenings for nearly three weeks busily engaged in making a clear and faithful transcription of the little book from cover to cover, and when completed, I sent it off to "The Pines" with a letter expressing the pleasure it had given me to meet his wishes, and taking the opportunity to ask one or two questions in connection with passages and references in his poems which had puzzled me.

One of my questions was as to the identity of the persons referred to in the following verses—

There lived a singer in France of old
By the tideless, dolorous Midland Sea;
In a land of sand and ruin and gold
There shone one woman, and none but she.

Another inquiry was as to where I should find the verses addressed by Landor to Victor Hugo, to which reference is made in a footnote in "Essays and Studies."

In his reply, Swinburne, after thanking me for the MS., which arrived safely, told me that the "Singer in France" and the lady, were Rudel and the lady of Tripoli, whom, he pointed out had been the subject of one of Robert Browning's shorter lyrics; and he informed me that Landor's lines to Hugo are on page 160 of his "Heroic Idylls," and added: "Lest you should not have the book by you, I transcribe them for you separately." This he did, and I give

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the lines here with the words he wrote under them—

VICTOR HUGO

Whether a poet yet is left
In France, I know not—and who knows?
But Hugo, of his home bereft,
In quiet Jersey finds repose.
Honour to him who dares to utter
A word of truth in writ or speech;
In Hugo's land the brave but mutter
Half one, in dread whose ear it reach.

Under these lines Swinburne wrote—

“Written by Walter Savage Landor, *æt.* 88,
and transcribed for Ramsay Colles by
Algernon Charles Swinburne.”

The letter which contained these lines, which were clearly written on one side of a sheet of notepaper, concluded as follows, and I feel sure I shall be forgiven for the pride with which I transcribe them:—

“And now, having replied to your various queries, let me thank you again very cordially for the great trouble you have taken and the great obligation you have conferred on,—Yours very sincerely,
A. C. SWINBURNE.”

During later years whenever a passage in his writings puzzled me, I ventured to write to the poet,

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and always received a courteous answer, generally by return post. With Mr Andrew Lang I admire the verses on Cleopatra which appeared in an early issue of the "Cornhill Magazine," and I suggested to Swinburne to reprint them, but he replied that they were scribbled off to accompany Mr Frederick Sandys' "noble design," which had been used as a frontispiece to the "Cornhill," and added that he had written another set of verses to serve as an illustration to the same artist's "Gentle Spring," which was printed in the "Royal Academy Catalogue." This was fresh news to me. I turned to R. Herne Shepherd's Bibliography of Swinburne and failed to find any reference to these verses, and wrote to Mr Shepherd, telling him. He replied he had looked up the lines in the catalogue, and transcribed them for me.

The verses on Cleopatra were not reprinted because George Meredith had protested against their re-appearance, saying that they were a travesty of Swinburne's worst style. Nevertheless, they contain some memorable and haunting lines as, for instance, the following—

She holds her future close, her lips
Hold fast the face of things to be;
Action, and sound of war that dips
Down the blown valleys of the sea,
Far sails that flee, and storms of ships.

The poem was prefaced by a clipping from the first sketch of "Chastelard," which was never pub-

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lished, the lines being attributed to "T. Hayman, Fall of Anthony, 1655."

" Her beauty might outface the jealous hours,
Turn shame to love and pain to a tender sleep,
And the strong nerve of hate to sloth and tears;
Make Spring rebellious in the sides of frost,
Thrust out lank Winter with hot August growths,
Compel sweet blood into the husks of death,
And from strange beasts enforce harsh courtesy."

The poem of "Gentle Spring," being buried in the Catalogue of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts for 1865 (page 20), I transcribe for the delectation of those to whom every scrap of Swinburne's verse gives pleasure—

O virgin mother of gentle days and nights,
Spring of fresh buds and Spring of swift delights,
Come, with lips kiss'd of many an amorous hour,
Come, with hands heavy from the fervent flower,
The fleet first flower that feels the wind and sighs,
The tenderer leaf that draws the sun and dies;
Light butterflies, like flowers alive in the air,
Circling and crowning thy delicious hair,
And many a fruitful flower and floral fruit
Born of thy breath and fragrant from thy foot.
Thee, mother, all things born desire, and thee,
Earth, and the fruitless hollows of the sea
Praise, and thy tender winds of ungrown wing
Fill heaven with murmurs of the sudden Spring.

In 1893, when Gladstone's Home Rule Bill roused into being at the call of Mr Culverwell, F.T.C.D., one of the strongest political organizations in Ireland, The Irish Unionist Alliance, Swinburne was

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appealed to for a poem, and wrote his "A Song for Unionists." In the MS. which I saw, were the lines—

See the ravens flock to feast
Dark as robe or creed of priest.

It was pointed out to the poet that on a great political question like Home Rule or Unity, the people should be united, and that the reference to priesthood in these lines might lead to disagreement and possibly disintegration of an otherwise united body, and he was asked to substitute another line, which he did by return post, as follows—

See the ravens flock to feast
Dense as round some death-struck beast,

a reading which was adhered to on the appearance of the poem in the collected edition of 1904.

CHAPTER X

A. C. SWINBURNE (CONCLUDED)

Walt Whitman—W. M. Rossetti—I try to raise Subscription in Ireland for Whitman—Correspondence with Good Gray Poet—Swinburne's Earlier and Later Criticism of Walt Whitman—"Under the Microscope"—"Whitmania"—"The Damnedest Simulacrum"—Lillah Cabot Perry—Her "Heart of the Weed"—John Addington Symonds—The King's Inns, Dublin—Mr Thomas Wright—I call on Swinburne and Wafts-Dunton—The Pines, Putney Hill—Mr Alfred Noyes.

LOOKING back at my life I appear in 1886 to have had more time at my command than I have ever had since. I had purchased early in 1879, or thereabouts, John Camden Hotten's edition of a selection from Walt Whitman, with a Preface by Mr W. M. Rossetti. In some way, possibly by lending it, I lost this book, and, on trying to get another copy, I found it was out of print. I at once wrote to Messrs Chatto and Windus and communicated with Mr Rossetti, with the gratifying result that a new and handsome edition in buckram was issued, the publishers, in acknowledgment of my suggestion, sending me a copy.

Mr Rossetti was the soul of courtesy and wrote

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me several kindly letters on the subject, in his beautiful handwriting, expressing his old admiration for the author of "Leaves of Grass." I had heard that Walt Whitman was very ill and in lack of money, and I wrote to him to Mickle Street, Camden, New Jersey, suggesting the raising of a subscription in Ireland. He replied:

"DEAR FRIEND,—I shall gladly accept anything which you and my Irish friends care to give. Take leisure and time about it, and let it be large or small, or nought at all, if Destiny so decide. (Professor Edward Dowden must not be approached, as he has already been most generous.) I was out for two hours to-day in the sunny mid-day hours, and enjoyed them much,—

WALT WHITMAN."

I wrote to many of my friends on the subject, but got no response. This disheartened me, and in the end I had to content myself with sending the poet £2, and telling him I would make the sum an annual subscription. To this he would not consent, and sent me for the money his two volumes, "Leaves of Grass" and "Two Rivulets," each copy being signed. Until his death I sent the £2, and at last, having many copies of his books, I sold the autographed volumes to the National Library of Ireland, on the shelves of which they now repose under the guardianship of that true lover of books, Mr Thomas W. Lyster, M.A., the Librarian, whose name is familiar to all students of German literature in connection with his admirable translation of Duntzer's

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“Life of Goethe.” I also sold to the then Provost of T.C.D., Dr Jellett, copies of “Leaves of Grass” and “Specimen Days.”

When I wrote to Swinburne about the reprint of “Under the Microscope,” I ventured to ask him if his opinion of Whitman was as high as when he addressed the American poet in “Songs before Sunrise”—

Send but a song oversea for us,
Heart of their hearts who are free.
Heart of their singer to be for us
More than our singing can be;
Ours in the tempest at error,
With no light but the twilight of terror;
Send us a song oversea!
Sweet-smelling of pine leaves and grasses,
And blown as a tree through and through
With the winds of the keen mountain passes,
And tender as sun-smitten dew;
Sharp-tongued as the winter that shakes
The wastes of your limitless lakes;
Wide-eyed as the sea-line's blue.

Swinburne replied that he still genuinely admired Walt Whitman's best earlier work, but that his indiscriminate admirers had made him “sick of the man's very name,” and, he added, “I doubt whether posterity will have patience to pick out his plums from such a mass of indigestible dough.”

In my “first fine careless rapture” I had communicated to Whitman the fact that Swinburne contemplated reprinting “Under the Microscope,” in which much praise had been bestowed on Walt, who was compared to William Blake, and whose work-

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manship was accepted without demur. Walt Whitman wrote me asking me to send him on the article when it appeared, and enclosed in his letter a card in black and silver admitting the bearer to his Lecture on the Death of Abraham Lincoln.

When the article appeared in the "Fortnightly," entitled "Whitmania," I saw at once that I must not grieve the "good gray poet" by sending it to him, especially as I was the innocent cause of its having been written, but he insisted, and Mr Horace Traubel tells us that Whitman on reading it contented himself by asking those present, if Swinburne were "not the damndest simulacrum," and there, so far as Walt was concerned, the matter ended.

Not so in England, where John Addington Symonds rushed into print in defence of Whitman, noting especially the fact that in the verses quoted from "Songs before Sunrise," Walt Whitman is designated a "Singer." This he undoubtedly was, as well as being one of the most ardent among liberators of the human spirit from the shackles of conventionality.

Addington Symonds did not clinch his argument by referring to the footnote on page 21 of "Essays and Studies," in which, while expatiating on Victor Hugo's "L'Année Terrible," Swinburne designates Whitman "The greatest of American voices," and in concluding calls him "The first poet of American democracy." Surely higher praise than this no man could ask for or expect!

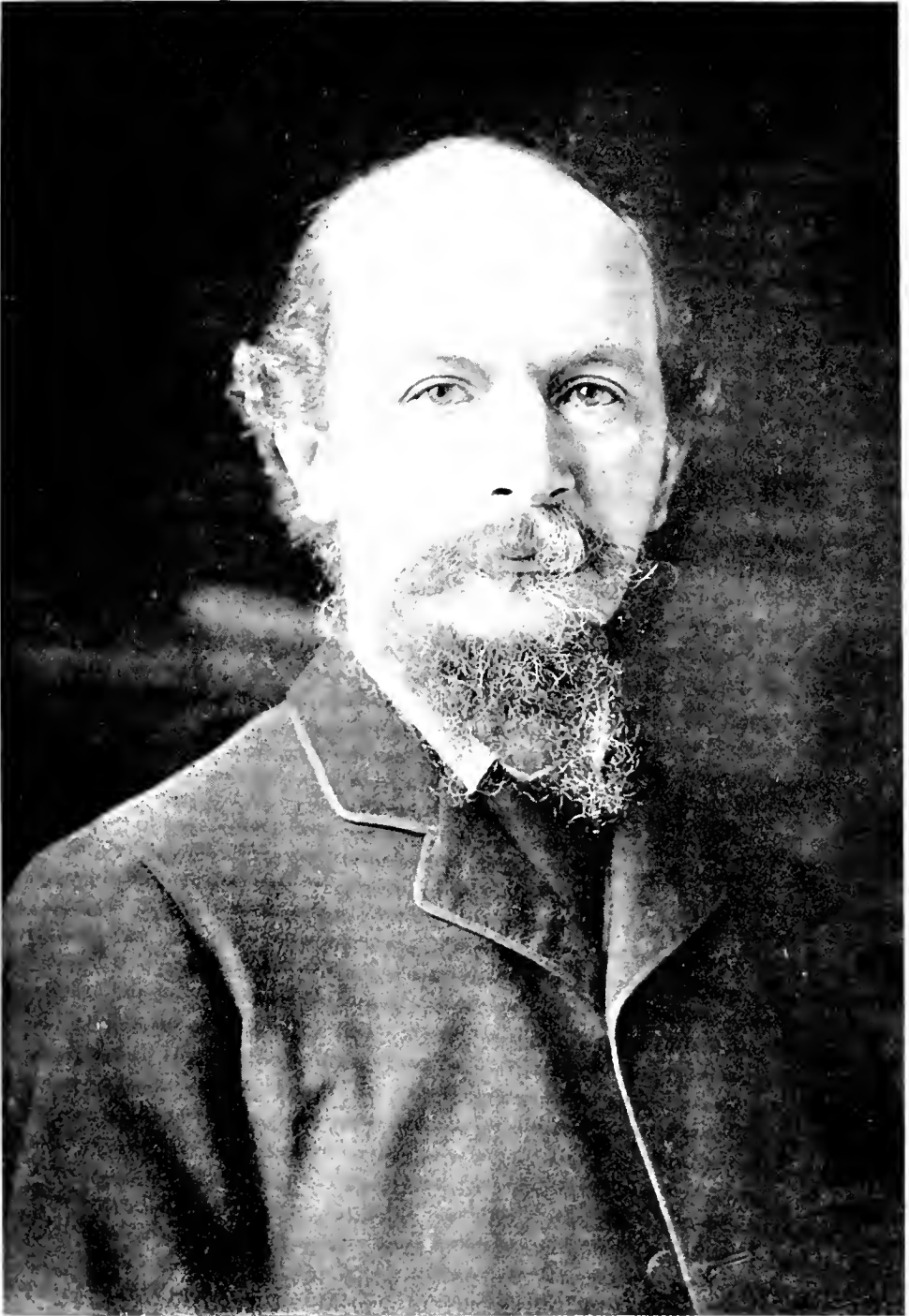
In the year referred to appeared a little volume

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of poems entitled "The Heart of the Weed," with no author's name, but to explain the title, a quotation from James Russell Lowell "to win the secret of the weed's plain heart." This little book, the contents of which are far above the average output of poetry, was written by the wife of my friend Thomas Sergeant Perry. Mrs Perry later did more justice to her muse in her perfect translations from the Greek Anthology, which were issued under the title of "From the Garden of Hellas." One of the poems in "The Heart of the Weed" was "On Swinburne's 'Poems to a Child,'" a sonnet which I forwarded to Swinburne, but which he did not acknowledge. I learned later that his letter to me was insufficiently addressed, and was returned to him. I give the sonnet here by kind permission of the authoress, Lillah Cabot Perry—

You sing of passion, freedom, of the sea,
All mighty themes to touch the hearts of men,
Yet scarce are past the fire and whirlwind, when
We hear a still, small voice, and lovingly
You lull the babe upon its mother's knee,
Songs mingling with its dreams. Her bosom then
Thrills to the echo of each note again
That sings all childhood's joy and mystery.
Small flower-like faces look out from your rhyme,
And there among them smile my very own;
Sweet children's voices from your measures ring
Like shaken silver bells in liquid chime—
I hear my darlings', yet not theirs alone
Since for all childhood through all time you sing.

When I was a student in Dublin I spent the greater part of my time reading in the delightful



Photo, Elliott and Fry,

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

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library of King's Inns, Henrietta Street, where, in a quiet recess, partitioned off from the rest of the room, furnished with "storied windows richly dight" shedding upon me and my book at sunset all the colours which Keats declared were thrown by the full moon upon the kneeling heroine of "St Agnes' Eve," I could scarcely realise that I was buried in "the dusty purlieus of the law." Consulting the Library Catalogue one afternoon, I discovered that the Benchers took as little interest in Swinburne as one Gamaliel is reported to have cared for the study of Sociology. I hastened to the genial librarian, my old friend James McIvor, and laid the matter before him, and having by his advice filled the necessary space in the Suggestion Book, a complete edition of Swinburne's works was ordered forthwith, and now adorns the shelves of the Library.

Living, as I did, far from London, I had not the opportunity to see Swinburne, which I might have had, had I been resident in London. From time to time I received postcards or letters from him, one of the former I find states in reply to an enquiry regarding a sentence in "A Study of Shakespeare" that "the greatest living humorist in 1880" was, in the writer's opinion Thomas Carlyle, and on another postcard I am referred to the "Agricola" of Tacitus for the allusion made in the concluding stanza of the memorial verses on the death of John William Inchbold in the third series of "Poems and Ballads."

In 1902 I left Ireland and came to London, en

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route for Western Africa. I did not get further than London, for reasons which will be found in a later chapter. In August, 1903, I contributed an article on Mr Swinburne's early dramas and poems to "The Gentleman's Magazine," a copy of which I left with my card at "The Pines," Putney Hill, a delightfully situated residence which has been fully described in his graphic manner by Mr James Douglas of *The Star* newspaper, in his fine volume on the life-work of our greatest living critic (and as Swinburne himself declared, possibly the greatest of all time), Mr Theodore Watts-Dunton. Both Swinburne and Watts-Dunton happened, as I learnt afterwards to be away at the time, I believe at Lancing. I called again, a little later, and found that the two poets were still away from home, and had to content myself by taking Swinburne's favourite walk up Putney Hill to Wimbledon, a walk described by Mr Watts-Dunton in the new edition, published with an illustration, of the little volume of "Selections from Poems of Swinburne."

A little later when I edited the poems of Thomas Lovell Beddoes for the excellent "Muses' Library" series of Messrs Routledge, I sent Swinburne and Mr Watts-Dunton copies of the little book, receiving gracious acknowledgments from both, and Mr Thomas Wright to whom we are indebted for lives of Pater, Edward FitzGerald, Burnaby and Sir Richard Burton, told me that calling at "The Pines" about this time, his hosts mentioned my name, and expressed some interest in my work.

Algernon Charles Swinburne

After sending a copy of the complete poetical works of George Darley in the same Library, the pleasurable task of editing which had been undertaken by me at the suggestion of Professor Dowden, I received from both Swinburne and Watts-Dunton (as well as from other recognised leaders in literature), letters full of generous praise, which gratified me greatly, coupled as they were with an invitation to call as soon as convenient, and suggesting the following Sunday afternoon. Luckily I was able to avail myself of the kindness thus extended, and four o'clock on a beautiful afternoon in May found me at "The Pines."

I was shown into a room richly furnished with Chinese carved cabinets and rare old furniture, the walls being covered with oil paintings, some of them evidently the work of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Through the window could be seen a garden of larger dimensions than one is accustomed to in London, where every foot of ground is precious, having in the centre of a grassy mound a classical draped female figure in either stone or stucco. This statue, I learned later, had been in D. G. Rossetti's garden.

Mr Watts-Dunton was the first to greet me, and a little later Mr Swinburne glided in. Both poets shook hands, Mr Watts-Dunton with vigour, but Swinburne's hand lay in mine with the pressure of a butterfly. The thought that flashed through me that second was, that the hand I held had once lain in that of Walter Savage Landor, a writer who was,

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indeed "In holiest age our mightiest mind," and whose great qualities as poet and prose writer have been magnificently celebrated by Swinburne in poems written in English, Latin, and Greek. Mr Watts-Dunton, on the contrary, holds that Landor in striving to realise the characters of other men and to utter their thoughts, as he did in "The Imaginary Conversations," neglected to utter his own, and thereby swamped his own originality with a much poorer substitute, a fact to be deplored. "Landor," said Mr Watts-Dunton, "boasted that he would sup late, but that the guests would be few and select, I am afraid that Landor will never sup at all."

As I am not one of those who jot down other men's utterances in order to make "copy" of them, I fear there is little I can record here of our conversation.

I noted that Swinburne's eyes kindled when I mentioned the works of Robert Landor, whose "Impious Feast" and "Faith's Fraud" and "The Ferryman" I possess in copies which at one time belonged to Anthony Trollope. Swinburne praised another play by Robert Landor, "The Earl of Brecon," a drama in which we see (in the words of Sir Henry Taylor) "persons impassioned, not passions personified." Thinking Swinburne would be interested I presented him with a copy of "Under the Microscope," in the American edition published by Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, Maine. Although he had gained nothing from a pecuniary

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point of view, from this edition, he was pleased with the format of the book which is beautifully turned out.

Since that memorable evening in May, I have had the honour and pleasure of dining many times at "The Pines" with both poets, and have partaken of afternoon tea on Sundays. Owing to Swinburne's deafness, not a little of what I said had to be communicated through Mr Watts-Dunton, who also took a kindly interest in any subject which I broached, particularly in a volume of selections from living poets which I contemplated compiling, and to which both my hosts readily promised to contribute, Mr Watts-Dunton telling me I would get them all save George Meredith, which proved to be the case, Mr Meredith writing me on his last birthday thanking me for copies of Hartley Coleridge, Beddoes, and Darley which I had edited, but firmly stating that he would not allow me to include any of his poems in the projected volume. Mr Watts-Dunton was interested in the fact that I admired the writings of Ebenezer Jones, the author of "Studies in Sensation and Event," on whom he contributed three letters to *The Athenæum* some years ago, and whom he knew personally, and whose brother, Sumner Jones, called on him. Mr Alfred Noyes, whose epic on Drake is one of the finest poetic utterances of late years, had been dining at "The Pines" a few days earlier, and when I referred to his "Lines for a Seventieth Birthday" and declared my humble opinion that these verses were the only ones written

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worthy of their subject, Mr Watts-Dunton (Mr Swinburne was not present) said that he quite agreed with me.

Alas! for all lovers of song, the great singer was not to see another birthday. I happened to be in the office of *The Sunday Times* when the news of his death arrived, and Mr Leonard Rees, the Editor, turning to me, said "We look to you for a special article." I had no materials and wrote simply from memory and my knowledge of the dead poet's writings, and in closing my chapter of Remembrance can only quote his own lines on Victor Hugo:

Return! We dare not, as we fain
Would cry from hearts that yearn.
Love dares not bid its dead again
Return.

Oh, hearts that burn and yearn,
As fires fast fettered strain and burn,
Bow down, lie still, and learn.
The heart that eased all hearts of pain
No funeral rites in-urn,
Its echoes, while the stars remain,
Return.

CHAPTER XI

OSCAR WILDE AND OTHERS

Colles of Kilkenny and the Æsthetic Movement—Oscar Wilde's Poems—I meet Wilde in Dublin—Mrs Langtry and Niagara—The American Girl—Portrait of Oscar Wilde as a Boy, by O'Neill—My Correspondence with Wilde—Edgar Saltus—"De Profundis"—Mr Robert Ross—Wilde's Plays and Poems—Mrs Frank Leslie—Joaquin Miller's Poems—"Jewess"—Speranza's Grave—The Baroness de Bazus—A Remarkable Woman—Irene Osgood, Author of "To a Nun Confess'd" and "Servitude." Her Home at Guilsborough Hall—A Fascinating Personality.

IN 1730, or thereabouts, one William Colles of Kilkenny, having invented machinery for the sawing of marble by water power, took a perpetual lease of the marble quarries in Ireland, and erected the mills which are still worked by his descendant, my cousin Mr Richard Colles, J.P.

The first time I remember hearing the name Oscar Wilde, was in connection with these mills. It was asserted that owing to the Æsthetic Movement inaugurated by Wilde who advocated the substitution of oaken mantelpieces for marble ones, that the mills in Kilkenny must be, if the Movement was con-

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tinued, shut down, and the branch of the Colles family which ran them, in consequence, be ruined!

With the selfishness of seventeen, having another career in prospect, I did not trouble much about this outlook, and it did not prevent my taking the keenest interest in Oscar Wilde's Poems, which were published by David Bogue about 1882. I remember with what keen delight I read such verse as—

And many an Afghan chief, who lies
Beneath his cool pomegranate trees,
Clutches his sword in fierce surmise
When on the mountain-side he sees
The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes
To tell how he hath heard afar
The measured roll of English drums
Beat at the gate of Kandahar.

Years later, when I met Wilde, I suggested to him the substitution of the word "British" for "English" drums, on account of the onomatopœia, the fine roll of "R's" to correspond with the roll of drums. He said he thought there were quite enough "R's" in the line already.

The first time I met Oscar Wilde was when he had just returned from lecturing in America. It will be remembered that the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company preceded him everywhere throughout the United States, playing "Patience" with its attitudinising figure of Bunthorne the poet. Wilde did not seem to have troubled himself about the matter. At the luncheon table of my friend, who

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lived in a pleasant detached house in the Green Lane district of Clontarf, not far from where Brian Boru was defeated, he spoke of his American tour, and smiled when he was reminded that he had been "disappointed" with the Atlantic. He spoke of Mrs Langtry having had her photograph taken "with the Falls of Niagara as a kind of unpretentious background," and incidentally referred to the American girl as being "a delicious oasis of unreasonableness in a desert of commonsense." After he had gone, my host, a well-known Dublin solicitor, who has long been dead, told me that Wilde had asked, concerning me, "who is that interesting young fellow?" an inquiry which greatly gratified the young fellow in question.

Years later, about 1893, or thereabouts, I was shown by Professor Dowden a head in red chalk which he had purchased as a portrait of Oscar Wilde when a boy. I asked and obtained permission to have it photographed, and had three platinatypes done by Mr Louis Werner, of Grafton Street. Wilde was then living in 16, Tite Street, Chelsea, and no doubt often saw—

The Thames nocturne of blue and gold
Change to a harmony in grey;
A boat with ochre-coloured hay
Drop from the wharf.

He had sent me his plays published at the Bodley Head by Mr John Lane, who, if I remember aright, had just then severed partnership with Mr Elkin

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Mathews, and was ushering newly discovered poets into print with a rapidity that threatened to make England once more "a nest of singing birds."

The poems included "The Sphinx," as well as his better known work, and the play "Salomé." He gave me these poems in recognition of the fact that I had sent him Mr W. Carew Hazlitt's interesting collection of the Essays of Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, the murderer, once the friend or acquaintance of Charles Lamb, Thomas Noon Talfourd and other notable men of his day, and whose work had once or twice been mistaken for that of Elia. Wilde, it will be remembered, wrote an article in "The Fortnightly" on the subject, entitled "Pen, Pencil, and Poison," a phrase he found in Swinburne's "Study of William Blake," in which the author said of Wainwright, "with pen, with palate, or with poison his hand was no mean craftsman's."

About the same time I had drawn his attention to "Mary Magdalen," by Edgar Saltus, a copy of which had been sent me from America by George Pellew, and which was eventually published in this country by Harper's, under the title of "Mary of Magdala." Wilde's study of the prophet John bears a close resemblance to that of Saltus, and the two studies are worth comparing.

Having secured my photographs, I sent them to Wilde, asking him to enrich them with his autograph. He replied that I really must not ask him to do so. That they were far too ugly, and returned them unsigned, accompanied by a signed photograph of



THE BARONESS DE BAZUS
(better known as "FRANK LESLIE")

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himself by Ellis and Walery taken very recently, and showing him standing upright, with his right hand buried just above the top button of his overcoat which had an ucstrakhan collar and which bore a carnation in the left buttonhole. This was the last time I heard from him. A little later came the great tragedy in his life, and in common with many of his admirers, I turned away from him, and feminine influence being very strong in my life at the moment, I burned his letters and all the photographs in my possession, only one of the three done of the picture escaping the holocaust by my having presented it to Professor Dowden! The original chalk head, I may mention, was done by Henry O'Neill, a well-known portrait painter in his day, to whom Wilde paid a kindly tribute in one of his letters to me.

That I was not alone in my sudden change from admiration to revulsion is proved by the fact that when my friend Mr H. A. Hinkson collected "Poems by Graduates of T.C.D.," which were published by Mr Elkin Mathews in 1895, the book fell dead, simply because it contained poems by Oscar Wilde.

When in 1904 "De Profundis" was published, I was deeply touched, and wrote to Mr Robert Ross, the Editor of the book, expressing my contrition for burning the dead man's letters, and heartily congratulating him on the great work he was doing for his memory, by clearing off his debts, and getting his bankruptcy annulled. Mr Ross has added to the indebtedness to him of all admirers of Wilde by the monumental edition of Wilde's books which he has

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had issued by Messrs Methuen. It is to be hoped that a popular edition of Oscar Wilde's plays and poems will soon be published. An edition in one volume would certainly sell. Thanks to the staunch support of Mr George Alexander the poet's name has been restored to the playbills, and "The Importance of Being Earnest" has had a long run at the St James's Theatre.

Wilde borrowed very largely from the French, but his plays, nevertheless, contain not a little that is deliciously original. In "A Woman of No Importance," for instance, we are told that the Peerage is "the best thing in fiction that the English have ever done." That "American dry-goods" are American novels! and there are dozens of others equally good.

The author of "Oscar Wilde: The Story of an Unhappy Friendship" took me to see Mrs Frank Leslie, at one time Mrs Willy Wilde, and now that she has retired into private life, known by her title of the Baroness de Bazus.

We found the Baroness, who was merely flitting through London, en route for Paris, deeply engaged in reading the poems of Joaquin Miller in a six volume edition with which the poet had just presented her. Naturally, the conversation turned on the "Songs of the Sierras," and other poems by the poet of the West, and I was delighted to get news of the fine old author and to hear the Baroness read aloud his striking poem "Columbus" with its refrain "Sail on! Sail on!! Sail on!!!" I had long admired

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Joaquin Miller's poetry and in order to prove to the Baroness that my admiration was genuine, I recited his verses entitled "Jewess," which is not the only poem of the author's I have memorised. As some of my readers may not be familiar with it, I give it here—

My dark-browed daughter of the sun,
Dear Bedouin of the desert sands,
Sad daughter of the ravished lands,
Of savage Sinai, Babylon—
O Egypt-eyed, thou art to me
A God-encompassed mystery!

I see sad Hagar in thine eyes,
The obelisks, the pyramids,
Lie hid beneath thy drooping lids.
The tawny Nile of Moses lies
Portrayed in thy strange people's force
And solemn mystery of source.

The black abundance of thy hair
Falls like some twilight sad of June
Above the dying afternoon,
And mourns thy people's mute despair.
The large solemnity of night,
O Israel, is in thy sight.

Then come where stars of freedom spill
Their splendour, Jewess. In this land
The broad hollow of God's hand
That held you ever, outholds still.
And whether you be right or nay,
'Tis God's, not Russia's, here to say.

Some reference was made to "Speranza," Lady Wilde, and to Irish poets in general, and I mentioned George Darley, and incidentally said that when I discovered the cemetery in which he was buried, I

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visited the grave, and finding it much neglected, I called the attention of a member of Darley's family to the fact, with the gratifying result that the superintendent wrote me "It looks as if the grave belonged to somebody now." The Baroness said that the grave of "Speranza" was in a shockingly neglected condition.

So ended my interview with this very remarkable woman who took over her dead husband's business, which by his premature death he left buried in debt, assumed by law the name of "Frank Leslie," and not alone cleared off all the debts, but ran "Leslie's Home Journal," until its name was familiar all over the world, by reason of its gigantic circulation, and then retired with a huge fortune, to be courted and honoured by all who love the best in journalism and literature.

The Baroness has wonderfully beautiful eyes—large, grey, melting, and sympathetic; her figure is perfect, and her carriage enhances it. She has the bright clear complexion that comes of exercise and health; and luxuriant hair of a very light colour. Her voice is delightful. She is frankly feminine in her manner, showing her gentle breeding to the tips of her aristocratic fingers. If one did not know, one would say that she had never known a moment of work or worry in her life.

Every summer she enjoys a European holiday, and invariably, in London, Paris, Madrid, and the fashionable watering places on the Continent, she is fêted, admired and interviewed by the newspapers

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even more than when she is at home—for in Europe it is vacation in earnest for her. From the Government of Venezuela she has received the distinguished and beautiful decoration of “El Busto del Libertador,” bestowed by the South American Republic upon “those who have rendered service in the cause of humanity, progress and civilisation,” and she has also a French decoration, bestowed by the martyred President Carnot, and the decoration of Saint Catherine as well.

How has she done it all? By a bold and decisive mind, the audacity of genius, tireless energy and the perfection of physique. The child Miriam Florence Folline was a fragile creature, a delicate Huguenot exotic in the French quarter of New Orleans. The woman Baroness de Bazus is the perfection of physical development. By the exercise of all her faculties, physical and mental, she has kept her whole nature in perfect equilibrium. Her handwriting is characteristic, the characters large, the strokes firm with a notable upward impulse, regular, connected, and flowing. And she has never lost an intellectual opportunity. She speaks English, French, Spanish, and Italian with fluent perfection, besides understanding Latin. She has read much and seen more, and welded into her own originality her studies and reflections and experiences. Much as she owes to nature, she owes more to herself. She proves that genius is a capacity for hard work; that significant success comes like the onward-creeping dawn, and is no blast of heat-lightning. Whatever she has

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done, too, she has done as a woman in a womanly way. She has found her sex has rights enough when it wants to employ them.

Her *salon* is one of the institutions of New York. She is the Mme. Adam of New York. At them are to be met all sorts of people worth knowing, and very few that are not distinguished for something or other. She gives her invitations on the famous receipt of Mrs Jeune. "Millions for amusement; not one line for tribute!" Plenty of society people are to be found at her *salon*, but they are all somebodies outside the drawing-room.

She is great as a hostess, full of sympathy and tact and bonhomie. She has a large fund of good stories, and doesn't have to go outside her own experience for their subjects.

One of the most fascinating women I have ever met is Mrs Irene Osgood, author of "To a Nun Confess'd," and "Servitude." I met her at a fashionable West End Hotel, and having shown an interest in her books, she kindly invited me to visit her in her beautiful home, Guilsborough Hall, which is her own property and lies in a very pretty country between Rugby and Northampton. It is the Hall of an ancient and picturesque village, where there are many cottages with thatched roofs, and where there is an old Jacobean grammar school, built and endowed by the Langham family.

When Irene Osgood acquired the place a few years ago, Guilsborough Hall, which had long been occupied by the Countess Spencer, to whom a

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memorial stands in the adjoining parish church; was a dilapidated manor-house in a wilderness of laurel bushes.

To-day, Guilsborough Hall is one of the most beautiful houses in the Midlands, and the gardens which surround it are the admiration of all the authorities on artistic gardening. These gardens were designed and carried out by the fair owner, whose taste and discernment in their construction proves that she is an artist in more walks of life than one.

A pretty fancy is shown by Mrs Osgood in her all-white garden, which for simplicity and beauty is unrivalled, every shrub and flower being pure white.

I recall many talks with this young and gifted woman in the exquisite Adams room which forms part of her private suite, and which she designates the music room. She is by no means a mere woman of letters, for she was, until she met with many nasty accidents in the field, an enthusiastic rider to hounds, and her taste in dress is perfect as her form.

Her books have had a phenomenal sale, especially "Servitude," which deals with Christian slavery in Algiers before the victory of Lord Exmouth, and "To a Nun Confess'd," has run through many editions.

One of the greatest charms of Irene Osgood is her voice. It reminded me of Walt Whitman's beautiful lines—

"Surely whoever speaks to me in the right voice
Him or her I shall follow, as the water follows the moon,
Anywhere around the globe."

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I can hear it now, as she tells me about "Full Free," a novel she has projected dealing with the negro question in the West Indies. "I have always," she said, "taken a particular interest in black folk, because, as perhaps you know, I come from a line of Virginia planters, who owned slaves before the war. The horrible things that were of such common occurrence in the West Indies were unheard of in Virginia, and I shall be able to draw some comparisons from what my people have told me, which will not be very flattering to the West Indian planters. Our slaves were devoted to us, my mother has often told me, and during the war showed the greatest affection and loyalty to their masters."

I remember also much about another new book, to be called "Where Pharoah Dreams." This book, Irene Osgood wrote in Helouan, near Cairo. It is to be illustrated by W. Gordon Mein, and published in the United States.

Amongst personal items Mrs Osgood told me that she was born on a plantation in Old Virginia. Her father's people were from Normandy, one of her ancestors, Baron Jean de Belot, having left France for political reasons, and on account of being a Huguenot. Baron de Belot traced his history from much earlier times, it being on record that one of the members of his family officiated in the private chapel of Louis XI.

I was particularly delighted with Irene Osgood's love and protection of wild birds. Hundreds of nesting boxes are to be seen in the trees in the park,



IRENE OSGOOD

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and trays of food are outside most of the bedroom windows, with saucers of water for the birds to either drink or bathe in. And the birds are not ungrateful, for morning and evening the whole place is filled with the music of their songs.

That Irene Osgood is a good business woman and no dreamer, is proved by the huge run she has erected for prize poultry on the borders of the park; and here may be seen fowls of all plumage, many of them first prize winners in all parts of the country. Walter Savage Landor prided himself on the number of trees he had planted at Llanthony, rightly deeming that he had done a patriotic act thereby. I can imagine the delight he would have expressed had he seen the plantation of fine young trees with which Irene Osgood has enriched Guilsborough Hall.

It is an ideal home for an artist and poetess. And those who read Irene Osgood's books, or have the privilege of seeing her, will not refuse her either title.

CHAPTER XII

EDWARD DOWDEN

Professor Edward Dowden—His “Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley”—Matthew Arnold’s Criticism—The Ways of Dowden like those of Providence—William Watson on Shelley and Harriett Westbrook—Professor Dowden and Walt Whitman—Dowden the Poet—His French and German Studies—President of the English Goethe Society—Visitors to “Winstead”—Montagu Griffin—J. J. Piatt—Lord Tennyson and George Darley.

I HAVE already made many references to Professor Edward Dowden, whom I shall always deem it an honour to “count upon my list of friends.” I have had the pleasure of knowing Dowden for nearly a quarter of a century. He is, as many of my readers are aware, Professor of English Literature and Oratory in the University of Dublin, and is the author of “Shakspeare: His Mind and Art,” “Studies in Literature, 1798-1877,” “Transcripts and Studies,” and other critical essays. He is also the author of the only reliable “Life of Shelley,” having compiled the two volumes from the original documents submitted to him by the poet’s son, the late Sir Percy Florence Shelley, and his wife Lady Shelley.

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Professor Dowden, with important documentary evidence before him, wrote with the cool critical acumen which distinguishes him, and while wishing to deal as gently as possible with the memory of Harriett Westbrook, Shelley's first wife, he was obliged, in justice to the poet, to make a reflection on her character, but at the same time he gave, in a footnote, a reference to the files of *The Times* newspaper, in corroboration of his judgment. This reference the critics, one and all, ignored, even Matthew Arnold, who in his later essays, appears to have lost all his former clearness of vision, going so far as to write that the ways of Professor Dowden resembled those of Providence, in that they were inscrutable. Mr William Watson, who had addressed a sonnet to Dowden on his "Life of Shelley," made the same error with regard to Harriett in his "Epigrams on Life, Art, and Nature."

A great star stooped from heaven and loved a flower
Grown in earth's garden, loved it for an hour.
Let those who mark his progress through the spheres
Refuse not to a ruined rosebud—tears.

Harriett was far from being "a ruined rosebud." Professor Dowden replied in "Last Words on Shelley" in his "Transcripts and Studies" and effectually silenced his critics.

Dowden's published work covers a wide area and exhibits a wonderful catholicity in literary appreciation. He was one of the very first to recognise the significance of the advent of Walt Whitman; while

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his sympathy with the "barbaric yawp" of the American did not prevent his being sensitive to the beauty of Walter Pater's delicate sentimentalism, as displayed in such dicta as that "life should be lived as delicately as one may pluck a flower." He has noted with a keen eye the opposed mental attitudes of Tennyson and Browning, and has interpreted their messages to their age with singular clearness and truth. He has taught many to feel and understand the moral significance and the value of the work of George Eliot. He has traced the influence on English literature of the various movements on the Continent of Europe, such as the transcendental movement, and the scientific. Nor has he confined his studies to English alone. In his earliest essays he drew attention to the grandeur of the poetry of Victor Hugo, and that of Leconte de Lisle, and Lamennais and Edgar Quinet found in him a delicately true interpreter. He has contributed a noteworthy volume on French Literature to Heinemann's "Literatures of the World," edited by Mr Edmund Gosse.

To be thoroughly acquainted with Professor Dowden's studies in literature is to be possessed of much more than mere knowledge of the subjects treated in his books. It is to have as constant companion and friend, one whose ethical teaching is of the highest value, whose spiritual vision is clear, and one who is ever ready to point to the sources from which he himself derives much of the wisdom and strength which he is desirous his pupil should possess. It

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is as an interpreter that Professor Dowden stands pre-eminent. He has seized the best that has been said in the English tongue and so treated it that truths hidden in the occult utterances of the poet, or rendered obscure by being "embodied in a tale" acquire their due potentiality. Shakespeare, though lovingly commented on by such writers as Coleridge, Lamb, and Landor, has in Dowden a rare and delicately true exponent, and one whom I firmly believe has penetrated more deeply into the mind of the great interpreter of life than any of the writers named. He has in "Shakspeare: His Mind and Art" contributed not alone an invaluable volume to modern criticism, but has distinctly made an addition to previous conceptions of the mind of the Master.

It is in this book that the reader comes upon such a sentence as the following:—"Even though death end all, these things at least *are*—beauty and force, purity, sin, and love, and anguish and joy. These things are, and therefore life cannot be a little idle whirl of dust." Such a sentence as this cannot but have a moral effect. It is one of those "antidotes of medicated music" of which the poet writes, "answering for mankind's forlornest uses." Professor Dowden has often played the part he assigns in his essay on "Victorian Literature" to Browning, whose poetry he declares to be "a galvanic battery for the use of spiritual paralytics." "Which of us," he asks, "does not need at times that virtue should pass into him from a stronger human soul? To touch the singing robes of the author of 'Rabbi Ben

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Ezra' and 'Prospice,' and 'The Grammarian's Funeral,' is to feel an influx of new strength. We gain from Mr Browning, each in his degree, some of that moral ardour and spiritual faith and vigour of human sympathy which make interesting to him all the commonplace, confused, and ugly portions of life” Consciously or unconsciously such has been Professor Dowden's own rôle as a teacher. To read his books is to gain new strength and courage to endure, and we come at length to acknowledge that to be weak is to be miserable. He has, as it were, hearkened to all the prophets of the time, and when any had an authentic word of the Lord to deliver, be he Tennyson or Whitman, Browning or George Eliot, that word has gained a larger audience by being caught up and conveyed to those who had at first paid but little heed to the cry of “Blessed be ye” or of “Woe unto you.” I have not dwelt on Professor Dowden's books as text-books; no doubt as such they have their value. “The true question to ask about any book,” said a librarian once, “is ‘has it helped any human soul?’” Were such a question addressed to me regarding “Studies in Literature” or other works by Professor Dowden, I would gladly acknowledge the great help I have derived from them, and I am certain I am not alone in my experience.

In his latest volume “Essays Modern and Elizabethan,” Dowden includes a study of Goethe's “West-Eastern Divan,” with translations into English verse of Goethe's poems, translations which

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bear testimony alike to his ability as a translator and to his gifts as a poet. For Dowden is a poet, and as such is recognised by the more discerning of those who have read his volume of *Poems*, published in 1876. This volume could only have been written by one who was essentially a poet, and proves that had the author chosen to seek solely the reputation of a poet, he could easily have taken a high place as a singer. Here is a fine specimen of his workmanship—

BURDENS.

Are sorrows hard to bear—the ruin
Of flowers, the rotting of red fruit,
A love's decease, a life's undoing,
And summer slain, and song-birds mute,
And skies of snow and bitter air?
These things, you deem, are hard to bear.

But ah, the burden, the delight
Of dreadful joys! Noon opening wide,
Golden and great; the gulfs of night,
Fair deaths, and rent veils cast aside,
Strong soul to strong soul rendered up,
And silence filling like a cup.

As the book is completely out of print I may give this magnificent passage on Nature's need of Man—

O now I guess why you have summoned me,
Headlands and heights, to your companionship;
Confess that I this day am needful to you!
The heavens were loaded with great light, the winds
Brought you calm summer from a hundred fields,
All night the stars had pricked you to desire,
The imminent joy at its full season flowered,

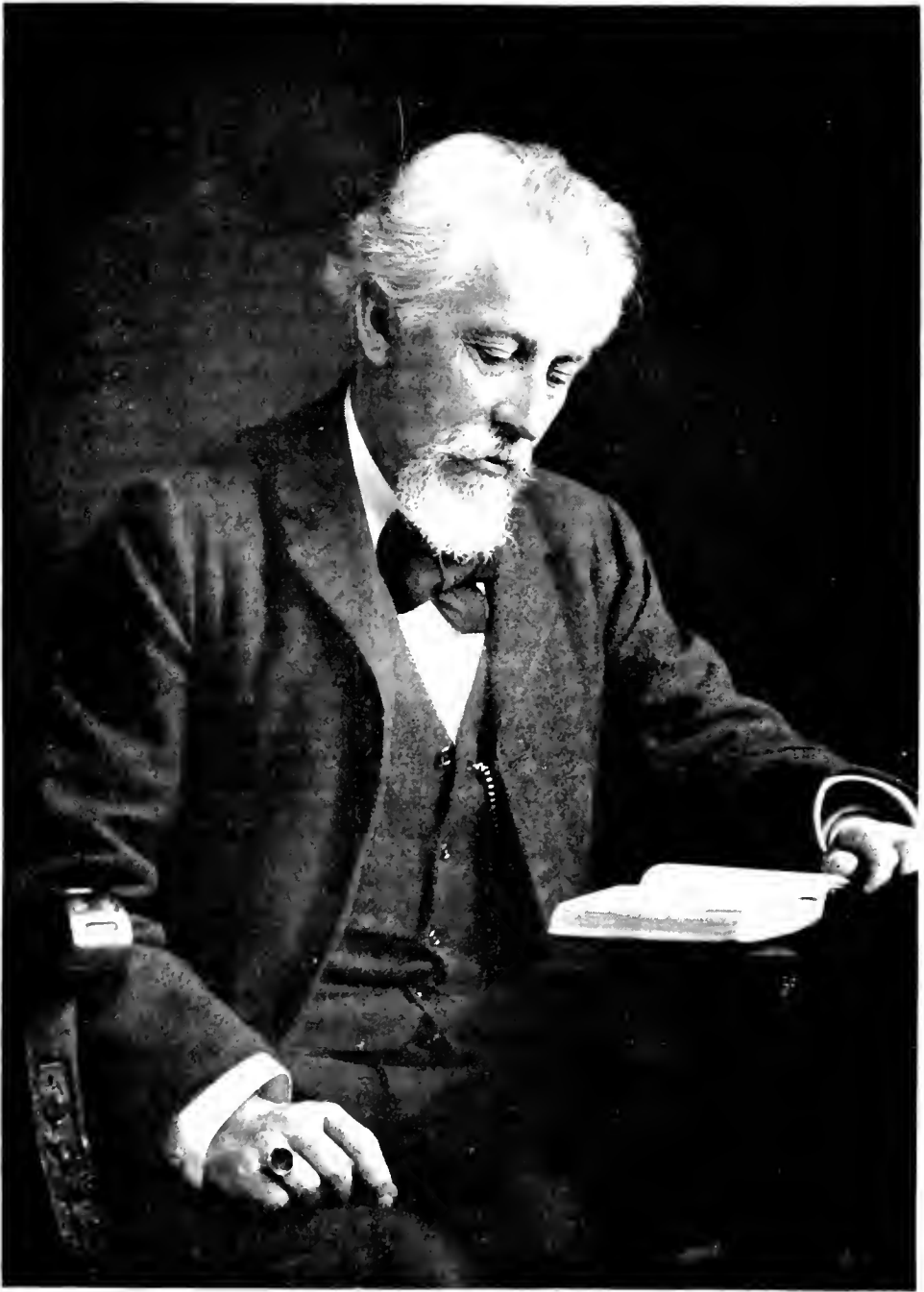
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There was a consummation, the broad wave
Toppled and fell. And had ye voice for this?
Sufficient song to unburden the urged breast?
A pastoral pipe to play, a lyre to touch?
The brightening glory of the heath and gorse
Could not appease your passion, nor the cry
Of this wild bird that flits from bush to bush.
Me therefore you required, a voice for song,
A pastoral pipe to play, a lyre to touch.
I recognise your bliss to find me here:
The sky at morning when the sun upheaps
Demands her atom of intense melody,
Her point of quivering passion and delight,
And will not let the lark's heart be at ease.
Take me, the brain with various' subtile fold,
The breast that knows swift joy, the vocal lips;
I yield you here the cunning instrument
Between your knees; now let the plectrum fall!

Not Wordsworth in his most ecstatic mood in communing with Nature could have surpassed the passage about the lark, either in emotion or expression. One more specimen of Professor Dowden's poetical work, and I leave Dowden the poet for my readers to seek and enjoy, but as they may experience some difficulty in obtaining the volume I give the following noble sonnet on—

BROTHER DEATH.

When thou would'st have me go with thee, O Death,
Over the utmost verge, to the dim place,
Practise upon me with no amorous grace
Of fawning lips, and words of delicate breath,
And curious music thy lute uttereth;
Nor think for me there must be sought-out ways
Of cloud and terror; have we many days



Photo, Lafayette

PROFESSOR DOWDEN, LL.D., D.C.L.

Edward Dowden

Sojourned together, and is this thy faith?
Nay, be there plainness 'twixt us; come to me
Even as thou art, O brother of my soul;
Hold thy hand out and I will place mine there;
I trust thy mouth's inscrutable irony,
And dare to lay my forehead where the whole
Shadow lies deep of the purpureal hair.

Professor Dowden is President of the English Goethe Society, and his essays include several thoughtful and penetrative studies of the work and wisdom of the author of "Faust." That on the correspondence of Goethe and Schiller is particularly attractive.

Dowden's humour is of a rare and elusive kind, as, for instance, when he writes on "The Text of Wordsworth's Poems." "Wordsworth's omissions, made for the sake of avoiding the merely trivial, literal, matter of fact, accidental, or grotesque, are numerous, and some of these are sufficiently well known. Simon Lee, during two and twenty years stood before the reader in that 'long blue livery coat'—

‘That's fair behind and fair before,’

and which is only faintly referred to after 1815; during several years more he remained bereft of his right eye; *finally the eye was restored to him, but the lustre of his livery was dimmed.*"

At "Winstead" I met many notable men and women, some of whom I have already mentioned, as, for instance, Perceval Graves, the author of the "Life of Sir William Rowan Hamilton," the great

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mathematician; Charles Dickens, Jr., Bettina Walker, the enthusiastic pianist, who knew Liszt, and had had lessons from Henselt; Sir Herbert and Lady Tree, Sir Henry Irving; Miss May Fortescue; Miss Ellen Terry; Professor Thomas Arnold, father of Mrs Humphry Ward; W. Macneile Dixon, who is now a Professor of English Literature in Glasgow University; and two poets who had not at the time published a volume of verse, W. B. Yeats and William Watson.

In 1887, as well I remember, Watson's "Wordsworth's Grave" was published. The little volume of "Epigrams," published by a firm in Liverpool, having proceeded it. I reviewed the book in *The Dublin Evening Mail*, and, while I could not but delight in its judicious praise of Wordsworth, I demurred at the tone adopted towards William Morris, who was referred to as displaying—

"The scholar's, not the child's, simplicity."

Watson complained of my review as being the only jarring note in a chorus of praise.

Yeats' first book I had the pleasure of subscribing for. It contained "Mosada," a dramatic poem of much promise, and one which his later work has not surpassed.

In 1893 I suggested to Messrs Macmillan that they should get Professor Dowden to make a selection from Southey's poems and include them in their well-known "Golden Treasury" series, with those of Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, and Coleridge.

Edward Dowden

This was done and the copy of the book which I possess contains an inscription by the Editor, "To Ramsay Colles, who kindly suggested this little book, from Edward Dowden." No man has rendered so signal a service to the memory of Robert Southey as has Edward Dowden. His monograph on Southey is one of the best in the "English Men of Letters" series, and he has in addition, edited the correspondence of Southey with Caroline Bowles, who became Southey's second wife.

No matter how much we depreciate Southey to-day, there is no doubt that he deeply impressed such men as Walter Savage Landor and Sir Henry Taylor. The former addressed some of his finest verse to one whom he deemed "poet, soldier, saint," and Taylor declared that though the admirers of Southey were few—

"The womb of time is big with devotees."

Possibly; but if such was the case, they were, alas! all still-born. One of the most interesting men I met at Dowden's was Montagu Griffin, a nephew of Canon Griffin, of Mill Street, Cork. Griffin was a great admirer of Dowden's poetry, and wrote poetry himself, of excellent quality. Another poet whom I met was J. J. Piatt, at one time U.S. Consul in Dublin, author of "A Dream of Church Windows," and I also met his gifted wife who is, I believe, known as the Elizabeth Barrett Browning of America. Dom Piatt, a son of the poets, was assistant to the Consul, then the Hon. Joshua Wilbour, when I left Dublin in 1902. Mr Dom Piatt married a poetess

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in the person of Miss Hester Sigerson, a daughter of Dr George Sigerson and sister of Mrs Clement Shorter.

Professor Dowden suggested to me the publication of a complete edition of the poems of George Darley, an Irish poet, the friend of Charles Lamb, and a contributor to "The London Magazine." Messrs Routledge kindly consenting, I procured, at not a little expense, the plays and poems of Darley, some of which I purchased through Messrs Ellis of Bond Street, and others through a publisher in Liverpool. I applied to Canon Livingstone, the Hon. Mrs Livingstone, and Miss Evelyn Darley, with the result that the complete poetical works of Darley can now be purchased for one shilling net; and I have had the gratification of a public acknowledgment from Professor Saintsbury, in the third volume of his "History of English Prosody." I dedicated the volume, which had given me much pleasure to compile, to Dowden. Amongst my purchases in this connection was a copy of Darley's "Thomas à Becket" presented by the author to "Alfred Tennyson, Esq," Lord Tennyson, the late Laureate's son, kindly replied to one or two queries, and when I told him about this book, said he would like to possess it in case I should at any time wish to part with it. I am glad to say that it is still in my possession.

CHAPTER XIII

SOME DUBLIN CHARACTERS

Some Dublin Characters—"Sir" Davy Stephens—The Dublin Jarvey—Dicky Borne—*Damnosa Hereditas*—King Edward VII. and Mr Jones—Michael Doyle—Mr J. M. Glover—The Gaiety Theatre—Michael Gunn—Major Gamble, R.N.—A True Poet—John O'Duffy—Percy French—Rev Dr Collisson—Alfred Smyth and Sydney Grundy—"Bed and Board."

DUBLIN is full of people with strongly marked personalities. People who are not satisfied to be like others, but prefer to be themselves alone. If a visitor travels to Ireland via Holyhead and Kingstown, by the fine boats of the City of Dublin Steam Packet Co., he will, on landing at Kingstown, strike a well-known personality in the newsvendor "Sir" Davy Stephens, who was knighted many years ago by Lord Spencer, popularly known as "the Red Earl," on account of his fine tawny beard. Lord Spencer was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland at the time (1882), and the legend is that as Davy Stephens on bended knee presented Her Majesty's representative with copies of the Irish daily papers, the "Red Earl" smote him on the shoulder, and jocularly exclaimed "Arise, Sir Davy Stephens!" "Sir" Davy

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Stephens had only to take out letters patent to be a true knight, but he preferred, like the Irishman he is, a joke to remain a joke, showing thereby a true sense of humour. "Sir" Davy attends the Derby every year, and annually calls upon his many friends, including the writer.

It is ten to one that the first car driver one strikes on visiting Ireland is as truly a born humorist as was Mark Twain. Sir George Moyers was fond of telling a good story about a jarvey who used to drive him to Glenageary at night when by any chance he missed the last train from Westland Row. One cold night, or rather morning, Sir George having paid the fare, handed the jarvey a glass of whisky, and on being handed back the empty glass, said "Well, Pat, isn't that good whisky?" "Begorrah, yer honour," said honest Pat, "I forgot to taste it!" Another jarvey on being asked the same question, replied, "Faith it's made *a new man* of me, and shure *he's* thirsty, too!"

One of the most amusing characters in Dublin was Dicky Borne, a diminutive barrister and Justice of the Peace. Dicky used to sit on the bench at Rathfarnham Petty Sessions. One day a delinquent was brought before him, who was noticeable chiefly for his very red nose. "What is this case, Borne?" asked a brother magistrate, "Another case of *damnosa hereditas*," replied Dicky, as he took a pinch of snuff.

A very pompous individual, whom we shall call "Jones" was fond of airing his views. His Majesty

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King Edward had laid the foundation stone of a public building—I think that of the King's and Queen's College of Physicians—when I met Jones and said to him, “Well, Mr Jones, I saw you at the ceremony yesterday. What did you think of the King?” Jones pressed the finger tips of one hand against those of the other, and replied with characteristic pomposity:

“Oh! he's quite the gentleman, you know, quite the gentleman.”

Another noted character in Dublin was the late Michael Doyle, manager of the Gaiety Theatre, a trusted servant and friend of Mr Michael Gunn, who was long associated with Mr D'Oyly Carte. Doyle was a very laconic individual. He reminded me of the twin brothers in one of Edgar Saltus's novels, who were blessed with the gift of taciturnity and were known in consequence as “Dry” and “Extra Mumm.” My friend, Mr James Glover, the well-known composer and musical director at Drury Lane, and ex-Mayor of Bexhill-on-Sea, years ago called at the Gaiety Theatre, and asked for Mr Doyle.

“I'm Mr Doyle,” said Michael.

“My name,” said Glover, sticking his glass more firmly in his eye, “is Mackey Glover.”

“I can't help that,” said the imperturbable Doyle!

One of the many rôles I have filled was that of sub-manager of the Ulster Bank, College Green, Dublin. I was at the same time attached, in a nominal way, to *The Dublin Evening Mail*, writing

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dramatic notes and notices of the Opera. In this way I came into personal contact with Mr Doyle who at first was icy in his manner but gradually thawed as time went on. I found he appreciated a little attention and therefore from time to time sent him copies of the magazines and books which I reviewed.

One day I found I had no books by me, and therefore wrote a line to Messrs Hodges Figgis and Co., Booksellers to the University, saying "Please give bearer a two-shilling novel." This note I handed to the bank porter with another addressed to the manager of the Gaiety Theatre, asking for a couple of stalls, instructing the porter to take the parcel he got from Hodges Figgis on to the theatre and hand it in with my letter to Mr Doyle. The porter did as he was instructed, and in due course I got my pass. Judge my surprise, however, when at the end of the month I got included in my bill from the bookseller an item "twelve novels at two shillings each, £1 4s." As I had not mentioned title or author, the firm had kindly sent me a dozen from which to select, and James had delivered the lot to Mr Doyle!

I have to plead guilty to rather a heartless joke in connection with Michael Doyle, with whom I never was on really friendly terms, and whom I always addressed as "Dear Sir" save on one occasion. The occasion arose out of the fact that I had promised to try to secure a box at the Gaiety for some friends, and on the very morning of the day on which

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my application should be made, I saw with consternation in a morning paper: "Sudden death of Mr Michael Doyle."

Officials in Irish banks are not overburdened by the amount of their salaries, and three guineas are three guineas, and represented a sum of money I had no inclination to spend on this particular evening's amusement. At first I thought the theatre might be closed. No such luck! It was to be closed on the day of the funeral. "Dead men tell no tales," said I, as I penned a request for a box in the following terms—

"MY DEAR DOYLE,—I am coming down to-night. Keep the omnibus box for me, like a good chap,—
Your old friend,—RAMSAY COLLES."

This I sent off early in the day, and received in due course a voucher for Box A, a fact on which I congratulated myself, for had I not saved three guineas? Three weeks later I received a letter in an envelope edged with black. "Hello," I mused, "Who's dead?" The letter ran—

"GAIETY THEATRE, DUBLIN."

"DEAR SIR,—As a personal friend of the late Mr Michael Doyle you will, no doubt, be pleased to subscribe to the funds for a fitting memorial to him. etc.—
(signed) CHARLES HYLAND."

Doyle was succeeded as manager of the Gaiety by one of the most popular men in Dublin, the writer of the letter just quoted. I never referred to my application for a box on the day of Doyle's death

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to Hyland, as I thought the matter too delicate, but I feel certain Hyland knew what he was about when he sent me that order for Box A!

A keen lover of reform, and, with all respect (and indeed, admiration), a watch-dog for abuses is Major Gamble, R.N., who has for many years been, in his own words, "first grave-digger" at Mount Jerome Cemetery. In other words Major Gamble is at the head of affairs in connection with the Protestant Burial Ground in South Dublin. I at one time cherished the hope that he would see that I was myself "buried respectable" but, having joined the Cremation Society of England, even that slight link between Ireland and me has been severed, and Matthew Arnold's lines have been realised—

Men dig graves with bitter tears
For their dead hopes!

Major Gamble is an ardent enthusiast in all matters of social reform. He keeps a keen eye on human affairs, in addition to watching "o'er man's mortality," and the vast majority of reforms in Dublin have been owing to his initiative. In order to relieve the monotony of living in a house surrounded by graves, he has had erected in the picturesque neighbourhood of Brittas a compact dwelling made of corrugated iron, and I have had the pleasure of fishing with him in the little lake close to his house among the Dublin Mountains, and of drawing the net which annually clears the waters of destructive perch.

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Major Gamble had, years ago, a chaplain at Mount Jerome who was a poet of rare gifts, as the following specimen of his verse will prove—

O, had I a Lumpty-tum, Umpty-tum to,
In the land of the Olive and Fig,
I would sing of my Lumpty-tum Umpty to you,
And play on my Thing-um-a-jig.

And if in the Lumpty-tum battle I fall,
A Lumpty-tum's all that I crave;
O, bury me deep in the What-ye-may-call,
And plant Thing-um-bobs over my grave!

Major Gamble has an able lieutenant in my old friend Simon Maddock, who is the happy possessor of a tenor voice of rare quality, and whose sunny disposition cannot be affected by worms or graves or epitaphs.

One of the most picturesque figures in Dublin is the erect and soldier-like one of John O'Duffy, L.D.S., R.C.S.I. A pioneer in his profession, Mr O'Duffy was one of the founders of the Dental Institute, and has for years been calling public attention to a crying evil, and one which has of recent years received the serious consideration it deserves. More than half a century has elapsed since John O'Duffy pointed out the national calamity which must follow the general neglect of the teeth. It required a national calamity to rouse the nation to a sense of the gravity of his words. The war in South Africa proved the truth of his dictum that an army marches on its stomach and fights with its teeth. O'Duffy on one occasion won a bet by running blindfold

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from Nelson's Pillar in Sackville Street to the Wellington Monument in the Phoenix Park, touching all the public buildings on his way to and from. He started at one o'clock in the morning and finished two hours later, covering the distance, some six miles, in wonderful time considering that he was temporarily deprived of his eyesight.

I am glad that when I lived in Dublin, Percy French resided there also. His "Chuckles in Chalk" are now familiar to London audiences, but at the time to which I refer he was only commencing his career of crime in conjunction with the Rev. Houston Collisson, Mus. D., with whom he perpetrated a comic opera on the subject of Freeny, a highway robber, who had been—

Brought up on the strictest plan—
That's why he became a highwayman.

One of the best bits in the opera was the exclamation by the highwayman after he had deprived his victims of all their valuables—

Ye got off very well;
I'd have fleeced ye far more if I kept a hotel!

I suggested to the collaborators, through Mr Whitbread the genial manager of the Queen's Theatre, that an opera on the subject of Strongbow would prove a success if closed with a tableau of Maclis's great picture, "The Marriage of Strongbow and Eva." French and Collisson took my advice and produced "Strongbow up to Date," with strik-

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ing success. French made a speech at the fall of the curtain on the first night, asking those present to come again and bring their "relatives and friends," not necessarily the same persons!

Encouraged by French and Collisson's success, Alfred Smyth, F.R.G.S., the author of "Sir Dunstan's Daughter," and other entertaining volumes of verse, and the late Edgar Little produced "The Warlock," a very able piece of work. There was a strange resemblance between the libretto of "The Warlock" and Sidney Grundy's libretto to "Haddon Hall," produced about the same time. In fact, so close was the resemblance that Alfred Smyth, got the passages printed in parallel lines, and sent them to Grundy for an explanation. Sydney Grundy replied "This is very interesting, but you've forgotten one point of resemblance, my private secretary's name is Smith."

Percy French's songs are very popular, particularly "Mat Hannigan's Aunt," which to me has always been reminiscent of "Martin Hannigan's Aunt," by Lever. Much of his published fun is buried in the files of "The Irish Jarvey" and in back numbers of "The Irish Cyclist." He told me on one occasion that he was staying in the country at a house where the landlady professed to give bed and board for twenty-five shillings a week. "I assure you," said French, gravely "I was there a week before I discovered which was the bed and which was the board."

CHAPTER XIV

PUBLIC ENTERTAINERS

Public Entertainers—Valentine Vousden—Mr T. W. Russell, M.P.—Charles Duval—The Rotunda—M. Guibal and Mlle. Marie Greville—The Kennedy Family—George Grossmith—"James Berry: Public Executioner"—"A Society Clown"—Percy French—Harrison Hill—Adelaide Detchon—Charles Collette—David Charles Bell—The Edison-Bell Phonograph—Sir Robert Ball—Professor Greville Cole—The Cork Literary and Scientific Society—Lecture in Cork—The Poet's Club—Mr G. K. Chesterton—Mr Henry Simpson.

THE first public entertainer I had the good fortune to see was Valentine Vousden the ventriloquist and variety artist whom all old Dubliners will remember. Vousden used to sing a song about the Irish jaunting car, in the character of the driver. One verse of it ran something like the following—

Do ye want a car, yer honour? —
Och, shure, here's the wan for you:
A rale Irish jaunting-car,
And it's painted green and blue.

The rest of the song was devoted to the glories of being "rowled out to Sandymount" "to pick cockles on the strand," or driving to "the strawberry beds and back to town again."

Vousden went through one or two fortunes. The

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last time I saw him was in January, 1900, when on the invitation of the Guardians, I visited the North Dublin Union with Mr T. W. Russell, M.P. Vousden was an inmate, and a very cheerful one, and I was able to shake hands with a man who had delighted me when I was a child.

Another public entertainer, and one who had a world-wide reputation was Charles Duval who used to appear annually at the Rotunda in Dublin. The Rotunda Buildings include a Chapel of Ease, a Lying-in Hospital, a Rink, and halls which are devoted to concerts and political and religious meetings. One evening I sat in the gallery listening to Duval reciting the plot of a pseudo play which he did very rapidly and which ran something like the following—

“The Piratical Pirate of the Precipitous Precipice, or The Premediated Prey of Proud Power and the Prodigious Proper Plight of the Preponderous Plunderer of Patagonian Proportions. Children and nurses may witness this play as the plot is not taken from the French.” A little later he appeared in a monologue as the lodging-house slavey, blackening a boot and alternately brushing the boot and the wig which he wore to represent the slavey’s hair.

Boy-like I was listening intently when a country man sitting beside me, who had also been listening with marked gravity, whispered to me, “An’ whin, may I ax, does Misther Parnell come on?”

Parnell was addressing a political meeting in another part of the Rotunda!

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Public attention had recently been directed, through a libel action to Mlle Marie Greville whose name was long associated with the late M. Guibal. This extraordinary man at one time essayed to teach me French, a task in which he was not very successful, which was my fault, not his. He gave up giving lessons in French about 1880, and left Dublin, only to reappear a few years later as "a dealer in magic and spells," accompanied by Miss Marie Greville, who with closed eyes and to all appearance in a trance, walked about the room, thought-reading.

I went to see Guibal in his new rôle, and was welcomed by him at the entrance to the hall in which his performances took place. He greeted me, I thought, rather effusively, even for a Frenchman; clapping me on the back and patting me on the shoulder. I discovered the secret of this demonstration of affection on his part on taking off my top-coat, for, as I removed my gloves and put them in one of my outer pockets, I found in it a lady's gold watch! My first impulse was to return it. My second was to spoil Guibal's game. I did neither. I was loyal to him, and, when having borrowed a small gold watch, he sent it flying through the air and declared it had settled in my pocket, I assumed an air of innocent surprise, and, after a diligent search through all my pockets, I produced the watch to the great delight and astonishment of the audience.

Guibal asked me to write some verses for publication, addressed to Mlle Greville. I wrote the following—

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As, clad in white, thou walk'st 'mid silence deep,
With loosen'd hair and ever closèd eyes,
Methinks thou comest in no meaner guise
Than Shakespeare's queen who wandered in her sleep,
Telling the secret that she fain would keep
Unto the listening air. Or Elaine pale
The Lily Maid who down the stream did sail
'Neath autumn skies to sound of sickles' sweep.

Thou seemest these; nor less than these art thou:
A spirit regal and, as these are, bright,
Bearing thy queenship written on thy brow,
Crowned with beauty, clad about with light.
Thy soul upon thy lips and in thy glance,
O daughter worthy of great Hugo's France!

It is strange that after long years an absurd story should have been revived that Guibal was shot dead in South America by Mlle Greville!

Other public entertainers I remember were the Kennedy family, all of whom perished in a theatre fire at Nice. They used to sing songs in Scottish dialect with infinite humour.

The prince of public entertainers is, of course, the unrivalled George Grossmith, who used to appear at the Antient Concert Rooms in Dublin at least once a year. I had a visiting card printed bearing the legend—

JAMES BERRY,

Public Executioner.

Sheriffs Attended.

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This card I sent to Mr Grossmith's retiring room in the interval between the first and second part of his programme, with a request for an interview. He at once appeared and smilingly asked, glancing at the card, "does this mean come and have a *chop* with me?" I apologised and said I wanted his autograph for a richly bound volume of his autobiography, entitled "A Society Clown," which it was intended to sell at a charity bazaar. He immediately signed the book for me. Mr Grossmith, whenever I met him on later occasions said he had never forgotten this incident.

Percy French, whom I have already mentioned, is in his own line inimitable. His entertainments given with Harrison Hill were capital. Some of French's songs deserve to be better known. His "The Night that Miss Cooney Eloped," for instance, with the statement that the sweep with whom Miss Cooney eloped moved in the best society.

"As a sweep he might go
To their houses, you know,
But was only admitted as such."

French, in his amusing lectures on Dublin, was a capital entertainer. He hit off Dubliners in a wonderful way. A very respectable man who sells whips to the carmen at the corner of the Provost's house is a well-known figure in Dublin. "No one," said French, "appears to know who he is. Some says that he is a gentleman in disguise, all I can say is that if this is the case, the disguise is very complete."

One of the most fascinating of public entertainers,

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if not indeed the most fascinating I have ever seen, was Miss Adelaide Detchon. No pen and ink description of her could possibly convey any idea of her charm and grace. She used to recite poems—chiefly American—and her recital of Tennyson's "Blow, Bugle, Blow" was exquisite in its delicate beauty.

My friend Charles Collette is too well known in England to be more than merely mentioned here. It may be news to some that Charles Collette is not alone a comedian of world-wide repute, but also a poet of the deepest dye, as the following lines prove—

“ When the monolith nods in its lair,
And the butterfly chirps to the drone;
When asbestos has buried his care
'Neath the oval philosopher's stone.

Oh, then wreathe the daffodil's song
Round the walrus's pale dappled brow,
While whispering whortles all throng
To the honey-flecked juniper bough.

And if the weird plethora's mate
Should creep to the cacophone's niece,
Then tortuous woodbines are straight,
And the dawn of the dodo is peace.

Opodeldoc is melting to curd,
And far on the Caspian Sea
The pale crescent moon may be heard
In her hundred and third apogee.

Loud sings the mohurram in glee,
And his saraband waves up aloft,

Si Tityre tu patula
Recubans sub tegmine,—Soft!

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Do you think there is sense in my lay?
Do you think there is wisdom in me?
If you do—and you do, I daresay,—
WHY THEN, WHAT AN ASS YOU MUST BE!”

The first public reciter I ever heard was Professor David Charles Bell, author of “Bell’s Standard Elocutionist,” a very popular book. Professor Bell’s son is associated with Edison in the Edison-Bell phonograph. Bell’s “Elocutionist” was, to a certain extent, superseded by an excellent volume compiled by the Rev. John A. Jennings, whose recitals in public were always well attended. Sir Henry Taylor deplored the neglect of the art of reading aloud. In our own day the strictures of *Mr Punch* on the attitudinising of the reciter has led to a still greater neglect of oratory or declamation.

Among lecturers, Sir Robert Ball, the Astronomer Royal, is one of the most successful. His lectures on astronomy are always popular, and he makes them a skilful mixture of the mirthful and the marvellous. One of Sir Robert’s stories is that some years ago he was invited to stay with friends in the country. At the last moment they wrote apologising for not meeting him at the railway station, which for some reason or other they could not do. Sir Robert, on his arrival, looked in every direction for the carriage which was to convey him to his friend’s house. At last the coachman approached him and apologised for not having done so earlier, saying, “I was told, sir, to look for a distinguished-looking gentleman.”

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Sir Robert, after a lecture on the stars delivered before a provincial audience, turned to a lad near him (who happened to be my nephew, Robert Beare, now, alas, gone where there is none) and inquired, "How do you spell Orion?" "O'Ryan," replied young Beare, "from the Irishman who discovered it!"

Professor Mahaffy makes an excellent lecturer. On one occasion I found my name on a list of lecturers between those of Professor Mahaffy and Professor Greville Cole, a fact of which I am naturally proud.

I was engaged to lecture on Swinburne at the Assembly Rooms in Cork, by the Cork Literary and Scientific Association. By a curious error I missed my train and the next train from Dublin did not arrive in Cork until ten minutes after the lecture was announced to commence! There was no help for it. I wired Mr Stoney, the secretary, and donned evening dress in my compartment as the train approached Cork. It was raining heavily and the month was November, "the dreariest month of the year." I flung my bag on a jaunting car, and drove rapidly to the Assembly Rooms. As I got off the car, my foot slipped in the darkness and my bag fell, opening as it did so, and the contents, including my books and clothes, were in an instant smothered in mud! My chagrin can easily be imagined as I groped about, aided by the driver, in search of studs or tooth brush! One MS. volume to this day bears stains of mud on its cover acquired that night!

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The lecture was not a success, though my audience was a most patient one, and of the thousand persons of which it was originally composed, at least seven hundred heard me through.

My reason for thinking the lecture was not a success arose from the fact that a man on whom I called next day and asked if he had been to the Assembly Rooms, replied that he had not, but that his wife and daughter who had been there had told him that it was the "rottenest" lecture they had ever heard! Not having been to the lecture he did not guess he was speaking to the lecturer!

Since that evil day I have delivered lectures on literary subjects in London with gratifying success, on one occasion being asked to fill the place of Mr G. K. Chesterton at a dinner of the Poets' Club. Of course, I could not fill Mr Chesterton's place, but I spoke for three-quarters of an hour, extempore, on the relations of Science and Poetry, and by this means succeeded in distracting the attention of the audience from the fact of his absence, to the evident satisfaction of the excellent chairman, Mr Henry Simpson, the President, and, I believe, the founder of the Club.

CHAPTER XV

SOME MEDICAL MEN AND OTHERS

Abraham Colles—"Colles' Fracture"—Surgeon William Colles—Sir Thomas Myles—"One of them Lumps"—Professor John Mallet Purser—"The Blood of a Reptile"—"Doctor Bob" Kenny—"Kennan and Sons"—The Zoological Society and Mr Justice Ross—Curious Collatera! Security—"Battersby" Collis—The Butler and the Funeral—I am Condemned to Death—Doctor Ernest W. Harris—A Doctor of Laws—The Theatre Royal, Dublin, and Fred Mouillot.

THE name Colles is closely associated with surgery—ever since Abraham Colles described the double fracture of the radius, now known as "Colles' fracture." Abraham Colles was twice President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland. His life has been written in a special memoir prefixed to a selection from his works made by Dr Robert M'Donnell for the New Sydenham Society, and his name appears in the Dictionary of National Biography. He was Regius Professor of Surgery in Trinity College, Dublin, and Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland. Abraham Colles was twice offered a baronetcy but declined the honour on the ground that he wished to distribute his money

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equally among his children. He was a friend of Charles Lever, and his name occurs twice in "Harry Lorrequer."

William Colles, son of Abraham, held both his father's appointments. He also was President of the Royal College of Surgeons, and his portrait by Osborne hangs in the same room as that of a full length portrait of his father by Martin Creegan, President of the Royal Irish Academy. A marble bust, by Foley, of Abraham Colles is in the entrance hall of the College.

Of William Colles, Sir Thomas Myles, himself a Past President, is fond of telling a good story. It appears that when Sir Thomas was a student, an abnormal case of tumour puzzled the class, and the lecturers also. The class were all in readiness, note-books out, pencils sharpened. Breathless attention as the Regius Professor entered the room and approached the patient. Colles looked attentively at the tumour, and to the astonishment of everyone present declared it to be "one of them lumps!" That was all that could be got out of him!

Of Professor John Mallet Purser, an amusing story is told by Dr Fitzgibbon. It was a *viva voce* examination, and the serum of a frog had been put on the slide of a microscope for the examination of the student who was to declare what it was. The first student successfully pronounced it to be "the blood of a frog." On leaving the room he managed to convey the information to a fellow student, who was far from bright. Purser had in the meantime

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removed the slide and substituted one bearing a drop of his own blood. The student was asked to pronounce, and declared that the object was "blood." He was then asked "What kind of blood?" to which he replied, "I think, sir, it's the blood of a reptile!"

My friends in Dublin included the coroner, Dr Joseph Kenny, who was at one time mixed up with the Home Rule Party, and his brother Robert, who was a bit of a wag. He also was a medical man, and was popularly known as Doctor Bob.

I was a Fellow of the Royal Zoological Society of Dublin, a body I joined on the invitation of Professor D. J. Cunningham, M.D., late of Edinburgh. Doctor Bob and I were one day inspecting some new cages supplied to the Gardens by Messrs Kennan and Sons (whose premises in Fishamble Street, by the way, were once occupied by Handel). As Kenny and I were looking at the cages, in which three or four small kangaroos had temporarily been placed, a man inquired "An', may I ax, sir, what may them animals be?" Doctor Bob at once replied, glancing at the label on the cages, "So far as I can see they're Kennan and Sons!"

A propos of the Zoo, on one occasion the Gardens required some expenditure of money, and Judge Ross being Chairman of the Committee, repaired to the Bank of Ireland where the account of the Society was kept, to ask Mr Macmorragh Murphy, the Secretary of the Bank, for a little temporary overdraft until the subscriptions came in at the beginning of the new year. The Bank Secretary naturally inquired what collateral security the Zoological

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Society proposed to offer, to which His Honour Judge Ross replied, "Simple deposit of two Royal Bengal Tigers and a Boa Constrictor!"

A sad fate was that of Maurice Henry Collis, of the Meath Hospital, who was known as Battersby Collis, on account of a remarkable operation he performed on the late Mr Battersby. That estimable gentleman was a well-known auctioneer and land-agent, and one of the most respected citizens of Dublin. He suffered from an osseous growth on his face, a growth which finally began to impinge on one of his eyes and threatened to close it. He consulted Collis who got an ivory mallet and a chisel specially made for the purpose, and by these means removed the ossified obstruction. Collis, whose career has been noticed in "The History of the Meath Hospital," written by Sir Lambert Hepenstall Ormsby, M.D., died while still a young man. During an operation he was performing he punctured his hand with a spicula of diseased bone, and died of blood poisoning. Half Dublin attended his funeral.

The profession of medicine does not lend itself much to humorous treatment, so I may be forgiven for telling the following in connection with a well-known medical man in Dublin who was several times married. On the occasion of the funeral of, I think, the doctor's third wife, one of his professional brethren arrived too late to follow the hearse from the residence, and, being anxious to catch up to the other carriages, he asked the old butler, who had been for years with the family, in which direction the

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funeral had gone, to which query the butler, without a moment's hesitation replied, "Well, sir, *he generally takes them*" (meaning the various wives) "up by the South Circular Road."

My own acquaintance with medical men from a professional standpoint has, unfortunately, been extensive. I was condemned to death by seven fully qualified M.D.'s so long ago as 1890, and was told by more than one man eminent in his profession, that I had not more than twelve months to live! I was trying to get my life insured, and had some difficulty in getting my desire fulfilled. One man told me my heart (the organ that troubled me) would burst. Finally the late Sir George Porter passed me as a good life, and I have now the melancholy satisfaction of having outlived all the wiseacres who condemned me to death!

I have already mentioned the name of Dr John Knott, the brain specialist who often amused me with stories about the profession. Dr Knott, Mr Bram Stoker, and Mr Frankfort Moore married sisters, the Misses Balcombe. One of Knott's stories was to the effect that a Liverpool man arriving in Dublin, had a serious affection of the brain. A great surgeon, now deceased, was called in and being an advocate of the knife insisted on the operation known as trepanning, *i.e.*, cutting through the skull a circular hole in order to discover if possible, the cause of the disease. Knott demurred, but the great man had his way. The patient died, and his widow was furious that she had not been consulted. The great man was called to account by his peers at the College of

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Surgeons, and being nervous of the issue he wrote to Knott as follows:

“DEAR KNOTT,—Please send me a note stating why we trephined in that Liverpool case. Let your answer be very scientific and very long.”

I suppress the name for obvious reasons, though there is little need to do so.

My friend Dr Ernest Harris had a curious experience on one occasion. He was staying at an hotel on the coast near Dublin and was called up at two o'clock one morning by the Irish night porter who, knocking loudly at the bedroom door awakened him and shouted, “Doctor, doctor, you’re wanted at wanst, come at wanst for the luv av’ Heaven. You’re wanted be 47.”

Dr Harris hastily donned some clothes and hastened to the door indicated. Here he found a lady whom he recognised as staying at the hotel, having met her and her daughter several times at the table d’hôte. The younger lady was lying in bed, and the elder at once appealed to Dr Harris, saying “Oh, doctor, doctor, what can be the matter with my poor darling?” Harris was much disconcerted, but being one of the most courteous of men, he replied:

“I’m very sorry, but I really don’t know.”

“You don’t know!” almost shrieked the distracted mother, while two chambermaids opened their eyes in astonishment at the idea of a doctor not being able at a glance to diagnose any ailment.

“No,” replied Harris, suavely, “possibly she’s taken something that’s disagreed with her.”

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“ Perhaps its poison ! ” wailed the mother, “ save her, doctor, save her ! ”

“ I’m sorry I can’t do anything for her, madam,” said Dr Harris.

“ Oh, don’t say that, doctor, don’t say that,” cried the lady, while over the patient’s face stole the semblance of a smile.

“ Calm yourself, dear lady,” said Harris, “ and send for a medical man, that is my advice.”

“ But you’re a doctor, are you not ? ” asked the lady, much surprised.

“ Yes, I am,” replied Dr Harris, “ I’m a Doctor of Laws ! ”

This is the story, but it has been stated that the elder lady having heard that Dr Harris remarked that a woman’s beauty consisted in her hair, had determined that he should see that the golden wealth on her daughter’s head was genuine, and hearing Harris addressed as “ Doctor ” had devised a scheme by means of which she could display these tresses for the admiration of a young, good-looking, and, at that time, unmarried man ! But the looked-for engagement, like the lady’s hair, did not come off ! Dr Ernest Harris, far from being a medical man, is a well-known Solicitor, and Director of the Theatre Royal, of which my old friend and schoolfellow, Frederick Mouillot, is another. It is to Mouillot and David Telford, of Craig, Gardner and Co., that Dublin owes the existence of this fine theatre, which is second only to Drury Lane in seating accommodation and stage appointments.

CHAPTER XVI

MUSICIANS I HAVE MET

Dublin a Musical City—Sir Robert Stewart and his Successor—Dr James C. Culwick—One Way to Criticise Opera!—Herr Theodore Werner—Dr Annie W. Patterson, the Originator of the *Feis Ceoil*—Mr Swift McNeill, M.P.—Caught at the Catch Club—John Hemsley—Mme. Adelaide Mullen and Mr Henry Beaumont—"The Spectre's Bride"—Mme. Georgina Burns—Mrs Power O'Donoghue—Dr Hans Richter—Sir George Grove—Rev. R. H. Haweis—Mrs Page Thrower.

DUBLIN, it is well known, is a city in which good music is not alone thoroughly appreciated, but it is one in which I have been told by many musicians, the audiences at opera, concert, or recital, display keen discernment.

One of the ablest exponents of music, and an eminent composer, was the late Sir Robert Stewart, organist of the Chapel Royal. Sir Robert Stewart was the chief music critic on *The Dublin Daily Express*, and his articles on grand opera were very much admired. After Sir Robert's death there was some difficulty experienced in filling his post on the

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Express. One man who was appointed, *pro tem.*, was such an admirer of Stewart's articles that he followed his leader too slavishly. For instance, Stewart on one occasion wrote a sentence something like this: "How can Signor Arditi imagine that he can dispense with the second trombone in Act II? This is an insult to an audience possessed of any knowledge of Wagner's work," etc. The new critic who criticised the same opera after Sir Robert's death, had the same fault to find, the absence of the second trombone. But alas! for the critic, the second trombone was not absent on the occasion! The writer had looked up the files of the *Express* and transcribed Sir Robert's criticism.

Sir Robert Stewart was succeeded as organist of the Chapel Royal by the late James C. Culwick, Mus. Doc., the composer of "The Legend of Staufenberg," in which, when performed at the Antient Concert Rooms, I had the pleasure of hearing Madame Clara Samuel. Dr Culwick in buying some old books discovered a score of Handel's in the parchment covering of one of them. When a performance of Culwick's works was given in the theatre of Trinity College, Dublin, in recognition of his assistance during the Tercentenary Celebrations, he included in the programme one of his songs, "Forsaken," of which I wrote the words, which are as follows—

Oh, what to me the bursting bud and harmony of Spring,
If not for you the blossoms blow, for you the throstles
sing?

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The sweetest song, the fairest flower, is neither sweet
nor fair,

If you no more are by my side with me the joy to share.
Can Summer be what Summer was in sunny hours gone by,
When longest days were short to me, for you were ever
nigh?

No joy the brightest day can bring, no peace the fairest
scene—

They bring but back the memory of that which once hath
been.

Sad, sad to me the Autumn hues, and desolate the ways
Where by the stream at eve we went to dream of golden
days;

Those days, alas! that find me now as you I ne'er had
known—

Alone I breast the winter winds—I live and die alone!

Culwick's composition was a little too heavy for these simple words, but I was deeply gratified by the fact that the song was sung by Mrs Culwick with a violin obligato specially composed for the occasion by Herr Theodore Werner.

A lady who started a great movement in Ireland is Annie W. Patterson, Doctor of Music. Miss Patterson (I shall not sink the sex in the degree) originated the Feis Ceoil which has become a recognised institution in Ireland. The Committee give prizes for musical compositions varying from operas, or operettas, to pianoforte solos and songs. The organisation of this great movement for the encouragement of musical talent, is now quite a complex affair, as every village in Ireland is embraced in the scheme. To Dr Annie Patterson the honour belongs of starting the Feis Ceoil. The first meeting in connection with the scheme when

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projected by her, being held in Dr Sigerson's drawing-room.

The Catch Club in Dublin is an old and famous institution. The membership is composed largely of the Vicars-Choral of St. Patrick's Cathedral. I have frequently been the guest of one or other member of the club at their pleasant dinners, which are, as may be supposed, enlivened by song. Being all loyal Britishers, it is a custom at the Catch Club to sing the National Anthem at the dinners after the loyal toast. Judge my surprise when on one occasion during the singing of this item, a protest was raised by Mr Swift McNeill, Nationalist M.P., who indignantly left the room, followed by his reluctant and astonished host! I was the guest that night of the late John Hemsley, a Vicar-choral of St. Patrick's, who will long be remembered in Dublin on account, not alone of his wonderfully sweet alto, but also for his sweetness of disposition. Hemsley was an Englishman, and his indignation knew no bounds and he implored me to give publicity to the affair, which I did in a leading article in *The Dublin Evening Mail*, entitled, "Caught at the Catch Club," in which I called attention to the fact that the Club was composed of loyalists and gentlemen (a phrase used by the *Freeman's Journal* to which organ Swift McNeill had appealed), but that occasionally they entertained people who were neither.

One of the members of the Catch Club, and one of the finest basses the world had ever heard was my

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dear old friend Ben Mullen, whose son of the same name was my companion at Bective College, and is now Curator of Pendlebury Museum, near Manchester. A daughter of the grand old basso, Mme Adelaide Mullen, is well known in London, not alone as a Cantatrice, but also as "Wilton King," the composer of some beautiful songs, notably one with the refrain "For the Hearts in good old Ireland are the Hearts that don't forget." Miss Mullen has been for many years the happy wife of Harry Beaumont the able exponent of leading parts in the old Carl Rosa Opera Company during Rosa's life, and later in the Arthur Rowsby and National Opera Companies, and, if I mistake not, in the Moody-Manners also. Some humorous comments were made when Miss Adelaide Mullen and Mr Henry Beaumont on the eve of their marriage, took the leading parts in "The Spectre's Bride," at a performance given by the Trinity College Choral Society. Beaumont certainly looked far from being a spectre!

Among musicians I have known I can count Mme. Georgina Burns. She had a marvellous voice and told me that when she appeared in Sir Julius Benedict's opera, "The Lily of Killarney," the aged composer, who was blind, was, by request, led up to the young girl (as Madame Burns was then), in order to congratulate her on her performance. Georgina Burns married Leslie Crotty, a fine baritone, who used to make one of the most vigorous *Escamillos* I have ever heard in "Carmen."

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Another musician well known not alone in Dublin, but in London and New York, was Dr Power O'Donoghue, whose wife, and now, alas! widow, Nannie Power O'Donoghue is famous as a horse-woman, having won the brush from the Empress of Austria when her late Majesty visited Ireland; and, as the author of "Grandfather's Hunter," "Ladies on Horseback," and other works of fiction or of reference. At the O'Donoghue's pleasant gatherings in quiet Peter's Place all the most noted musicians who visited Dublin might be seen. Dr O'Donoghue was a prince of good fellows, and few could match him at telling funny stories and whimsical anecdotes, while Mrs O'Donoghue made an ideal hostess. Occasionally when pressed by their guests to sing, their voices might be heard in an unaccompanied duet, such as "I Saw from the Beach."

There are a few leading musicians I have not met, from Mme. Patti down. Looking over my diaries I note such names as Albani; Nikita, the Russian Nightingale; Decca; Guilia Ravogli; an ideal "Carmen," and a magnificent exponent in "Orfeo"; Lablache; Zélie de Lussan; a delightful Juliet in Gounod's "Romeo"; Alice Gomez, praised by Haweis; Madame Clara Butt; Ada Crossley; Minnie Hauk; Olitzka; Miss Percival Allen; Medora Henson; Mme. Fanny Moody; Aurélie Révy; and many other queens of song. I have met from time to time Charles Santley, whose gifts have rightly been recognised in a knighthood; Mr Joseph O'Mara; Sir Arthur Sullivan; David Bishpam;

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Kennerly Rumford; Edward Lloyd, and Pierpoint Mr Charles Manners and I attended the same college "grinder" and sat side by side for some months. I can claim an old acquaintanceship with Barton McGuckin, who took the leading parts in the old Carl Rosa for years; and with Snazelle, of whom the same may be said. Few that heard Snazelle in those days as "Mephistophiles" can forget his voice, which, strange to say, is to-day as strong as ever.

When Dr Hans Richter visited Dublin to conduct the series of Wagner's works produced through the untiring energy of Mrs Page-Thrower, I had the pleasure of meeting the great conductor at the Provost's house. I have been praised for my criticism of music by no less an authority than Sir George Grove, and have been complimented by R. H. Haweis, the author of "Music and Morals," in a letter which it took me weeks to decipher!

In local musicians Dublin is rich while she can claim such composers as Signor Esposito and Dr José and such executants as a Walter Bapty, a Melfort D'Alton, and a Charles Kelly. As I have left Ireland some years I do not know whether she still possesses Mrs Scott-ffenell, and Miss Lucy Ashton Hackett. I hope she does.

I have had the pleasure of hearing words of my own composing twice encored when sung by Miss Helen Brooks, to whom the song had been dedicated by the composer of the music, my cousin, Alexander Colles, and with these words I close a very egotistical

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chapter, contenting myself by stating that the verses were written in my teens.

In the Springtime's early beauty,
In the morning's primal hue,
When the earth is ever fairest
And the skies are ever blue;
In the Springtime of our being,
When no sorrows mar the brow,
Will you love me now, my darling?
Will you love me, love me now?

In the noontide's golden glories,
In the glow of Summer's prime,
Ere we reach the Autumn langour
In the onward march of time;
When at the soul's meridian,
Which we ne'er can reach again,
Will you love me then, my darling?
Will you love me, love me then?

In the sad and solemn twilight,
Ere the night shall end our day;
In the dark and weary winter,
Ere our lives shall pass away.
When Death comes slowly, surely,
As he cometh to all men,
Will you love me then, my darling?
Will you love me, love me then?

CHAPTER XVII

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ

A Mild Symposium—Some of the Company—"Dying all over the Shop"—The Imperturbability of Waiters—"Any smaller change, Sir?"—Irish Stew—A Theory on Heredity—Mahaffy on Cleopatra's Twins—Edwin Hamilton on Sheep-dip—The Value of Shorn Lambs—The "Noiseless Tenor"—Judge Madden and the American Lady—"Dutch William" and "The Diary of Master William Silence"—Colquhoun and The Great Bed of Ware.

I HAD a habit when living in Dublin, of giving what my friend Professor Louis Claude Purser, F.T.C.D. called a symposium, but which I designated by the more prosaic title of "a whiff and a whisky." This consisted of gathering a few male friends into my study in No. 6, Warwick Terrace, Leeson Park; and discussing with them all manner of things, while on a side table reposed a jar of whisky, or, as Sir John T. Gilbert, the historian, termed it, "The Spirit of the Nation," a bottle of brandy, some syphons of mineral waters, a jug containing a sample of water from the river Vartry, and a tray filled with cherry pipes and churchwardens, and a jar of tobacco.

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I say these things "reposed" but occasionally their repose was rudely broken, for, as a wit remarked, "whisky improves with age, but we won't let it."

Let me see if I can recall the past, and bring before my readers a true picture of one of these "parties in a parlour." My parties consisted at one time, or another, of such men as George Dames Burtchaell, Barrister-at-Law, and Assistant Ulster King of Arms, Robert Yelverton Tyrrell, ex-Regius Professor of Greek in T.C.D., J. R. Clegg, Editor of *The Dublin Evening Mail*, Professor Dowden, Edwin Hamilton, the Aristophanes of Ireland, J. Moody Lowry, of the Vice-Chancellor's Court, a Barrister, and author of "The Keys' 'At Home,'" and other humorous verse; Percy French, James Poole Maunsell, proprietor of *The Dublin Daily Express*, Signor Esposito the Composer, the Rt. Hon. W. F. Bailey, at that time of the Irish Land Commission, George Kelly, B.L., who was known as "the man who knew everything," W. A. Craig, the Poet, John B. Healy, now the Editor of *The Irish Times*, Dr A. J. Callaghan, the able Secretary of the Royal Irish Steam Packet Co., H. S. Macran, F.T.C.D., F. St. John Morrow, B.L., now Secretary to Sir Edward Carson, M.P., Signor Negroni, the Composer; E. Haviland Burke, M.P., a grand-nephew of Edmund Burke, and many others whose names I cannot at the moment recall.

The proceedings were undoubtedly cheerful, for we were all younger than we are now, but never

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hilarious, for not even the most youthful person present belonged even remotely to the crowd—

“ That crashed the glass and beat the floor ”

may, rather to the goodly company of those pictured by Tennyson in “ In Memoriam ” who held debate—

“ On mind and art,
And labour, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land.”

I remember Burtchaell remarking one night—
“ Strange death reported in the papers this morning:
‘ Died suddenly at 101, 102, 103, 104, and 105,
Great Snook Street, John Smith, aged 80.’ ”

“ Ah,” said Hamilton, “ another case of ‘ dying all over the shop,’ I suppose.”

Colquhoun, a well-known member of the City and County Conservative Club told us that he had had a rough time when getting examined in connection with a life-annuity.

“ The doctor,” he said, “ asked me at least fifty questions. Had I had this disease; had I had that disease, until he tired me out. At last he said, ‘ I have only one more question to ask you, Mr Colquhoun, what do you usually drink? ’ ”

“ And what did you reply? ” I queried.

“ Oh,” said Colquhoun, “ I simply said ‘ whatever you’re taking yourself, doctor.’ ”

Someone having told a story of having played a practical joke on a waiter, Hamilton said, “ I never do that. It always ends in failure. I once gave a

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city waiter, as if in ignorance, a brass trouser button in payment of drinks for a party, and he drew my attention to it on the salver by asking ‘Any smaller change, sir?’”

“But, surely,” I asked, “country waiters are vulnerable?”

“No,” replied Hamilton, “once in the heart of the country, I entered a small inn on a July day and found the coffee-room swarming with blue-bottle flies. I turned to the waiter and asked, ‘What are the flies a dozen?’ and I assure you he replied with the utmost gravity, ‘Sure, sir, it’s by the pound we sell them.’”

Clegg one night recited some verses he had written on “Irish Stew,” which I thought very good, and give a few lines from memory here, reminding my readers of Moore’s reference to the time—

“When Malachi wore *the Collar of Gold*
Which he won from the proud invader.”

“This is only a preliminary,” said Clegg, “as the alligator said to the soldier, when he swallowed his knapsack”—

In ould ancient days, faith! the dish was a sneezer—

’Twas full of men’s hands of a deep bloody red,
Skulls, cross-bows, and long-bows, and grand harps of
Tara,

And slices of Malachi’s *gold-collared head*.

It was on one of these occasions that I introduced to Hamilton my friend John O’Duffy, and I remember when they were parting O’Duffy’s making an

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inquiry as to Hamilton's age, and when he learned what it was, exclaiming—"Why, I might be your father!"

"Well, perhaps you are," said Hamilton, unable to resist giving utterance to one of the best impromptus I ever heard in my life, "perhaps you are, good night."

Someone started the subject of heredity and I told those present of Mahaffy's statement to me: "if you have a good strain you intensify the good strain, and if you have a bad strain you intensify the bad strain. Look at Cleopatra: she represented the fourth generation of brothers and sisters who intermarried."

"And yet she had beauty?" I queried.

"Oh, yes; we have historic evidence that she was beautiful."

"But had she health and strength?" I asked.

"She must have had," replied Mahaffy, "she had twins!"

It was Mahaffy who, when asked for a definition of "an Irish bull," replied "an Irish bull, my dear sir, is pregnant with wit."

Edwin Hamilton told us how having attended an auction of goods left in railway carriages, a watch chain was put up for sale, but failed to attract any bid until someone called out, "Put up a watch with it," which, being done, the chains were sold rapidly. Later, umbrellas, rugs, hats, and a variety of other articles came under the hammer. At last a quantity of sheep-dip was put up, but attracted no buyers, until Hamilton called out, "Put up a sheep with it!"

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Someone referred to the "Carols of Cockayne," by Henry S. Leigh, and a member of the Savage Club told us that one night a man whom we shall call Lowe made himself so objectionable that he silenced the whole room, all the members present being anxious that he should, like a clock, run down by his own weight. Henry S. Leigh, with the view of accelerating his departure, said—

We've heard, in language highly spiced,
That Lowe does not believe in Christ;
But what we really want to know,
Is whether Christ believes in Lowe!

This led to another anecdote with a specimen of Leigh's wit. It appears that a member of the Club had recently been knighted, and had returned to Adelphi Terrace after some months' absence, with a very swelled head. On being asked where he had been, he replied, "At my old ancestral home in Essex."

"What do you call your ancestral home?" asked Leigh.

"Burnburry Court," replied the newly made knight, with emphasis.

"Oh, we know *that*," said Leigh, "but what's the *number*?"

On my making the commonplace remark that it had been a cold blustry day, Hamilton said, "Yes, I keep wishing that some shorn lambs might be in my vicinity," referring to Lawrence Sterne's well-known *dictum* that "there is One who tempereth

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the wind to the shorn lamb," a statement which not a few people believe to be in the Bible.

Tales of car drivers were common, one of the best of them being that Jehu when asked what did his fares usually pay him, replied, "Well, yer honour, the *meanest* of them gives me half-a-crown!"

Tyrrell, referring to an intolerable bore of colossal proportions, remarked, "Don't you think that S—— has all the qualities of an elephant except sagacity?"

Someone in speaking of the choir in his native country town, said, "Even the old tenor who was there in my father's time is still a member. Of course, he has quite lost his voice but I was glad to see the old man in his accustomed place," whereupon Hamilton said, referring to a familiar line in Gray's "Elegy"—

"So they kept the noiseless tenor."

My readers will understand that I only give the recollections of years ago, and have, perforce, to give only "the top-most froth of thought." The conversation often took a deeper tone, as when, for instance, Tyrrell maintained that Walter Savage Landor, in the immortal lines on Rose Aylmer, verses beloved of Charles Lamb, should have written in the plural instead of the singular—

"Nights of memories and of sighs."
instead of—

"A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee."

With profound respect for a great scholar and one

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possessing keen discernment in poetic literature, I feel sure that all lovers of Landor will demur at this *dictum*.

An amusing story is told of an American lady who on being informed that at dinner she would meet Judge Madden, author of a delightful book on Shakespeare, entitled, "The Diary of Master William Silence," determined to refer to it when introduced to the author. This she did by telling the judge, "Oh, Judge, I've been reading that charming book of yours on Dutch William."

"Dutch William?" queried the puzzled judge.

"Yes, your book on William the Silent!"

A reference being made to the great Bed of Ware which could hold 40 persons, Colquhoun remarked, "D——d awkward piece of furniture, fancy having to whistle for your wife."

There was a rumour that a Civic Official, a butcher in Dublin, was to be knighted in connection with a Royal visit—Burtchaell at once suggested, on account of his calling, that the new knight should be dubbed, "*Sir Loin O'Rafferty*" (or whatever the name was).

CHAPTER XVIII

SOME LITERARY CORRESPONDENCE

Some Literary Correspondence—Errors of Authors—Sir Leslie Stephen's "Hours in a Library"—Danger of quoting from Memory—Bret Harte's Poems—Shenstone, not Herrick—My Letters to William Morris and Robert Browning—Letters to William Ernest Henley—Matthew Arnold and Arthur Hugh Clough—Swinburne's Solitary "Limerick"—Count Tolstoy—Report of his Death "greatly exaggerated."

IN my youth, with all the arrogance of youth, I was fond of finding fault with my elders, and undoubtedly my "betters." But it was indeed in no spirit of fault-finding that I wrote to some eminent men from time to time, seizing the opportunity to do so, not with a view to autograph collecting, for such was never my hobby, as I gave away many of the replies I received, especially if the letters were merely perfunctory acknowledgments of my own.

One of the first letters I addressed to a public man was written to Mr (afterwards Sir) Leslie Stephen, advocating the publication of a cheaper edition, of his delightful series of studies, entitled, "Hours in a Library"; and at the same time pointing out that

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the quotations in the essay on "The Ethics of Wordsworth" were incorrect in nearly every instance. Leslie Stephen sent me a very gracious acknowledgment, and said that my suggestion in connection with "Hours in a Library" had been anticipated, and added, "I regret to learn that so many errors are to be found in my Wordsworth essay; it was the first time I attempted to rely on my memory for my quotations, and you may be sure it shall be the last."

When thanking the great writer for his letter, I took the opportunity to send him a transcript I had made of his essay on Wordsworth, thus giving him irrefutable evidence of the great store I set by the essay for I had transcribed it when still a boy, and when, owing to lack of pence, I was not in a position to buy the volumes, which were then sold in sets only, at something like nine shillings per volume. Sir Leslie Stephen was evidently touched by this fact, and expressed his gratification in a later letter which is remarkable chiefly for an expression of his opinion that "to be known is a very doubtful blessing," and thus my correspondence with him ended. The essay on "Wordsworth's Ethics," I may add, still appears with all its imperfections.

With Bret Harte my "correspondence" was a one-sided affair, possibly owing to the fact that he was travelling through the States when I wrote to him, suggesting the correction of the sub-title of one of his poems, which was erroneously stated to be "after Herrick." The verses contain the following lines,

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and are to be found in Bret Harte's earlier, racier work—

“ She wished (I remember it well,
And esteemed her the more for that wish)
For a perfect cystidean shell
And a whole holocephalic fish.”

This is not an imitation of Robert Herrick, but of Shenstone, whose poem “ I have found out a gift for my fair ” it follows closely—

“ I have found out a gift for my fair—
I have found where the wood pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder beware—
She would say 'twas a barbarous deed.

“ For none could be true, she averred,
Who would rob a poor bird of its young;
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.”

Bret Harte never replied to my letter, but I noticed that in later editions of his poems, the incorrect ascription to Herrick was dropped.

In much the same spirit I wrote to William Morris, asking him why the lines in “ King Arthur's Tomb ” had been altered for the worse from—

The Moon shone like a star she shed
When she dwelt up in heaven a while ago,
And ruled all things but God :

to—

“ The Moon shone like a tear she shed ”;

and also why the reading—

“ O sickle cutting harvest the day long! ” had been given instead of “ cutting hemlock.”

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Morris replied that "it was a long time ago," and added, with something like a sigh for the "tender grace of a day that is dead," "star!" is evidently the correct reading, as also "hemlock," which is obviously right.

Early in 1888, I was handed, one fine morning by my dear friend, William Ponsonby, of Ponsonby and Weldrick of the Dublin University Press, a curious little book of poems, published by another friend of mine, for whom I had a great respect, and one whose memory all Britishers must honour, the late Alfred Nutt. The title was "A Book of Verses." "What do you think of them?" asked Mr Ponsonby. I could scarcely tell at first glance, but paid my half crown, and read—

"Out in the bay a bugle is lilting a gallant song."

A gallant song indeed, was that lilted by William Ernest Henley. I read and re-read his "Rhymes and Rhythms." To my untutored ears the rhythms consisted of "prose cut into lengths," but, nevertheless, ears attuned to Walt Whitman, found music in Henley. I amused myself by writing a column and a half in *The Dublin Evening Mail*, and sent the cutting to Mr Alfred Nutt, whose untimely death, which took place recently in Paris, in endeavouring to save the life of his son who survives him, all interested in Celtic literature deeply deplore.

In acknowledgment I got a long letter from Henley, who wrote from Chiswick. He said I was right in my conjecture that the title "A Book of Verses" was

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from FitzGerald's "Omar Khayyam." He deprecated my statement that his rhythms were "prose cut into lengths," and added that if I couldn't find any music in his verse, he regretted the fact. He thanked me for my review, and said that Whitman at his best sang, and sang clearly. The letter was signed, as all Henley's were as a rule, with his initials only, "W. E. H.," and closed by saying that he had been in bed some time with "a twisted foot."

Of course, I was aware of the fact that Henley had suffered, and had been operated on quite recently at the Old Edinburgh Infirmary, but I thought it might divert him if I continued the discussion, so I wrote telling him that I had bought about a dozen copies of his book, a fact calculated to cheer him, and that I had read aloud his fine poem "Out of the Night" to some half dozen young men, and that it and others of his poems had been received with applause.

I remembered my audience on the occasion to which I referred included the late William Larminie, whose work is quoted by Professor Saintsbury in his "History of English Prosody"; Frederick J. Gregg, William Butler Yeats, George Russell, better known as "A. E.," and Charles Weekes, all of whom have written poems of very excellent quality. At the same time I added that I could not accept such a line as—

"The poor old beggar explains his poor old ulcers"
as poetry.

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Henley replied saying that he was indeed glad to hear from me in such memorable terms, and defending himself as a realist in verse. He again stated that if I found no poetry in his rhythms he was sorry for me, and that he would not willingly "exchange ears" with anyone who did not. I replied that I loved and honoured Wordsworth as a poet, but that I did not accept such lines as—

" A common tub like one of those
Which women use to wash their clothes."

as poetry of any kind whatsoever, but that I should not trouble him further on the matter, and wound up by thanking him for "Out of the Night," which was, indeed, in Elizabeth Barrett Browning's phrase "medicated music suited to mankind's forlornest uses," and there the matter ended. I have referred to this poem of Henley's more than once, and may be pardoned for quoting it here—

" Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade;
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

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It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

At the risk of appearing frivolous I cannot refrain from quoting my friend Dr Robertson Wallace, who with this poem in his mind, said:

“No married man is the Captain of his soul. As a general rule the Captain of his soul is his Mate.”

One of the most popular of Robert Browning's shorter poems is “The Lost Leader”—

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat.

For many years the identity of “The Lost Leader” was matter for conjecture, and having heard the point disputed, I resolved to settle the matter by appealing to the poet. At the time I was unaware that Browning had written on the subject to Dr Alexander B. Grossart, the Editor of Herrick and of Giles and Phineas Fletcher, and that Grossart, in his edition of the prose works of William Wordsworth had printed Browning's letter, from which it appears that Browning had replied to the same question from private inquiries scores of times. Luckily the poet was one of the most patient and courteous of mortals, and by return post I got a letter from the author of “The Lost Leader,” dated from Warwick Crescent, in which he wrote:

“DEAR SIR,—I confess to having taken Wordsworth as a kind of lay figure for my poem, but never meant to breathe a word against the genius of the master.”

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I submitted this note to Mrs Sutherland Orr when she compiled her "Life of Robert Browning," but she did not deem it important enough to include in her book.

Readers of "The Cornhill Magazine," if they possess the volumes edited by Thackeray, will remember an excellent article on the genius of Arthur Hugh Clough, the author of "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich." It was on Clough that Swinburne, I believe, composed the only "Limerick" of which he was ever guilty—

There was a bad poet named Clough
Who wrote some detestable stuff;
But the public, though dull,
Had not quite such a skull
As belongs to believers in Clough.

J. Russell Lowell, on the contrary, held that Clough was the most representative English poet of his time. A judgment with which many will feel inclined to agree. Someone in a small literary society to which I belonged in those days, having stated that the article in "The Cornhill" was by Matthew Arnold, I wrote to Pain's Hill Cottage, Cobham, and had a reply from Arnold, dated "Christmas Eve, 1889," in which Arnold wrote that he did not write the article in question, "though some words on Clough will be found in my lecture on translating Homer."

When Vizitelly published the first translation into English of Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina" and Matthew Arnold declared that in consequence of its excell-

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ence we should all soon be learning Russian, I wrote to Count Tolstoy congratulating him on the fact and asking his acceptance of a small volume of selections from Walt Whitman. The little book reached Tolstoy's hands, at Yasnáya Polyána with obliterations made by the Press Censor on nearly every page!

When Count Leo Tolstoy's cousin, also a Count Tolstoy died in 1887, I was asked by the Editor of *The Dublin Evening Mail* to write a leading article on the subject for the morning edition. The Editor appeared to be under the impression that it was the great Russian writer who was dead, and my instructions, accordingly, were to deal with the career of the author of "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina." I wrote the article with genuine sorrow for the decease of a great literary artist. Judge my surprise on the following day, when, having seen by the morning's papers that Tolstoy the writer was not dead, and that the false report was in connection with the death of a distant relative, I found my article in the *Mail*! There had been no time to substitute another article, mine was simply prefaced by a few words stating the facts of the case, and to these my article had been dovetailed!

When six months had elapsed I sent a copy of that issue to Tolstoy, but whether it reached him or not I never heard.

History repeats itself, and Tolstoy's death has again been prematurely reported, this time, alas! to be confirmed in the end.

CHAPTER XIX

MASONIC MEMORIES

Freemasonry in Ireland and Freemasonry in England—The Irish Volunteer Lodge—Old Records—The “Firing Glass”—The Duke of York’s Lodge XXV. — Sir Charles A. Cameron, C.B. — Lord Roberts—Lord Kitchener—The Earl of Shaftesbury—Lodge XXV. dines in the Temple—The Munificence of the late Bro. Henry Arthur Blyth—Sir Thomas Devereux Pile, Bt.—“Irish Masonry Illustrated”—Letter from Sir James Creed Meredith, LL.D.—The Duke of Abercorn—Viscount Templetown—Lord Castletown—Bro. W. Harding Lawder—The Quatuor Coronati Lodge—General John Corson Smith of Chicago—The Duke of Connaught and Lodge XXV.

MASONRY in Ireland differs considerably from Masonry in England. In Ireland there is no rivalry between the Mark Mason and his brother the Free and Accepted member of the Order who is to be found at labour in Freemason’s Hall. In Ireland the Freemason is readily accepted as a Mark Mason and as readily as a Knight Templar, and I was therefore astonished when told by that learned member of the Order, Bro. Henry Sadler, the librarian of Freemason’s Hall, that the Mark Masons had a hall of their own.

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I have been a Master Mason since 1893. I knew nothing of the Craft prior to that date, but it had long been my ambition to be enrolled among its members. Accordingly, when an opportunity presented itself I was nominated for Lodge 153, by the late Frederick Charles Ramsay, who was my partner in a timber-importing business in which I was engaged: one of the many phases of my strangely diversified life. I was admitted and initiated by Bro. George Bell, a well-known and highly respected ship-broker of Dublin.

But Lodge 153 did not fulfil my requirements in Masonry, and I therefore was affiliated to Lodge 620 being struck by the glamour of the history of this ancient lodge, which bears the proud title of "The Irish Volunteers' Lodge," a Lodge founded prior to the Volunteer Movement of 1852, the year in which this country was supposed to be threatened by invasion from France, just as at the present time she is supposed to be regarded as the prey of Germany. The Lodge was undoubtedly founded in troublous times, and faced them with spirit. The late R. W. Bro. Keating Clay used to delight in telling how Lodge 620 used to be held on the sands at Sandymount when the tide was out, and how it was "tiled by the serried bayonets of the Irish Volunteers."

It was at one time my sincere wish to write the history of the rise and progress of this remarkable lodge. With this view I borrowed, and had for a long time in my possession the minute books and other records of the lodge, lent me for the purpose

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by Bro. the Rev. T. B. Gibson, M.A., now Canon of Ferns, who was succeeded as Secretary to the Lodge by his brother-in-law, Bro. J. T. Ray, an Inspector of the Bank of Ireland.

These ancient documents, marvellously preserved, were indeed a delight to handle. They proved that the light of Freemasonry burned brightly in Ireland during dark and troublous times. In one of the volumes were recorded the minutes of a meeting held on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo.

It is strange the association of ideas in a single word. The word "Waterloo" recalls to me the fact that a friend of mine being in a desperate hurry to catch a train from the well-known terminus jumped into a taxi-cab in the Strand, shouting the single word "Waterloo." "The station, sir?" queried the driver, "No," yelled my irate friend, "the bloody battle field!" The epithet "bloody," I may remark, is not inappropriate when applied to a battlefield.

But to return to the minutes of Lodge 620. To look over those ancient documents with their discoloured pages and faded ink, their solemn style and faded signatures, was indeed to get a glimpse of the doings of a day that is dead. In these pages, with all due ceremony, there was recorded such an important fact that Bro. So and So was fined for non-attendance, and that such and such an amount had to be paid for "glass broke."

Not being quite *au fait* with the history of Masonry, I could not discover why so many glasses were "broke," until my friend Dr Chetwoode

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Crawley told me that heavy and almost solid glasses were used in those days and were called "firing glasses," being employed for what is now done by clapping the hands when a "running fire" is called for.

When at refreshment the Brethren of Lodge 620 produced with justifiable pride the ancient flags and banners which had braved the battle and the breeze in the old days of the Irish Volunteers, and especially did they pride themselves on a waxen effigy, life size, of an Irish Volunteer in his uniform as he lived!

In 1895 I was affiliated to Lodge 25, known as The Duke of York's Lodge, the lodge having been named after the Duke of York, whose monument turns its back on Waterloo Place, and is adorned by an aggressive lightning conductor, which rises like an indignant single hair from the head of the statue. It cannot be said that in this case "beauty draws us by a single hair," though it may draw the lightning!

Lodge 25 has for its able secretary Sir Charles Cameron, C.B. (City Analyst of Dublin), a fact to which the lodge owes not a little of its numerical strength and its popularity. It numbers among its members, honorary and otherwise, Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener; and when I was in Dublin and an active member of it, the W.M. of the Lodge was the Earl of Shaftesbury, a very energetic musical member, who often delighted the Lodge during refreshment, with his songs, the accompaniment to which his Lordship played himself.

Lodge 25 is, I believe, a revival of the old and long extinct Lodge of Munster.

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The Warrant, No. 25, was first issued on the 13th November, 1733, to a Lodge in Youghal, County of Cork, and after some vicissitudes passed into the possession of another Co. Cork Lodge in 1809, by whom it was retained until 1823. The number was next used by a Lodge connected with the 25th Regt., whose warrant was surrendered in 1839 to Grand Lodge. The present Warrant of Lodge No. 25 is dated 4th November, 1853, and was issued to Bros. E. C. Carleton, Rev. C. E. Tisdall, and T. P. Swan, Members of Lodge 494. The Lodge met for the first time on 5th November, 1853. No regular meeting of the Lodge was held from 14th October, 1859, until 11th January, 1866, when a large number of Brethren were proposed for affiliation, and were elected on the 18th January, 1866. Since that date 218 initiations and 123 affiliations have made the Lodge by far the largest in Dublin. All the important professions are represented in it. The Present Members (of whom 45 are Graduates of Dublin University) include 21 Army Officers, 12 Barristers, 8 Clergymen, 28 Medical Men (civilians), 10 Solicitors, 4 Engineers and Architects, 2 Constabulary Officers, 2 Stockbrokers, 4 Bank Officials, and 6 Professors of Music. Total—97. The number of Present Members (including Honorary Members) is 147. Through the kindness of Bro. Anderson Cooper the Original Warrant, dated 1733, is now in the possession of the Lodge. It was never surrendered to Grand Lodge.

When I founded in 1901 the only Masonic Journal

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worthy of the craft, a sixpenny monthly, printed on art paper and entitled "Irish Masonry, Illustrated," I devoted an early number to the history of Lodge 25, and gave a facsimile of the original charter, several portraits, and many interesting facts.

One of the most curious facts in connection with the Lodge was that on one occasion it invited its guests to refreshment in the Temple! The facts are these. When the late Henry Arthur Blyth, brother of Lord Blyth (at that time Sir James Blyth), well known in connection with the great firm of Walter Gilbey, was W.M. it was found that the applications for seats for refreshment were so numerous that no hall in Dublin was available, suitable for so large a gathering of members of an avowedly esoteric body. The matter was desperate, and despair had seized the officers of the Lodge until it was decided, permission being granted, to hold the dinner in the Temple itself! and dine in the Temple, Lodge 25 did! being the first to do so, as it is assuredly the last Lodge that ever will. I was present on the occasion, my guests included my friend the late James Pile, brother of Sir Thomas Devereux Pile, J.P., D.L., ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin. The W.M., Bro. Henry Arthur Blyth, marked the occasion by subscribing two hundred guineas each to the Boys' School, the Girls' School, and the Centenary Fund.

In founding "Irish Masonry Illustrated," in Dublin in 1901, I believe I supplied a very much needed organ for the Order in Ireland. It was a

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handsome publication, and with a view to give increased interest to the election of candidates for the schools, I introduced a feature which might be copied by *The Freemason* or some of the provincial masonic journals in England with good effect.

This feature consisted of pages devoted to portraits of the candidates, by means of which it was possible for the Governors of the schools (I am myself a Life Governor of both) to gain some idea of the appearance of the boys or girls for whom they give their votes; and it also assisted those who were soliciting votes for the candidates to emphasize their claims by sending copies of the paper which contained the portraits. If a Governor saw a particularly bright and intelligent face, he naturally voted for the little boy or girl whose appearance seemed to contain a promise that he or she would be a credit to the schools.

That this monthly paper gained the approval of Sir James Creed Meredith, LL.D., one of the Secretaries of the Royal University of Ireland, and the Deputy-Grand Master of the Masonic Body in Ireland, the following letter clearly proves.

“ CLONEVIN, PEMBROKE ROAD, DUBLIN,
13th May, 1901.

“ MY DEAR COLLES,—I must thank you most sincerely for the copy you were good enough to send me of the first number of ‘Irish Masonry Illustrated.’

The design of the publication is good, and it has

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been carried into effect in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired.

“I am sure that you will continue to provide most interesting information in connection with the progress of Masonry at Home and Abroad.

“May I once more renew my good wishes for the success of your very interesting and useful publication? Yours fraternally,—

“J. C. MEREDITH, D.G.M.”

I also had letters from the Grand Master, the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Castletown, Viscount Templetown, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and other prominent members of the Order in Ireland, including that great authority on the literature of the Order, Bro. Crossle.

In connection with this publication, I devised another, in order to produce which I had the hearty co-operation of Bro. W. Harding Lawder, the Managing Director of the Irish branch of the well known photographers, Lafayette Ltd. This consisted of photographs of prominent masons in Ireland at the close of the century, and included portraits of all the Provincial Grand Officers throughout Ireland. The photographs were done on India paper, and the Album, when completed, was thoroughly representative of the Masonic Body in Ireland.

During my residence in Ireland I was the local Honorary Secretary of the “Quatuor Coronati” (The Four Crowned Martyrs) Lodge 2076, London, and succeeded in getting many Freemasons interested

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in the work of this Lodge, which is a literary Lodge, and was founded by the late Sir Walter Besant the novelist and historian of London. It consists of a very limited number of members, and a Circle of Correspondents. The Lodge publishes a Quarterly which is profusely illustrated and the literary matter is as a rule entertaining as well as erudite. Bro. G. Dames Burtchaell, B.L., Athlone Pursuivant is now, I believe, the Local Secretary in Ireland of this Lodge, and a more learned Mason than he is, would be most difficult to find.

One of my pleasantest masonic memories is the visit to Ireland of that fine old Freemason, General John Corson Smith of Chicago, who was entertained by Lodge 25 as was also the Duke of Connaught, the Grand Master of the Order in England.

CHAPTER XX

AN IRISH HUMORIST

Edwin Hamilton—His Prize Poem, "Ariadne"—"Dublin Doggerels"—"Mongrel Doggerels"—"A Visit to the Zoo"—"The Chimpanzor and the Chimpanzee"—Mr F. R. Benson—"General Macbeth"—Practical Jokes—"The Song of the False Tooth"—J. M. Lowry—"The Pedigror and the Pedigree"—"Bully's Acre"—The Bigot's Club—"Faust" up to Date—Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children—Sara de Groot in "School."

I HAVE referred several times to my friend Edwin Hamilton, whom many called the Sir William Schwenck Gilbert of Ireland. This may seem an exaggerated estimate of Hamilton to those unacquainted with his prose and verse, but I believe that if my readers have patience enough to glance through my account of my friend's work, and the extracts I give from it, that my contention that he is one of the greatest living humorists will be allowed.

Edwin Hamilton's merit as a rhymer was recognised in 1872 when he gained the Vice-Chancellor's prize for poetry in T.C.D. by his metrical drama, "Ariadne," a skilful parody of Swinburne's metres in "Atalanta in Calydon," but though it contains

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some excellent "fooling," in deftly woven metres, I pass on to his first volume, entitled, "Dublin Doggerels," in which the poet, as Civic Laureate, celebrated the public buildings, squares, and streets of his native city, and devoted verses to such subjects as the Zoo and the river Liffey. Of his method let the following lines from his verses on the Zoo serve as an illustration—

See anon the lithe libretto
Lightly spring from bough to bough;
Hear the strains of the stiletto—
Ah! methinks I hear him now.
See, by yonder weeping willow,
At the margin of the lake,
How the snowy peccadillo
Leaves her nest and comes for cake.

A charming little poem which has been set to music by Herr Löhr is—

TO MY FIRST LOVE.

I remember
Meeting you
In September
Sixty-two
We were eating,
Both of us;
And the meeting
Happened thus:—
Accidental,
On the road;
(Sentimental
Episode.)
I was gushing,
You were shy,
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You were blushing,
So was I.
I was smitten,
So were you.
(All that's written
Here is true.)
Any money?
Not a bit.
Rather funny,
Wasn't it?
Vows we plighted,
Happy pair!
How delighted
People were!
But your father,
To be sure,
Thought it rather
Premature.
And your mother,
Strange to say,
Was another
In the way.
What a heaven
Vanished then!
(You were seven,
I was ten.)
That was many
Years ago;
Don't let any-
body know.

This poem, which is worthy of Hood, was charmingly illustrated by Harry Furniss when reprinted in Hamilton's second volume, "The Moderate Man and Other Verses."

Of the poems in this second volume which was published by Ward and Downey, one of the most

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characteristic is "The Chimpanzor and the Chimpanzee" which is a capital poem for recitation, as indeed, are many of Hamilton's poems. Perhaps one of the best for this form of entertainment is his "General Macbeth" which has never appeared in any collected edition of his work. The author recited it by request on the occasion of a dinner at which Mr F. R. Benson, himself an able exponent of Macbeth was present.

GENERAL MACBETH.

There were three unmarried sisters, who were elderly
and weird,

Inhabiting a blighted heath—an uninviting spot;
Each had fingers long and skinny, and moustaches, and
a beard,

And they mixed up toads and snakes and babies' fingers
in a pot—

In a pot,
Boiling hot,
An unappetising lot

Of promiscuous ingredients were compounded in a pot.

Well, a Caledonian General—Macbeth—was there one
night;

They hailed him as a future king. He said, "It's all
a joke;

Because the king is living and has sons." Said they,
"You're right;

But that's not hard to remedy"—and vanished in the
smoke—

In the smoke.
What they spoke
Might be taken as a joke;

But couldn't kings be taught the knack of vanishing in
smoke?

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Macbeth and the unscrupulous but lovely Lady M.,
Determined upon regicide, which wasn't strictly fair,
Considering their monarch was a visitor to them;
And Macbeth, when on the job, perceived a dagger in
the air.

In the air,
He could swear
It was actually there;

Though daggers as a class are very seldom in the air.

The inhospitable couple put their project into force,
And he polished off the servants who beside their
monarch lay,
Alleging that those varlets were the murderers, of course,
For the sons of the deceased had found him rather in
the way.

"By the way,
Would it pay
To assassinate them, eh?"

Thought Lady M., "Those youngsters are extremely in
the way."

When the sons of the departed were communicated with,
Being rather unassuming, they determined upon flight.
The suggestion of complicity was obviously a myth;
But they thought themselves in danger, and absconded
in the night.

In the night,
And a fright,
For they didn't want to fight;

But they left Macbeth the kingdom by decamping in the
night.

Well, as King, he gave a party, and a lot of people came,
And his Majesty expressed regret that Banquo wasn't
there;

That warrior had died at his dictation all the same;
And now his ghost came striding in, and settled in a
chair.

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In a chair,
One to spare,
Kept for Banquo, as it were.
Though the company saw nothing but an ordinary chair.
Then his Majesty, to everyone's unqualified surprise,
Shouted queer things at the phantom, which eventually
fled;
And the Queen said, "Never mind him; he is generally
wise,
Though occasionally more or less affected in the head."
"In the head,"
So she said,
But she wilfully misled,
For she knew that he had never been affected in the head.
"Now gentlemen and ladies," she continued, "if I may
Give a practical suggestion—though you've not had
much to eat—
Of course, I don't insinuate it's time to go away,
But, I may remark, your carriages are waiting in the
street."
In the street—
They retreat.
The policeman on his beat
Said, "They're early out, and positively sober, in the
street."
Now, a nobleman, the other Mac, whose father's name
was Duff,
Was prejudiced against the King, as anybody might
Whose family had not been treated tenderly enough,
So he made an affidavit he would meet him in a fight.
In a fight,
That was right;
In a mediæval light,
All contemporary differences ended in a fight.
Then the Queen was taken ill and took to walking in
her sleep,

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And she told a lot of secrets of the murders she had
planned—
Such secrets as an ordinary personage would keep—
And she trotted round the bedroom with a candle in
her hand.

In her hand,
Understand,
In a candlestick japanned;
No queen would condescend to take a candle in her hand.

Macbeth was disconcerted, so he sought the witches out,
And was promised that, till Birnam Wood should come
to Dunsinane,
Of his personal indemnity he needn't have a doubt;
Which uncanny reassurance made him happy in the
main.

In the main,
To retain
His anxiety was vain,
For woods are fairly stationary—taken in the main.

At last his fortress—Dunsinane—was menaced by a
crowd—
An enemy who scorned to run, but simply cut their
sticks,
And carried such, with leaves and all, their forces to
enshroud;
So, when the wood appeared to move, he said, "I'm
in a fix.

In a fix,
For it licks
All creation, and it sticks
In my gizzard. This unfixity has put me in a fix."

In a plain, before his castle, where Macbeth had sallied
forth,
He met with the antagonist who'd sworn to have his
hide.

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They fought with much intensity, these champions of the north;

And his Majesty was ultimately punctured in the side.

In the side;

So he died,

For his head was misapplied,

In addition to a formidable puncture in the side.

MORAL.

Should you hope to lead a prosperous, aristocratic life,

Take a note of what I say in my capacity of friend :

If you slaughter all your relatives to gratify your wife,

You may find their representatives unpleasant in the end.

In the end

They may send

You to—well, you comprehend.

And now, two monosyllables to finish in—

“ The End.”

I may here remark that Edwin Hamilton in speech is quite as amusing as in his verse. He makes the most laughable joke with a serious face, and rarely smiles at jokes made by others. He had a habit of wearing a beard for a few months and then shaving it off for some months, only to return to growing it again. A lady once complained to him :

“ Mr Hamilton, I never recognise you, for you are always shaving off your beard. How many have you grown altogether? ”

“ I did not grow them altogether,” replied Hamilton, “ I grew them one by one.”

He sometimes called for me on a Sunday, when we both lived in Leeson Park, to go for a walk with him. At the risk (literally) of chronicling “ small-

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beer" I may add that on one such occasion he asked me had I any money. By some curious accident I found on searching my pockets that I had only one penny!

"Never mind," he said, "that will do."

We were walking along a country road near Dundrum and the weather was sultry. I asked Hamilton what he wanted the money for. He replied, "To get a drink!" I laughed, and inquired what drink could he expect for a penny. He answered:

"This is what we'll do. We go into that house," indicating one which we were approaching. "You ask me what I'll have. I reply 'Brandy and Soda, doctor,' whereupon you say, 'No, you must limit yourself to what I allow you, a pennyworth of stout a day.' Then order a glass of Guinness for me. Of course, you as my medical adviser don't drink!" (A glass of Guinness in Ireland can be had for the humble and heavy coin).

This was a blue look out for me, but I did as I was told. We walked in and the dialogue was as given above, but when the glass of stout arrived, Hamilton put down a sovereign and ordered a brandy and soda, and pointing to the stout, to the astonishment of the barmaid he said, turning to me, "You may drink that stuff yourself!" Of course, I was not limited to the Guinness. The barmaid was unable to change the sovereign as the house had only just opened. Hamilton accordingly took it back, and tendered the necessary sum. When we left he began whistling a hymn. I said:

An Irish Humorist

"You're very religious to-day."

"Yes," he said, "that sovereign makes me so."

"That sovereign," said I, "What's that got to do with it?"

"Don't you recognise the air?" he asked. I did, it was that of "Oh, thou *that changest not*, abide with me!"

This hymn, J. M. Lowry, another Dublin humorist, used to call "The Song of the False Tooth," because of the reference to "change and decay in all around I see."

Edwin Hamilton was, I believe, founder and President of the Bigots' Club, and wrote for the Club an amusing poem on "Faust," a theme he treated on very original lines, introducing snatches of popular songs. One of the most striking of his poems is "The Pedigror and the Pedigree" which is also out of print and runs as follows—

THE PEDIGROR AND THE PEDIGREE.

One Hyphen-Brown-Hyphen-Black-Hyphen-De Rose,
Is a person whose pedigree everyone knows.

The Browns were Crusaders,
Or Norman invaders,

And the Hyphens, though small, were redoubtable foes
In the days of "the Charter,"

As Knights of the Garter—

At least, so the family history shows.

Then the Blacks were distinguished for medical skill,
Long before the invention of licence to kill;

Their prescriptions were taken
By Chaucer and Bacon,

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And Caractacus sent for them when he was ill;
 And they cured Alexander
 The Great and Leander,
By dividing between them a Holloway's pill.
The De Roses were poets, when poets could claim
To be true men of genius and worthy the name.
 Their songs were the neatest,
 The purest, and sweetest,
And their works are enshrined in the temple of fame—
 At least, so they should be,
 And probably would be
If down to posterity some of them came.
Then the Hyphen-Brown-Hyphens were lions at Court
In the days when the Joust was a recognised sport.
 They dined on six courses,
 Kept several horses,
Drank sack out of goblets, and bumpers of port.
 Then Oliver Cromwell
 Queen Anne, and Beau Brummel
Were the people with whom they were wont to consort.
Then the Brown-Hyphen-Blacks were the scourge of the
 sea,
From the cave of Adullam to Trincomalee;
 No cruisers were braver
 To capture a slaver
Or to land a rich cargo of pepper or tea.
 Against Frenchmen and Dutchmen,
 Italians and such men,
You could always get odds of eleven to three.
Then the Hyphen-Black-Hyphens were men about town,
For they all had substantial estates from the Crown.
 At the Wars of the Roses
 They turned up their noses—
They despised that particular form of renown;
 But they'd follow the ladies
 (Like Orpheus) to—Cadiz;
There were never such mashers from Solomon down.

An Irish Humorist

Then the Hyphen-De Roses claimed longer descent,
For their name's on the Sphinx, done in Roman cement.

As you find Cain and Abel

But half up their table,

They regarded the Flood as a recent event ;

And the Hyphen-De Roses,

With Aaron and Moses,

Went about in the Wilderness sharing a tent.

So much for his ancestors now in the grave.

Does their sole representative also behave

As a man of high station,

A good reputation,

An escutcheon unsullied by coward or knave ?

Is he famous in story,

And covered with glory ?

Is he true to the name his progenitors gave ?

He is very much down, and as up as can be

A remarkable (genealogical) tree ;

Branch ever so slender

He'll never surrender—

He would rather be drowned in the depths of the sea—

Though, like many possessors

Of proud predecessors,

His pretensions to grandeur are fiddle-de-dee.

But see—to a wealthy relation he goes—

An uncle, whose name the directory shows.

He's a generous lender,

And ultimate vendor

Of the goods of which anyone cares to dispose.

“ On the ticket what name, sir ? ”

“ Not know me ? For shame, sir !

Why, Hyphen-Brown-Hyphen-Black-Hyphen-De Rose.”

Notwithstanding the pedigree lately unrolled,

Our hero was frequently out in the cold.

Though so aristocratic,

He lived in an attic—

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Till the bailiff came up like a wolf on the fold.

The man in possession

Would brook no repression,

So the table, the chair, and the mangle were sold.

When he went to the workhouse (where everyone goes

When his assets all told are but one suit of clothes)

His demeanour was stately,

But modified greatly

By the fact that his boots didn't cover his toes.

"Who are you?" said the master.

"Fell scribe of disaster,

I'm Hyphen-Brown-Hyphen-Black-Hyphen-De Rose."

But the name was too long to be quite taken down

(It appeared, in fact, rather an improper noun);

Though the lack of his titles

Might prey on his vitals,

He was ruthlessly, recklessly registered "Brown."

Still, the Browns were Crusaders,

Or Norman invaders,

And—perhaps—had some kind of estates from the Crown.

MORAL.

Now, this history's truthful—as history goes;

You anticipate, doubtless, the moral it shows,

If the past were the present,

It might be unpleasant,

Or it mightn't, for anything anyone knows.

Don't rely for your merit

On what you inherit,

Like Hyphen-Brown-Hyphen-Black-Hyphen-De-Rose.

Striking as is this poem, Hamilton's prose as exhibited in his "Waggish Tales," is equally remarkable. His story of "Bully's Acre," for instance, opens with—

"I bet you the pawn-ticket of my amputation instruments against your new skeleton."

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“ Done! though I’m giving you about five to three, for my skeleton, including the second coat of varnish, cost close on six pounds, your knives are only worth about five, and it will cost over two to take them out.”

Hamilton wrote the “ T.D.C. Tercentenary Prologue ” when the undergraduates performed three plays at the Gaiety Theatre. He also wrote the Prologue for the opening of the Theatre Royal by Messrs Morell and Mouillot, including a line referring to the managers, which brought a ten-shilling telegram of expostulation from them—

“ To whom Mouillot (you owe) Morell-oquence than mine.”

At a performance of “ School,” given at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, to raise funds for the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children; when the heroine’s part was taken by the gifted Sara de Groot, Hamilton read a Prologue he had written for the occasion, in which he referred to the fact that “ Cats’ Homes and Dogs’ Homes reared their heads on high,” but though even—

“ The vivisected rabbit had a friend ”
and—

“ Though the doors of Charity were wide—
Children in arms were not allowed inside.”

I cannot dismiss Hamilton from my pages, his name, like Charles the First’s head in Mr Dick’s essays, must crop up now and then, but those who are interested and require further information can discover much by referring to “ Who’s Who.”

CHAPTER XXI

TWO IRISH HISTORIANS

Sir John T. Gilbert—His History of the Irish Confederation and the War in Ireland—Dr S. R. Gardiner—Waits for Appearance of Gilbert's Volumes—History of the City of Dublin—Dennis Florence MacCarthy's Sonnet—History of the Viceroy—"Lady Wilde, from the Author"—Rosa Mulholland—Lord Russell of Killowen—Villa Nova—A Sunday with Gilbert—Dr P. W. Joyce—His "Old Celtic Romances"—His History of Ireland—The Royal Irish Academy—Ancient Irish Music—The Very Reverend John Henry Bernard, D.D., Dean of St Patrick's.

"GREATEST minds," said Wordsworth, "are often those of whom the busy world hears least," and this *dictum* was often recalled to my memory when I saw my friend Sir John T. Gilbert enter the doors of the Royal Irish Academy. Here was a man who had unobtrusively and patiently toiled for fifty years at such a great work as the "History of the Irish Confederation and the War in Ireland," (1641-1649) which when completed filled seven volumes, contented with the fact that he was giving a truly noble gift to his country.

Gilbert, however, was not without his "peppercorn of praise," and this was all the more significant

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in his eyes in that it was bestowed by his peers. Dr S. R. Gardiner, the eminent English historian waited for the appearance of the volumes during the progress of his own documentary History of England. "I am getting more interested," he wrote, "in the appearance of your book on the Irish Rebellion, as I am approaching the subject more closely. I am now working at Strafford's trial, so that I shall be at the Irish Rebellion by next Spring or Summer. Is there any hope of your book being out by that time?"

The list of Gilbert's writings is a formidable one, and includes various works in connection with the National Manuscripts, Historic and Municipal Documents of Ireland, "A Contemporary History of affairs in Ireland, from 1641 to 1652," "A History of the City of Dublin," in three volumes, and "History of the Viceroy's of Ireland; with Notices of the Castle of Dublin, and its Chief Occupants in Former Times."

Of these books the most popular was the "History of Dublin." This book, of which the first edition was published in 1854, is a beautiful specimen of what a Dublin publishing house can do. It was printed at the University Press, by H. M. Gill, in whose hands the University Press then was. It has been out of print for many years, and the copy before me is marked "very scarce." To anyone to whom Dublin is dear, Gilbert's History is an invaluable and deeply interesting record of her past—of "days that are no more." In its pages will be found recorded

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the many and great changes which Dublin has undergone. In the first volume is given a map of Dublin as published by John Speed in 1610, which is, I fear, somewhat lacking in fidelity to fact, but which clearly proves how ancient are many of the present titles of the streets. Winetavern Street, Castle Street, Whitefriars, St. Andrew's Church, and many others are marked, as well as the position of "The Colledges" (*sic*). The book is brimful of anecdotes and tales of other days. Graphic pictures are presented of various stages in the development of Dublin. Of days when one could order a "chair" to attend Handel's Musical Entertainments at the New Musick Hall in Fishamble Street, or repair to the Smock Alley Theatre to see Sheridan perform.

When Gilbert's "History of Dublin" was first published, Dennis Florence MacCarthy, the Irish poet, author of "Waiting for the May," wrote the following sonnet on the subject.

Long have I loved the beauty of thy streets,
Fair Dublin; long, with unavailing vows,
Sigh'd to all guardian deities who rouse
The spirits of dead nations to new heats
Of life and triumph; vain the fond conceits,
Nestling like eaves-warmed doves 'neath patriot brows!
Vain as the "Hope" that, from thy Custom-House,
Looks o'er the vacant bay in vain for fleets.
Genius alone brings back the days of yore:
Look! look what life is in these quaint old shops;
The loneliest lanes are rattling with the roar
Of coach and chair; fans, feathers, flambeaux, fops
Flutter and flicker through yon open door,
Where Handel's hand moves the great organ-stops.

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Gilbert's "History of the Viceroys" came next in popular estimation. It was published in 1865. The copy I possess bears the inscription "Lady Wilde, from the Author." The narrative commences with the Dublin of Romance, and closes with the reign of Henry VIII. To read this book in conjunction with the History of England is to be enlightened on many points, for Gilbert was not satisfied to follow in the footsteps of his predecessors, but gave extracts from hitherto unprinted and little-known archives, and elucidated, for the first time, facts and circumstances, up to that time misunderstood or unnoticed.

Sir John T. Gilbert married one of our most charming story-tellers, Miss Rosa Mulholland, whose sister married the late Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Russell of Killowen. Lady Gilbert's books, for instance, "The Wild Birds of Killeavy," or, indeed, any of the volumes which Messrs Blackie and Son publish annually from her pen, possess a rare fascination for both old and young readers.

The Gilberts lived in a delightful old-fashioned house called "Villa Nova," near Blackrock, in the county of Dublin, not far from the coast. The house had its own enclosure of great old trees, lawn, meadow and stream, and is truly "a haunt of ancient peace." Here Gilbert laboured for fifty years "among the song birds in which he delighted, and in friendship with the squirrels that haunted the ancient walnut trees near his windows." A squirrel cracking a nut was on his book-plate, and I told

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him once that I thought he was himself a human squirrel cracking some of the hardest of nuts, the falsehoods in Irish History to extract the kernel of truth.

“Sunday was Gilbert’s holiday,” wrote Lady Gilbert in her admirable *Life of the great Historian*, “and on the afternoon of that day he delighted to welcome all who would undertake a long walk to enter at the green, jasmine-covered wicket, rest under the great walnut trees, and gather round the afternoon tea-table.”

It has often been my privilege and pleasure to walk with Gilbert on the lawn, in which he took a great pleasure, and listen to his wit and wisdom, the former being not unlike the recorded utterances of Charles Lamb. Gilbert loved a jest, and his eyes lit up when he thought he had made a better joke than usual. I seem to see his—

. . . eyes twinkle yet
At his own jest. [Those] eyes lit up
With Summer lightnings of a soul
So full of Summer warmth, so glad
So healthy, sound, and clear, and whole,
His memory scarce can make me sad.

Another Irish Historian whom I have had the honour to know for many years is Dr P. W. Joyce, one of the Commissioners for the Publication of the *Ancient Laws of Ireland*. Dr Joyce’s most popular books are his “*The Origin and History of Irish Names of Places*,” and his “*Old Celtic Romances: translated from the Gaelic*.” He has also written

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a fine "History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to 1608," with much judgment, avoiding exaggeration and bitterness, and showing fair play all round.

Dr Joyce resembles a fine old Roman in appearance, the "unsubduable old Roman," as Carlyle remarked of Walter Savage Landor. He is a prominent Member of the Royal Irish Academy, and frequently lightens the debates of that learned body, by references to the romantic legends of old Ireland. In this way I have heard him relate the story of King O'Connor Macnessa who was shot in the head with a "brain ball," *i.e.*, the brains of a defunct enemy mixed with clay and baked. O'Connor carried this strange missile in his head for years and was told never to get excited or he would die. When the missionaries related to the king how Christ had suffered under the Jews, he became excited—

The brain-ball leaped forth from his head,
And bequeathing his soul to that Saviour,
King O'Connor Macnessa fell dead.

An important contribution to our knowledge of Ireland is Dr Joyce's great work in two volumes on the Social History of Ancient Ireland, in which the author treats of the Government, Military System, and Law, Religion, Learning, and Art, Trades, Industries, and Commerce, Manners, Customs, and Domestic Life of the Ancient Irish People. This is a beautiful book containing nearly 400 illustrations and should be read by all who desire to understand the Irish People. The perusal of it should be made

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obligatory on all would-be Members of Parliament who attempt to solve the problem of the Irish question!

Dr Joyce is an authority on Ancient Irish Music, and has collected over a hundred of original Irish airs which are indeed genuine Irish melodies, which until Dr Joyce collected them had never been published. One of these he sent me recently jotted down from memory with the music. It is entitled, "O, come to the Hedgerows," the words by Dr Joyce being charmingly wedded to the old Irish air. The words are—

O come to the hedgerows with gay flowers all bright,
While the green fields are smiling beneath the sun's light;
Through the green lanes we'll wander the long happy day,
While the little birds are singing merrily—

O come, come away.

O come to the seaside to hear the wild waves,
On the dark rocks we'll stand while the storm wildly raves;
And we'll watch the white seagulls through tempest and
spray,

While the mighty ocean rages fierce and loud—

O come, come away.

O come to the blue hills, the wild mountain side,
Where the green fern grows tall and the heath-bell blooms
wide,

Where the mountain stream dashes o'er mossy rocks grey.
And sings with gentle murmur all day long—

O come, come away.

This song is a universal favourite among the Irish National Schools.

The Royal Irish Academy, of which I was myself a member, being elected on the recommendation of

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Sir John T. Gilbert, Professor Louis Claude Purser, and Edwin Hamilton, has done much good work. The Academy grants out of its funds, money to enable scholars to pursue certain paths. In this way the late Professor Atkinson was assisted while translating *The Book of Ballymote* and the *Yellow Book of Lecan*. At one time it was possible for almost any parish priest to be elected, but thanks to the efforts of a wise committee this state of things was altered and even so great a scholar as Professor Mahaffy thought well to place the letters M.R.I.A. on the title page of his "*Prolegomena to Ancient History*." Matters also improved considerably during the able administration of the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, who before his succession to the post once held by Swift, was as the Rev. John Henry Bernard, D.D., for a short time Secretary to the Academy. Bernard has done some good work, and with Mahaffy was responsible for a volume on Kant's "*Critique of Pure Reason*."

CHAPTER XXII

“ FAR-OFF THINGS ”

Mr F. Moir Bussy's Book—The Last Duel in the Phoenix Park — Edward Richards Purefoy Colles — Chief Justice of Sierra Leone—English Ignorance regarding Ireland—A New Theory to solve the Irish Problem—Priests and People of Ireland—Father Healy, Parish Priest of Little Bray—Healy and Fitzpatrick—Secret Service under Pitt—“ Throw your Brogue after Her ”—“ Don't cut your Old Friends ! ”

THE death of Fitzharris the cabman who drove the Irish Invincibles to the Phoenix Park when on their fiendish errand to commit a murder, and the publication of Mr Bussy's book incorporating some of Mr John Mallon's memoirs, have again called attention to the unhappy differences which existed and in part still exist between England and Ireland.

I have no intention to plunge into matters political, “ to (fire) the blood I have no ready arts,” but Mr Bussy's recollections and his descriptions of occurrences he has himself witnessed, give additional proof of how very slow a process is social development. One would imagine that the custom of duelling was one of those which belong to a far-away past ; but, strange as it may seem, one of the last to appear in

“Far-Off Things”

the “fifteen acres” in the Phoenix Park, which was the favourite place for duelling appointments, was my father’s cousin, Mr Edward Richards Purefoy Colles, at one time Chief Justice of Sierra Leone.

I do not state this on my own authority, but on that of Mr Charles Pelham Mulvany, who in 1880 in “Society in Dublin Thirty Years Ago,” wrote:—

“Among the last representatives of the duello, was Mr Colles, a well known and much respected member of the Bar. This gentleman, though of a generous nature, had a sharp tongue, and would often say things which seemed to disprove the theory, often urged in apology for duelling, that it tends to check the disposition to hurt the feelings of those we mix with. Thus in a dispute at the Dublin Society Council with a most respectable clergyman, who happened to be chaplain to the Lock Hospital, Mr Colles said, ‘I will not be put down by you who live on the wages of the filthiest vice!’ On another occasion Mr Colles actually challenged a Dublin tradesman, a tenant of his, with whom he had a dispute as to rent. Mr Colles, a most punctual and orderly man, was first on the ground. ‘Sir,’ said he, when his tardy opponent appeared, ‘You have neither the honour of a gentleman, nor the punctuality of a tradesman!’ For the later years of his life this gentleman led a most peaceable existence. As Librarian of the Royal Dublin Society, he was especially noted for his kindness to the young men who frequented that library as students.”

Constitutional progress being, in the British Isles,

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largely, if not wholly dependent on social development, it is not strange that the progress towards an *entente cordiale* between England and Ireland has been tardy. Great ignorance with regard to Ireland exists in England to-day. What was that ignorance fifty years ago when the means of inter-communication between the two countries did not include one-tenth of the facilities we enjoy to-day?

What the ignorance of the average Englishman with regard to Ireland was in those days may be gathered from these humorous verses, written evidently by a believer in Home Rule.

Before I came across the sea
To this delightful place,
I thought the native Irish were
A funny sort of race.
I thought they bore shillelagh-sprigs,
And that they always said—
“ Ochone, acushla, tare-an-ouns,
Begorrah! ” and “ Bedad! ”

I thought their noses all turned up,
Just like a crooked pin;
I thought their mouths six inches wide
And always on the grin;
I thought their heads were made of stuff
As hard as any nails;
I half-suspected that they were
Possessed of little tails.

But when I came unto the land
Of which I heard so much,
I found that the inhabitants
Were not entirely such.

“Far-Off Things”

I found their features were not all
Exactly like baboons’;
I found that some wore billycocks,
And some had pantaloons.
It seems that praties in their skins
Are not their only food,
And that they have a house or two
Which is not built of mud.
In fact, they’re not all brutes or fools,
And I suspect that when
They rule themselves they’ll be as good,
Almost, as Englishmen!

A propos of the Irish ruling themselves, one of the best theories I ever heard propounded to solve the Irish question, I heard from a Mr Cavanagh. The country is, as is well known, very largely Roman Catholic. The Priesthood of Ireland are not noted for their activity and the people follow suit. The Irish are not over industrious. Mr Cavanagh’s idea was that the problem should be attacked through the country’s religion. The authority of Rome should be secured and an exchange of the priests of Ireland for the priests of the United States be effected.

The priest from U.S.A. would introduce fresh ideas to his flock. One of these would be the Gospel of Work, a gospel which if energetically preached would in time lead to the regeneration of all Ireland, especially of the South and West, while the priesthood of Ireland, instead of dry-rotting in Ireland would learn to move with the times, surrounded as they would be by the bustling people of America. Such is Mr Cavanagh’s proposal which I recommend to Mr Birrell.

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To learn how extraordinary is the ignorance on matters theological which exist in Ireland, one has only to turn to the pages of Mr McCarthy, whose "Five Years in Ireland," "Priests and People," and other books prove clearly that the belief in fairies and demons and other supernatural agencies exist among the ignorant peasants of the West as strongly to-day as in the dark ages. Mr McCarthy quoted the case of the peasants in the West who put their sister sitting on the fire to drive the devil out of her.

But ignorance of this kind does not exist among the peasantry only. A son of the late Sir Dominick Corrigan, the great surgeon, was a captain in the Army during the first Kaffir War. Lady Corrigan was much distressed on learning that several dusky warriors were killed by her son, and in her zeal for the departed, she wished to pay for masses for the souls of the Kaffirs, who had, the good lady believed, gone to Purgatory. Of course, masses for these heathen were refused, but a ballad immortalised her action in the following terms—

Oh, pray for them poor haythen Kaffirs! How quare!
The nagurs they knew not the Captain was there;
Oh, pray to the Vargin to pardon the guilt
Of the sowls of the Kaffirs young Corrigan kilt!

Like the Cats of Kilkenny, those pretty pusheens,
Sure the Captain he cut them to small smithereens.
Sure his sword it was all dripping red to the hilt
With the blood of the Kaffirs brave Corrigan kilt!

Musha! dear dirty Dublin grew sad at the tale,
And the boys they were silent that shouted "Repale!"

“Far-Off Things”

And with people the churches and chapels were flit
That prayed for them Kaffirs brave Corrigan kilt.

The belief in Purgatory was never more humorously commented on than by Father Healy, Parish Priest of Little Bray. Some young fellows seeing a priest in the railway carriage, declared loudly their disbelief in the doctrine. Father Healy said nothing until his station was reached, when on getting out of the carriage and having shut the door, he looking in at the window, remarked, “Well, boys, I’m sorry for ye, for if ye don’t believe in Purgatory, ye may go to Hell!”

Father Healy’s Life was written by the late Mr Fitzpatrick, author of “Secret Service under Pitt.” Once when I was walking with Sir Charles Cameron, we met Father Healy. Sir Charles asked the genial priest to dine with him. “No, Sir Charles, thank ye,” said Father Healy. Cameron pressed him to come and finally demanded his reason for refusing. “To tell you the truth, Sir Charles,” responded the witty priest, “I’m afraid that you’ve asked Fitzpatrick, and he’s bound to write my life some day, and I don’t want to meet him, God forgive me.” Healy’s surmise was correct; his life *was* written by Fitzpatrick.

Two stories of Healy which, I believe, have not been chronicled in Fitzpatrick’s Life, are as follows—At a wedding the bride was given away by Lord Morris, familiarly known as Peter the Packer. Morris prided himself on his Irish accent, and at the wedding breakfast, addressing the bride, said, “And

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now, my dear, having given ye away, shure I can do no more for ye.” “Oh, yes, you can, my Lord,” said Father Healy, “you can throw your *brogue* after her.”

The other story is that Healy, when the guest of a wealthy but illiterate Baronet, remarked on the excellence of his library. “Ah, yes,” said his pompous and ignorant host, “my old friends, Father Healy, my old friends.” “I’m glad to see,” said Healy, examining a book of which the pages showed utter ignorance of the paper-knife, “I’m glad to see you don’t *cut* your old friends.”

CHAPTER XXIII

ANOTHER DUBLIN HUMORIST—J. M. LOWRY

Edwin Hamilton not the only Dublin Humorist—James Moody Lowry—His “The Keys ‘At Home’ ”—“A Lay of Kilcock”—A Parody of Tennyson—“Jack Spratt”—A Parody of Macaulay—“The Battle at the Asses’ Bridge”—“Spasmodeus in Swinburnia”—A Bogus Review—A Story of Cremation—Mr Edward Terry.

EDWIN HAMILTON is not the only Dublin Humorist as I think my readers will admit when they have read some of the specimens of the verse which I am privileged to reproduce in this chapter.

James Moody Lowry is the author of a very amusing booklet, entitled “The Keys’ ‘At Home.’ ” It is a Christmas fantasy and a very quaint one it is. The Keys of the household are supposed to be “At Home” on Christmas night, and the party consists of an orange, a mouse, a much mutilated roast duck, a sunflower, and a boiled lobster, as well as several members of the Key family, including a watch-key and two cross-keys.

The conversation recorded is full of innocent fun, with such remarks by members of the Key family

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as that the French members were known as Mon Key and the Spanish as Don Key!

The little volume was published at Ye Leadenhall Press, and quickly ran out of print, but was reprinted in Dublin more than once, and the lyrics for which it was eagerly sought have been issued, with additions, in one volume, entitled, "A Lay of Kilcock with Other Lays and Relays," by Messrs Hodges, Figgis & Co. Here is a parody of the Tennysonian metre having for its subject the famous Jack Spratt of Nursery Rhyme—

Within the limits of well-ordered law
They lived, this trusty squire and eke his spouse,
No discord marked the genial dinner hour,
Where union rooted in disunion stood.
And tastes divergent served the end in view,
What he would not, she would, what she not, he;
So in all courtesy the meal progressed,
And soon the viands wholly passed from sight.

One of the most notable parodies by Mr Lowry is his rendering of Macaulay's well-known poem, as may be judged from the following lines, entitled—

THE BATTLE AT THE ASSES' BRIDGE.

Triangle Equilateral
By Algebra he swore
That his good friend Isosceles
Should suffer wrong no more.
By Algebra he swore it,
And named a fighting-day,
And bade his Angles hurry forth—
East and West, and South and North--
To summon to the fray.

Another Dublin Humorist

East and West and North and South
The Angles hurry fast,
And Problem old and Theorem
Have heard the trumpet-blast.
Shame on the Point that hath no parts,
The circle that would quake,
When Equilateral has sworn
The Asses' Bridge to take!

And now they are assembled,
The tale of fighting men;
The Decimals in hundreds are,
The Units one to ten.
Equations all quadratical,
Drawn out in long array;
Oh, proud was Equilateral
Upon the fighting-day.

But on the Bridge of Asses
Was tumult and affright,
For all the lines below the base
Were stricken at the sight.
They held a council standing
Upon the narrow ridge;
Hard lines, I wis, in times like this
'Twould take to save the Bridge.

Then out spake gallant Alpha,
On the Apex full in view,
"A Dog," they say, shall have his day,
A Bridge shall have it, too;
And how can man die better,
When things come to this pass,
Than fighting as first letter
In the sacred name of ASS?

"Know then, false Equilateral,
No Bridge thou'lt take to-day;
I, with two more to help me,
Will keep ye all at bay.

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In these five lines a thousand
May well be stopped by three;
Now who will stand, on either hand,
And keep the Bridge with me?"

Then out spake gallant Beta
(Of Grecian blood was he),
"Lo! I will stand on thy right hand,
And keep the Bridge with thee."
And spake a stout Centurion,
A Roman, surnamed C,
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the Bridge with thee."

The three stood calm and silent,
And watched the foeman's line,
As from its right stepped out to fight
Theta's well-known Co-sine
And Vector the Quaternion—
Vector, whose fourfold power
Had puzzled many a weary head,
And kept it aching out of bed
Long past the midnight hour.

C went at once for Vector,
And with a deadly blow
Of his good blade he quickly laid
The great Quaternion low:
For in that hour had Vector's power
Been risen to the tenth.
Little cared C, I ween, for he
Had smote him to the Nth.

Next Beta marked how Theta
Advanced against his line,
So with his trusty tangent he
Bisected the Co-sine.
"Lie there," he cried, "Fell tyrant!

Another Dublin Humorist

No longer shalt thou mark
How Girton's gold-haired graduates sigh.
With vain endeavours, to descry
The variable length of π
In thine accursed Arc."

Then X, on his Equation,
Advanced, and all were mute,
For in his hand he waved his brand—
A knotty old cube root.
Thrice round his head he waved it,
And then the weapon sprung
Like bolt from bow—a mighty blow
On Alpha's crest it rung.

He reeled, and first on Beta
Leaned for a breathing-space,
Then dashed his Co-efficient
In the Equation's face,
And loud he cried, "No more thy pride
My inmost soul shall vex":
Then with a stroke, 'twould cleave an oak,
Eliminated X.

They gave him out of Euclid
Ten cuts so erudite,
Not thrice ten Senior Wranglers
Could solve 'twixt day and night;
They gave a square (it still is there),
And every dunce derides,
With twice the double ratio
Of its homologous sides.

And on the square they raised him,
A vast triangle high,
His name is on the Apex
(To witness if I lie)

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And underneath is written,
In letters all of brass,
How well brave Alpha held the Bridge
That's sacred to the ASS.

Like Edwin Hamilton in "Ariadne," Lowry has parodied Swinburne, but the parody is by no means as ambitious as was that by Hamilton. The parody is entitled "Spasmodeus in Swinburnia," the argument being as follows—

"Gorgonzola, a beautiful damsel betrothed to Spasmodeus, having rejected the overtures of Mars, is turned by him into a cheese. In this form she is presented to Spasmodeus, who unconsciously devours her. The father of Gorgonzola, Gripeus, and her mother, Kolera, having sought her in vain, consult the Delphic Oracle, who reveals to them her fate, and commands them to punish Spasmodeus. They accordingly inflict on him divers torments. Spasmodeus implores the aid of Æsculapius, who, with the assistance of Mercury, overcomes Gripeus and Kolera. In the struggle the teeth of Spasmodeus become loosened, and in the act of thanking Æsculapius he swallows the whole set, and is choked to death."

Here is Lowry's parody of the famous chorus—

Before the beginning of lays
There came to the making of rhyme,
Dust and delicious days,
Dew on the dawn of time,
Crying, and sighing, and laughter,
Weeping, and loathing, and love,
With little before or after,
And less beneath and above.

Another Dublin Humorist

And the poet takes in hand
Kisses, and foam, and tears,
And sobbings, and slides of sand,
Under the feet of the years;
He laughs while he writes in derision
Thoughts that he cannot *think*—
His life is a sort of vision
Betwixt a drink, and a drink.

Lowry's muse is best known in connection with such original work as his "Lay of Kilcock," and "The Last of the Leprachauns." He has also written some prose including a delightful little book entitled "A Doll's Garden Party," and "The Book of Jousts." His popularity in Dublin was once proved in a curious way. I used at the time to write about four columns of reviews in the Wednesday issue of *The Dublin Evening Mail*. As a practical joke I solemnly reviewed the non-existent "Collected Works of James Lowry, B.L., in two Volumes," mentioning incidentally such purely apochryphal poems as "The Lay of the Last Bantam." The result was marvellous, for the booksellers of Dublin were deluged with orders for the book! Lowry generously forgave me, though his life must have been made miserable by references to the review, and requests for copies of the unpublished book. He once told me a long and elaborate story about a man who in the early days of cremation took no casquet for the remains of the deceased, and had to use an empty cigar box, which he placed in the hat rack in the railway carriage on his return from Woking. Feeling done up he took advantage

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of a stoppage and ran into the refreshment room for a drink only to find that a thief, deeming the contents of the box to be cigars, had disappeared with it.

Lowry did not tell me he had used this story for a chapter in a novel he wrote, and in my ignorance I anticipated him! Mr Lowry is, like his friend Mr Edward Terry, an enthusiastic Mason, and holds the same position in the Grand Lodge of Ireland that Mr W. S. Penley, another of his friends, holds in the Grand Lodge of England.



WALT WHITMAN

(From a photograph sent by him to the Author)



An American Man of Letters, the late
GEORGE PELLEW OF KATONAH, NEW YORK

CHAPTER XXIV

SOME AMERICAN MEN OF LETTERS

James Russell Lowell and John Pentland Mahaffy—Canon Ainger—George Pellew of New York—His Visit to Ireland—"The Decay of Modern Preaching"—Pulpit Absurdities—Edgar Fawcett—Thomas Sergeant Perry—Lillah Cabot Perry—John Fiske—Poetic Vein *v.* Varicaux Vein! Sarah B. Piatt—John James Piatt—His Poems praised by Lowell and Longfellow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, we are told on the authority of Canon Ainger, said as he got into his hansom, in reference to Professor Mahaffy, from whom he had just parted, "that is one of the wittiest men I have ever met, and I have met many witty men in my lifetime." Ainger, one of the most genial of hosts, who had seen his guest as far as he could, came back and delightedly told Mahaffy of this *dictum* of the author of "The Biglow Papers."

"Ah, poor fellow," said Mahaffy, "Lowell, I see, never met an Irishman before!"

I think it is this appreciation of whatever there is of Irish in me, that has led to the many and warm friendships I have had the happiness to experience in

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meeting Americans. I delight in American methods I revel in their intellectual and physical activity, and I even rejoice in their accent, for have I not a horrible one of my own!

One of the most delightful American men of letters I ever met, I have already mentioned, George Pellew. He visited Ireland in 1887, when I met him as already stated, at Whitehall, Clondalkin, the residence at that time of Katharine Tynan. He was then engaged in compiling notes for his book on Ireland, a book to which I contributed by giving Pellew introductions to my cousin, Mr Richard Colles, J.P., who appeared in its pages as "A Kilkenny Manufacturer," and to Mr E. B. Ivatts, at that time Goods Manager of the Midland Great Western Railway. He also received letters of introduction from W. E. H. Lecky; the Marquis of Sligo; Lady O'Hagan; Mrs Penrose Fitzgerald; Sir Louis Mallet; Sir James Caird, and Sir George Young, to representative Unionists, and to representative Nationalists from the Hon. W. R. Grace of New York, John E. Ellis, M.P., Mrs Alice Stopford Green, widow of J. R. Green the historian, A. P. Graves and Charles E. Mallet of London. Thus he was enabled to hear both sides of the question, and certainly his book betrays no personal bias whatever, but rather the cool, critical conclusions of the true lawyer. He was a member of the Suffolk Bar, Massachusetts. The book ran into three or four editions.

Pellew was a fellow of infinite jest. I had one or

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two postcards from him, while in Ireland, one of them commencing—

“ ‘ An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light ’

of your countenance is at the Imperial Hotel,” etc.

At the Imperial I found him one afternoon, and as we discussed “The Love Sonnets of Proteus” and the “Wanderings of Oisin,” for both of which he expressed great admiration, I noticed Mahaffy pass by. “There,” said I, “goes the Decay of Modern Preaching,” referring thereby to Professor Mahaffy’s latest book. Pellew could not pronounce the letter “R,” and his speech was the most un-American in accent I ever heard, being soft and liquid in tone. He replied: “Pweaching is a quaint thing. I heard a parson in the west pweach. He got into a high pulpit and this is something like what he said: ‘Satan, my bwethwen, would be wevvv glad to-mowwow if Michael or Gabwiel were to come to him and say—God will forgive you if you shed one little tear—and Satan, my bwethwen, would weep, and his tears would become a little twickling will, and that will would become a wivver, and that wivver would become an ocean, and the billows of that ocean would flow up to the thwone of God, and God would say—Satan, I forgive you!’ ”

These absurdities are quite possible. I remember when I came to London in 1902 hearing a preacher in St. Clements Dane say the following bit of bathos from the pulpit. He was holding forth on the miraculous draught of fishes. First he told how

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Christ said "Cast in on the right side of the boat," and then he asked his congregation "Why, my brethren, did our Lord say 'Cast in on the right side of the boat'?" Of course a discreet silence followed this important query, which the preaching-man, to use Browning's phrase (a phrase which students of Browning will remember is followed by the words, "intense stupidity"), repeated. Again solemn silence, followed by a triumphant thump on the pulpit cushion and the announcement, as if clenching the argument, "Because, my brethren, it *was* the *right* side of the boat!"

George Pellew's full name was William Henry Edward George Pellew. He was the eldest son of Henry E. Pellew of Katonah, New York, who is a cousin of Viscount Exmouth, a title bestowed on Admiral Pellew for his successful attack on the Bey of Algiers in 1816. Walter Savage Landor in his "Dry Sticks Fagotted" included a poem in which are associated the names Blake, Collingwood, and Pellew. George Pellew's great-grand-uncle was Henry Addington, Viscount Sidmouth, at one time Prime Minister of England. On his maternal side he was no less distinguished, his great grandfather being John Jay, Chief Justice of the United States, of whom he wrote the life as a contribution to the "American Statesmen" series.

Pellew was born in 1859, he graduated at Harvard in 1880, and three years later took his degree at the Harvard Law School, and was admitted to the Suffolk Bar, being admitted five years later to the

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New York Bar. When in College he was Editor of the "Advocate," and wrote the Pudding Poem and his class ode. The Pudding Club Poem contained some memorable lines, notably the following which I have preserved in my memory—

" Full of infinite suggestions,
In the mind that ever questions,
For a nobler faith inspires it
When the questioning is done."

When, after extensive wanderings through Ireland, he returned to America, Pellew wrote frequently to me. His letters were chiefly about literature and to him I owe any knowledge I possess of Thomas Sergeant Perry, Edgar Saltus, Edgar Fawcett, Richard Hovey, and other American writers. His own contribution to criticism was a monograph on Jane Austen. He also wrote an able pamphlet on "Woman and the Commonwealth, or a Question of Expediency." A volume of his poems with an introduction by W. D. Howells was published after his death, which took place very suddenly in 1892, and was due to an accident. Thus I lost a friend who to this day is constantly in my thoughts, and for whom my regret can never die.

In one of Pellew's letters to me he quoted the following verses by Edgar Fawcett, entitled, "Dei Gratia"—

The height of his dead father's throne he gained,
With servile courtiers cringing at his nod;
A shallow and beardless boy thenceforth he reigned,
By the grace of God.

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And oft, when following some rash whim of rule,
O'er laws and liberties he rode rough-shod,
And proved a reprobate no less than fool,
By the grace of God.
For years the crown did he thus coarsely keep,
Wearing its grandeur like a dolt or clod,
Then died one even in a drunken sleep,
By the grace of God.

Later I got some poems from Fawcett, and bought, when in Germany, at Leipsig Railway Station some of his novels in the Tauchnitz edition. They did not strike me as being very forcible.

Another American, a man of letters with whom I have had the pleasure of a long correspondence, is Mr Thomas Sergeant Perry, author of "From Opitz to Lessing: A Study in Neo-Classicism"; "The Evolution of the Snob"; "English Literature in the Eighteenth Century"; and "A History of Greek Literature." Mr Perry lately sent me his monograph on John Fiske.

A propos of John Fiske, I met at Professor Dowden's in Dublin a namesake, Mr John Fiske, who wrote "The Dog in British Poetry," published by my friend the late Alfred Nutt, whose tragic death in Paris when attempting to save his son from drowning, created a serious gap in the ranks of Celtic scholars.

To return to Mr Perry, we have in him a great grandson of Benjamin Franklin. He is a great believer in realism in literature, and in the application of scientific methods in criticism. He was, until lately, Professor of English literature in Tokio

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University. Latterly he has taken to the study of Russian, and delights in reading Gogol, Dostoieffsky, Lermontoff, and Tolstoy, in that difficult language. His wife, Lillah Cabot Perry, is the author of "The Heart of the Weed," which I have already quoted, and of a charming verse translation of the Greek Anthology, published under the title of "From the Garden of Hellas." The late William Sharp, no mean judge of poetry, included the following sonnet by Mrs Perry in his collection of "American Sonnets"—

TO ONE DESPONDENT.

Sometimes you doubt my love, and sad tears rise
To eyes like shady pools, grown dark and clear
With wistful questioning if I hold you dear,
And thus my answering smile to you replies.
We breathe to live—yet 'neath these summer skies,
Though we scarce feel our breathing, do not fear
That life has ceased, or long for winter drear
To show each snowy breath that heavenward flies.

And though I laugh while others sing your praise,
If the world scorn and hold you in despite,
Then shall you more rejoice than you have grieved,
Seeing love greater far than you believed,
As first we see the eternal stars' bright rays
When creeps the dark imponderable night.

Mrs Perry, in addition to being a deft "weaver of the sonnet," and possessed of an exquisite lyrical gift, is also an artist of the impressionist school, and has studied under some of the greatest masters in Europe.

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There are poets and poets. When living in Dublin I illustrated one of my own jokes by using a sketch by Du Maurier! The artist himself had used it to illustrate the following—

SHE.—“ But I am married now.”

HE.—“ Too late for congratulations? ”

The base use to which I put an admirable sketch was as follows—

AT A LITERARY GATHERING.

Enthusiastic Lady.—“ But you must admit that our President has a poetic vein.”

Indifferent Lover of Prose.—“ Well, if he has, it's a varicaux vein ”!

There are not many instances of poet wedded to poetess. The Brownings are, of course, the great example, but another instance of note is that of the Elizabeth Barrett Browning of America, Mrs Sarah B. Piatt, the writer of some exquisite verse, and whose husband, Mr John James Piatt is the author of “ A Dream of Church Windows,” and other poems highly praised by J. Russell Lowell, and Longfellow. I had the pleasure of meeting both Mr and Mrs Piatt when the former was U.S. Consul in Dublin. He had previously held the same position in Cork. Here is a fine sonnet by Mr Piatt, and with it I close this chapter—

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Stern be the pilot in the dreadful hour
When a great nation, like a ship at sea
With the wrath breakers whitening at her lee,
Feels her last shudder if her Helmsman cower;

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A godlike manhood be his mighty dower!
Such and so gifted, Lincoln, mayst thou be,
With thy high wisdom's low simplicity
And awful tenderness of voted power.
For our hot records then thy name shall stand
On Time's calm ledger out of passionate days—
With the pure debt of gratitude begun,
And only paid in never-ending praise—
One of the many of a mighty Land,
Made by God's providence the Anointed One.

CHAPTER XXV

MORE AMERICAN MEN OF LETTERS

Richard Hovey—His “Launcelot and Guenevere”—
His Lyrics — A Presentation Volume — Arthur
McMorrough Kavanagh — John Burroughs — His
Prose Poems on Nature—Jonathan Heard, Jr.—
Hermann Schaffeur—Lady Cooke—Edgar Fawcett—
Fred Lake—W. B. Yeats and A. C. Swinburne at
fault!—Paul Fleury Mottelay—His Translations.

ONE of the ablest and most promising of young American poets was the late Richard Hovey who, alas! died early. In the words of William Watson relative to the early death of Keats—

“The Gods, alas! gave him their fatal love.”

It is to Thomas Sergeant Perry I owe my friendship for Richard Hovey, who many years ago sent me his beautiful elegy on the death of Thomas W. Parsons, entitled “Seaward,” which is one of the very finest threnodies in the language. The poem is, unfortunately, out of print.

Hovey next sent me his “Launcelot and Guenevere,” a poem in dramas, the first portion of which was published in one volume, entitled “The Marriage of Guenevere,” followed by four other volumes, of which the subjects are “The Quest of Merlin: A Masque”; “The Birth of Galahad: A

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Romantic Drama ”; “ Taliesin: A Masque ”; and a posthumous volume “ The Holy Graal and Other Fragments,” edited with Introduction and Notes by Mrs Richard Hovey, and a Preface by Bliss Carman.

The difference between Hovey’s conception of Guenevere and those of his predecessors in song, is shown by Mrs Hovey; she says: “ Our time has given us three Gueneveres: the Guenevere of Tennyson, who sinned and came to repentance and remorse; the Guenevere of Morris, who appeals to the tenderness of the human heart, who explains and asks human sympathies; and the Guenevere of Hovey, who only loves, who never sins, who never repents. The truly tragic Guenevere is the one Richard Hovey chose for the Poem in Dramas—a woman who typifies in her sorrows womanhood at the point in civilisation where the might of a system—presses heaviest upon woman; and especially on the type of woman furthest developed in emotional and intellectual power. The broadest physical and intellectual base is the preparation for the highest spiritual flight into the realms of love, the miracle love that involves those wonder realms in which it may be hoped Galahads may be born.”

The lyrics which this beautiful poem in dramas contains can best be judged by the following:

You remind me, sweeting,
Of the glow,
Warm and pure and fleeting—
Blush of apple-blossoms—
On cloud bosoms,
When the sun is low.

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Like a golden apple
 'Mid the far
Topmost leaves that dapple
Stretch of summer blue—
There are you,
 Sky-set like a star.

Fearful lest I bruise you,
 How should I
Dare to reach you, choose you,
Stain you with my touch?
It is much
 That you star the sky.

Why should I be climbing,
 So to seize
All that sets me rhyming—
In my hand enfold
All the gold
 Of Hesperides?

I would not enfold you
 If I might;
I would just behold you,
Sigh, and turn away,
While the day
 Darkens into night.

Hovey frequently wrote to me, delightful letters, and sent me amongst other books, a copy of "Songs from Vagabondia," written by him in conjunction with another true poet, Bliss Carman. This little book, published by Mr John Lane of The Bodley Head, was inscribed—

"To Ramsay Colles,—from Richard Hovey."

"London, 2nd November, 1894."

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and a quotation from one of his poems—

Here's a health to thee, Colles,
And here's a health to me;
And here's to all the pretty girls
From Denver to the sea!

Readers of Dr Joyce's "History of Ireland," a fascinating book, by the way, will remember the story of the King of Leinster, McMurrough Kavanagh, from whom the late Arthur Kavanagh of Carlow, for some time M.P. claimed descent. Kavanagh was a man of genius. Nature had cruelly deprived him of both arms and legs, but he nevertheless, followed the hounds, and wrote a capital clear hand as more than one of his letters to me proved. Here are Hovey's lines on the kindly, and let me add, kingly spirit of McMorrough Kavanagh, whose life story has been published, and is well worth reading if only as a proof of how mind can triumph over matter.

A stone jug and a pewter mug,
And a table set for three!
A jug and a mug at every place,
And a biscuit or two with Brie!
Three stone jugs of Cruiskeen Lawn,
And a cheese like crusted foam!
The Kavanagh receives to-night!
McMorrough is at home!

Throw ope the window to the stars
And let the warm night in!
Who knows what revelry in Mars
May rhyme with rouse akin?

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Fill up and drain the loving-cup,
And leave no drop to waste!
The moon looks in to see what's up—
Begad, she'd like a taste!

What odds if Leinster's kingly roll
Be now an idle thing?
The world is his who takes his toll,
A vagrant or a king.
What though the crown be melted down,
And the heir a gipsy roam?
The Kavanagh receives to-night!
McMurrough is at home!

We three and the barley-bree!
And the moonlight on the floor!
Who were a man to do with less?
What emperor has more?
Three stone jugs of Cruiskeen Lawn,
And three stout hearts to drain,
A slanter to the truth in the heart of youth,
And the joy of the love of men.

Many a pleasant letter was interchanged and many a quip and jest, for I sent Hovey impromptus on postcards, of which I inflict but one on my indulgent reader—

If you were the King of Diamonds
And I were the Knave of Clubs,
We'd have many convivial rubs,
And knocking about in pubs.,
But I'm hanged if I'd stand any snubs
If you were the King of Diamonds
And I were the Knave of Clubs.

Hovey, genial soul, wrote "this clamours to be finished," and added much more to the same effect,

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sending me at the same time a walking-stick surrounded by leathern thongs interlaced. I acknowledged the gift, sending him the following—

If you were the top o' the morning,
And I were the dead o' night,
Together we'd study the weather,
And always be in high feather—
We'd sing, " Oh, there's nothing like leather "—
If you were the top o' the morning,
And I were the dead 'o night!

Hovey wrote to me saying he was about to be married, and I was, therefore, not surprised when I did not hear from him for some time. I knew he was wandering about and kept silence for at least twelve months or more. Then I wrote to him, care of Mr John Lane, his publisher. My letter was returned to me unopened, and bore on the envelope the single and significant word " Dead."

Other American men of letters with whom I corresponded were John Burroughs, whose Nature studies are a source of perpetual delight; " Birds and Poets "; " Winter Sunshine "; " Wake Robin "; and a " Study of Walt Whitman," which is one of the best books on the Good Gray Poet ever published; and Jonathan Heard, Jr., who under the title of " The Odd Number," translated thirteen short stories from Guy de Maupassant. Quite recently I met Herman Schaffeur at an " At Home " given by Lady Cooke (Tennessee Claflin) at the Lyceum Club in Piccadilly. This young poet hails

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from San Francisco. He drew me on the subject of Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Rossetti, and others, my contemporaries, and listened with evident interest until I rose to depart, when he exclaimed, as he held my hand, "I've had a splendid afternoon! I seem to have been listening to a voice from the Past!" I bear no ill-will to this young man. His voice, when it becomes one of the past, will, I feel sure, be more potent than mine could possibly be, but as Oliver Wendell Holmes remarked, "How we love the man who is the first in public to refer to us as 'the venerable' so-and-so!"

Returning for a moment to Edgar Fawcett, we all know Browning's "Flower Fancies"; I used to think, and indeed think now, that Fawcett's "conceit" about the toad among the lilies was quaint and clever. He likens the toad squat among the lilies to—

Thick-lipped slaves of ebon skin
Who guard the drowsy ladies in
The dim seraglios.

A propos of Browning. He declared on one occasion, "I only met one poet in my life." My own experience has been that poets are as plentiful as potatoes.

Few men in their hours of expansion—I don't mean when they are suffering from swelled head—will deny that they have at one time or another indulged in verse making. One such I met who in broad daylight announced to me that he claimed to be a poet! I was at the moment, in the expressive

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words of Mr George Graves "pirouetting towards the pewter," and having on the same authority "dipped my beak in the foaming fourpenny," I talked somewhat audibly, I fancy, to my companion about one Fred Lake a descendant of Sir Launcelot du Lake, or as I fear I somewhat flippantly described him, "Guenevere's Mash." Judge my astonishment when there arose at my elbow a man such as I deem to be a familiar figure on a race-course (I never was on one in my life). He turned to me and said, "I'm a pote, guvernor."

I said, "I'm sorry to hear it."

He said, "This is the sort of stuff I write—

' You should always keep yer hosses on the go,
You should always keep yer hosses on the go;
The sure and steady pace,
It's that as wins the race;
You should always keep yer hosses on the go! ' "

My companion maintained that this was much better and had certainly more sense than some of Yeats or Swinburne. "Yeats," he said, "wrote—

' She brings in the dishes and she lays them in a row;
With her to an isle in the water I would go.' "

"Now," said he, "why did she lay the dishes in a row instead of one on top of another? Simply because the poet must find a rhyme to 'go.' And where on earth," he added, "should an isle be but in the water?" I murmured something about Shorts

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being on an *island* in the Strand, but he treated the remark with the contempt it deserved. "Then," said he, "take Swinburne's—

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time with a gift of tears,
Grief with a glass that ran.

And the great gods took in hand
Fire and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years."

"How on earth can anyone 'before the beginning of years'—'take a measure of sliding sand' or anything else from under their feet?"

This conundrum I was unable to solve!

I will include in this chapter a verse of my own. Every student of English literature knows Landor's divine lines on Lady Godiva, written when he was a very young man—

In every hour, in every mood,
O Lady, it is sweet and good
To bathe the soul in prayer;
And, at the close of such a day,
When we have ceased to bless and pray,
To dream of thy long hair.

Hair was a favourite subject with Landor. He would have agreed with Pope that—

Beauty draws us with a single hair.

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But we must first catch our hair! Landor wrote
“on seeing a hair of Lucretia Borgia”—

Borgia, thou once wert almost too august
And high for adoration; now thou’rt dust.
All that remains of thee these plaits unfold—
Calm hair, meandering in pellucid gold.

Like the tortoise, which having no hair of its own has by the irony of Fate its shell utilised to make combs, I take a great interest in human hair and agree with St. Paul on this particular subject if on no other, when therefore I was asked by a lady at a gathering of poets, if I, too, were a poet, I replied, “yes.” She then asked “Can you write a poem about me?” “Certainly,” I replied, and scribbled on the back of the menu—

Alas, she had a niggard heart
Who in your hair those hairpins placed;
Had I such wealth—nay, do not start—
I’d let it run to waist!

I must conclude this account of my American friends by referring to my most recent acquisition in this respect, that gifted translator Paul Fleury Mottelay whose friendship I acquired through the good services of R. W. Brother James Ruddock, a gifted musician and one who is not alone a source of music in himself but also in that of others. Mr Mottelay’s literary labours include the accepted translation of Gilbert of Colchester’s great work, and an authoritative treatise entitled “The Bridge Blue Book.”

CHAPTER XXVI

EDGAR SALTUS: PUBLICIST

Wainwright's Essays, edited by W. Carew Hazlitt—Copies sent to W. D. Howells, Oscar Wilde, and Edgar Saltus—G. P. Putnam's Sons—Greening & Co.—Edgar Everston Saltus—Eduard von Hartmann—Saltus the Chief Exponent of Pessimism in America—The Greatest Character in Fiction—The Inventor of Cloakrooms—Alphabet Jones—Saltus's Novels—His Poems—William Sharp.

ONE of the American authors to whom I sent a copy of "The Essays of Thomas Griffiths Wainwright," edited by W. Carew Hazlitt, was Edgar Saltus. I have already said that my sending a copy to Oscar Wilde led to Wilde's essay on "Pen, Palette, and Poison," but though Mr W. D. Howells was much impressed by the volume and wrote me a kindly letter thanking me for it, the essays do not appear to have made much impression on Mr Saltus.

Why Edgar Saltus as a writer is not more widely known has been and remains a puzzle to me. Ever since I read his "A Transaction in Hearts," which I picked up in 1890, I have been deeply interested in the man and his writings, and with considerable difficulty I succeeded, thanks to the untiring efforts

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of Messrs Putnam's Sons of New York, in procuring all his published writings, including some translations from the French.

With these volumes I have now long been familiar, and I feel sure that all who enjoy true artistic workmanship in a story cannot fail to be interested in them, as they can now, in many instances be procured in the excellent reprints of Messrs Greening & Co.

Edgar Everston Saltus was born in New York on 8th October, 1858. He is a descendant of Admiral Cornelius Everston, who as Commander of the Dutch Fleet, captured on 9th August, 1673, the City of New York. He was educated at Columbia College and Heidelberg University.

Saltus started his literary career as a philosopher, by no means a bad *rôle* for one who aims at being a searcher of human hearts and a penetrative revealer of their deepest secrets. His initial performance was "The Philosophy of Disenchantment," published in 1884, the work, no doubt, the result of his University career at Heidelberg, and the tone of which is, I believe, due in no small measure to personal contact with the late Eduard von Hartmann.

The volume, which consists of some 200 pages, octavo, presents in a simple and attractive style the teachings of Schopenhauer, of whose career an interesting sketch is given. Chapters are devoted to such subjects as "The Sphinx's Riddle"; "The Borderlands of Happiness"; "The Great Quiet"; and to such questions as "Is Life an Infliction?"

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To the truths enunciated by Schopenhauer as the High Priest of Pessimism is added a summary of the deductions of von Hartmann, to the personality and philosophy of whom a chapter is devoted.

As it is not to Saltus the philosopher, but to Saltus the story-teller I wish to refer, I shall merely mention the fact that "The Philosophy of Disenchantment" was followed in 1885 by a kindred work entitled "The Anatomy of Negation," in which is given a tableau of anti-theism from Kapila to Leconte de Lisle. This little book—in which there is no attempt made to prove anything—is a notable contribution to the literature of pessimism, and it ran to more than one edition.

Saltus' first work of fiction, "Mr Incoul's Misadventure," was published in 1886, and was referred to by William Sharp as full of brilliant talent. His "The Truth about Tristrem Varick," and "Eden" were also very remarkable novels. The latter contained such gems as—

"There is nothing more talkative than the foot of a pretty woman";

"A woman who marries a second time does not deserve to have lost her first husband," and this beautiful simile—

"Eden sat very still, *surprised as February at a violet.*"

In "Tristrem Varick" Edgar Saltus wrote his most ambitious novel; witness the following elaborate description of the heroine, Viola Raritan—

"She was dressed in a gown of canary, draped

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with madeira and fluttered with lace. Her arms and neck were bare and unjewelled. Her hair was cimmerian, the black of basalt that knows no shade more dark, and it was arranged in such wise that it fell on either side of her forehead, circling a little space above the ear, and then wound into a coil on the neck. This arrangement was not modish, but it was becoming—the only arrangement, in fact, that would have befitted her features which resembled those of the Cleopatra unearthed by Lieutenant Gorringer. Her eyes were not oval, but round, and they were amber as those of leopards, the yellow of living gold. The corners of her mouth drooped a little, and the mouth itself was rather large than small. When she laughed one could see her tongue ; it was like an inner cut of water melon, and sometimes when she was silent the point of it caressed her under lip. Her skin was of that quality which artificial light makes radiant, and yet of which the real delicacy is only apparent by day. She just lacked being tall, and in her face and about her bare arms and neck was the perfume of health. She moved indolently with a grace of her own. She was not twenty, a festival of beauty in the festival of life.”

In this and other passages Saltus’ mannerisms are markedly apparent, as when, for instance, he tells us that a girl’s eyes “were not black, they were of that sultry blue which is observable in the ascension of tobacco smoke through a sunbeam,” and again he says of the eyes of a young man that they “were of that green-grey which is caught in an icicle held over grass.”

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The description of the opera in New York is so good that I quote it as a specimen of our author's method of making an inventory of human puppets:

“At the opera that night the aristocrats of the New World were in full force. Among them were men who could not alone have wedded the Adriatic, but have dowered her as well. Venice in her greatest splendour had never dreamed such wealth as theirs. There was Jabez Robinson, his wife and children, familiarly known as the Swiss Family Robinson, the founder of their dynasty having emigrated from some Helvetian vale. A lightning calculator might have passed a week in the summing up of their possessions. There was old Jerolomon, who, through the manipulation of the monopolies, exhaled an odour of Sing-Sing, the which had been so attractive to the nostrils of an English peer that he had taken his daughter as wife. There was Madden who controlled an entire State. There was Bucholz, who declared himself above the law, and who had erupted in New York three decades before with the seven deadly sins for sole capital. There was Bleecker Bleecker, who each year gave away a Pope's ransom to charity and pursued his debtors to the grave. There was Dunwoodie, whose coat smelled of benzine and whose signature was potent as a king's. There was Forbush, who lunched furtively on an apple and had given a private establishment to each of his twelve children. There was Gwathmeys, who had twice ruined himself for his enemies and made a fortune for his friends. There was Attersoll, who

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could have bought the White House, and whose sole pleasures were window-gardening and the accord of violins.

“On the grand-tier was Mrs Besalul, on whom society had shut her door because she had omitted to close her own. In an adjoining box was Mrs Smithwick, the bride of a month, fairer than any queen whose face was worth the world to kiss, and who, the previous winter, had written a novel of such impropriety that when it was published her mother forbade her to read it. There was Miss Pickett, a *débutante*, who possessed the disquieting ugliness of a monkey, who had announced that there was nothing so immoral as *ennui*. There was Mrs Bouvery, who claimed connection with everyone whose name began with Van. Mrs Hackensack, one of the few surviving Knickerbockers. The Coenties twins, known as Dry and Extra Mumm. And there were others less interesting. Mrs Pender, for instance, famous for her musicales, which no one could be bribed to attend. . . Mrs Nevers, mailed in diamonds; Mrs Goodloe, mailed in pearls, and a senator’s wife in a bonnet.”

Edgar Saltus’ books are all enlivened by a very pretty wit indeed, as, for instance, when he declared, “Hell is supposed to be hot, but fancy it cold, and there cannot be a pin to choose between it and London in December.” It was Saltus, I believe, who, when asked “Who is the greatest character in fiction?” replied, “God.” He is fond of asserting that though there is a land where there is much joy

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over the sinner that repents; in this world we live in, the joy is at his detection!

Alphabet Jones, the novelist who saunters through several volumes, is an amusing if somewhat an adumbrative character. One of his conundrums is "Who invented cloakrooms?" The reply is "Potaphar's wife." It is Jones who makes the remark that "in ancient days women who lapsed from virtue were stoned," and adds, "for that matter they are still, but the stones are from Tiffani's."

"Tristrem Varick" is the most artistic of Edgar Saltus' novels, but "A Transaction in Hearts" is the most powerful study of human nature he has done so far. In this book he depicts the conflicting emotions which run riot in the breast of the Rev. Christopher Gonfallon, who falls in love with his wife's sister. Sympathy with his subject may seem strange in a professor of anatomy, but without genuine love for his profession no man can use the scalpel with supreme success. Saltus may be a vivisector, but he never "murders to dissect." He is the deft anatomist who lays bare the very source of life while he searches for the roots of the disease, the cure of which he would discover; but in all his operations his actions are marked by judgment and skill, and in the beneficial result of his labours the whole world shares and rejoices.

The story of "A Transaction in Hearts" is simple. When Gonfallon married Ruth, the elder daughter of Bucholz the monopolist, her sister Claire was but an undeveloped girl. She returns at the period

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dealt with, from a European trip extending over four years, and little by little her beauty and waywardness infatuate the susceptible rector, her brother-in-law, whose wife is permanently on the sick-list, a victim to neuralgia.

The mental tortures endured by Gonfallon, the spiritual struggles, the gradual sapping of the foundations of his moral nature, are depicted with marvellous skill, and though pages are devoted to the exposition, there is not a sentence which any save the most vacuous readers would willingly skip.

The picture of the enchantress is drawn in a few strokes.

“She was worse than pretty. In her skin was the hue of that white rose which has a sulphur heart. Her features had the surety of an intaglio; her head was small, the brow low; in her hair, which was short and curled, was the glisten of gold-leaf shown to the sun. Her eyes were of porcelain blue, the under lids retreating and shorter than the upper.”

That such a physically doll-like creature should act a heroic part appears almost incredible; but the novelist in relating the tale leaves no doubt in the mind of his reader that Claire acts in a thoroughly natural manner, and convincingly proves once more that in the most unpromising natures lurk great possibilities, a fact which the more superficial student of humanity is apt to overlook. Claire compromises herself in order to save the reputation of her father.

Saltus has written many other books some of which have not been reprinted in England, notably

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a collection of short stories in which one entitled "A Transient Guest" is worthy of Maupassant, and "Love and Lore," a volume of delightful essays, with interludes in verse of the excellence of which the following may serve as an illustration—

IMEROS.

My heart a haunted manor is, where Time
Has fumbled noiselessly with mouldering hands :
At sunset ghosts troop out in sudden bands,
'At noon 'tis vacant as a house of crime ;

But when, unseen as sound, the night-winds climb
The higher keys with their unstilled demands,
It wakes to memories of other lands,
'And thrills with echoes of enchanted rhyme.

Then, through the dreams and hopes of earlier years,
A fall of phantom footsteps on the stair
Approaches near, and ever nearer yet,
A voice rings through my life's deserted ways ;
I turn to greet thee, Love. The empty air
Holds but the spectre of my own regret.

In October, 1904, I wrote an article on Saltus in "The Westminster Review," in which I expressed the hope that the popular recognition, which is undoubtedly his due, should soon be accorded a writer of such marked individuality and literary ability, and this essay I sent to Mr Saltus, who wrote me a pleasant letter in acknowledgment signed "Yours attentively." It is pleasant to learn that he is now frequently in London, and is a naturalised Englishman to the extent that he is a member of The Authors' Club.

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Messrs Greening have issued a little volume entitled "The Wit and Wisdom of Edgar Saltus," by G. F. Monkshood and George Gamble, which is a very representative collection of epigrams by Saltus.

CHAPTER XXVII

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS

Ignorance of Ireland and the Irish—The Irish Jarvey—Lord Annaly and the Peerage—Tobacco and the Toad—White Horse Whisky—"Alive with Dead Dogs"—"Same Bill-Sticker?"—J. Sheridan Le Fanu—"Well, Molly, did he pop?"—Greenleaf Withers Brown—Silver Hairs *v.* Gold—A Perfectly Beautiful Mummy—Plât Deutsch.

I HAVE always maintained that if one knows all the rest of the world but is ignorant of Ireland and the Irish, there is then something one does not know, whereas if one is acquainted with Ireland that fact helps one to understand the rest of the world!

Ireland has never suffered from "that dull stagnation of the soul-content." Even Walter Savage Landor, who warmly espoused her cause, winning thereby the gratitude of both O'Connell and Davis, is ironical on this subject:—

Ireland never was contented—
Say you so? You are demented.
Ireland was contented when
All could use the sword and pen,
And when Tara rose so high
That her turrets split the sky,
And about her courts were seen
Liveried Angels robed in green,
Wearing, by Saint Patrick's bounty,
Emeralds big as half a county.

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Charles Lever and Samuel Lover were largely to blame for the general acceptance of the Irishman as a buffoon. This has led to Irishmen accepting this verdict, and too often the sorry spectacle is witnessed, of a truly intellectual representative of a thoughtful, artistic, and imaginative race, devoting his energies to humouring fools until he is despised by the very fools whom he humours.

Let us hope that in the near future such wilfully mis-drawn figures as Handy Andy and Harry Lorriquer will no longer be accepted as faithful portraits of the average son of Erin.

To this very desirable end the "Bogland Sketches," and other studies by Miss Jane Barlow will help not a little. Miss Barlow is one of the most modest of writers and her work in prose and verse is but too little known. A natural outcome of the Barrie school of fiction, she is, nevertheless, original, and her work is by no means confined to fiction, for she has translated with marvellous force and fidelity the "Battle of the Frogs and Mice," from Homer, in which task she has but one rival—George Chapman.

The Irish jarvey is responsible for many of the erroneous ideas about Ireland, entertained by Englishmen or Americans who have visited the country. Seated on either side of an "outside car," in close proximity to the driver, the tourist very naturally falls into conversation with him, asks questions and seeks information, and as Jehu is loath to be considered ignorant on any subject, he often makes statements which are wide of the truth.

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But whether the information given be truthful or not, it is always tinged with humour, of which the following may be taken as an example:

A callow youth, having successfully qualified at one of the great military schools in England, is sent to Richmond Barracks, Dublin, to commence his career as a soldier. On arriving at, say, the North Wall, he takes an outside car and directs the driver to the barracks.

"Richmond Barracks, all right, Captain," says the jarvey, as he starts on a trip for which the legal fare is sixpence, but for which a shilling is usually tendered.

"What is the fare?" asks the "Captain."

"Well, Colonel," says the driver again, in a tone of voice which precludes the idea of any attitude save that of profound respect for the exalted person he is driving, "the meanest of thim gives me half-a-crown."

But the Irish are by no means a subservient race. The late Professor J. W. Corbett, a member of the Senate of T.C.D., and father of the Rev. F. St. John Corbett, M.A., rector of St. George-in-the-East, once told me an amusing story, which is as follows:

Dr Corbett called with Lord Annaly to see Sir Patrick Joseph Keenan, Chief Commissioner for National Education in Ireland. The flunkey in a scarlet waistcoat of portly proportions on being asked if Sir Patrick were in or not, said:

"I'll see. What name shall I say?"

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Dr Corbett replied, " Just say Lord Annaly wishes to see him."

The hall porter disappeared upstairs, and kept the enquirers for Sir Patrick waiting at least twenty minutes. On his return he delivered himself as follows:

" Sir Patrick is not in, but *I* see no ' Lord Annaly ' in the Peerage! "

Travelling on one occasion from Dublin to Kilkenny, I was in a smoking compartment on the Great Southern and Western Railway. The only other person in the carriage was a gentleman who was smoking a pipe with evident satisfaction, but which to my olfactory nerves held tobacco of a particularly disgusting aroma. Not having any tobacco myself with which to overcome this truly appalling smell, I opened the window, but as the weather was very cold, was obliged to shut it very soon. It then struck me that good-humoured remonstrance might prevail and abate the nuisance, so I said in a conciliatory tone:

" Pardon me, sir, but really your tobacco would poison a toad."

Without moving a facial muscle the smoker removed his pipe and replied " Evidently! " He then offered me with a smile one of the best cigars I ever smoked.

On another occasion, when travelling from Dublin to Belfast, during severe and gloomy weather, I said to a fellow-traveller who had been, like myself, listening to the pattering of the rain which, as my

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friend William Wilkins, the author of "Songs of Study" says in his celebrated contribution to "Kottabos," "fell on the pane like a pile of fetters."

"Sir, although you are a stranger to me, would you feel insulted if I offered you a glass of Scotch whisky?" pulling out, as I put my query, a bottle of White Horse from my handbag.

Lightly tapping with his forefinger the familiar white horse with its flowing tail, he said, with emphasis:

"My dear sir, it would take *gallons* of *that* whisky to insult me!"

The drawer of the long-bow, or the tall-tale man is not unknown in Ireland. Here is a specimen.

"Yes, sir, my friend when skating was caught by a truant balloon, and, would you believe it, one of his skates fell off and killed a retriever, and later the other also fell off and killed a poodle!"

"Is that so?" I asked.

"Yes, and if my friend had had as many feet as a centipede and skates on each foot, the whole countryside would have been *alive* with *dead* dogs!"

Another strange specimen of Irish humour consists of the following:

In the City and County Conservative Club in Dublin was a member who was occasionally intoxicated with something stronger than the "exuberance of his own verbosity." He was a well-known man and some fellow member of the club usually saw him home on such occasions.

The night following one of these episodes, some-

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one inquired, "Did anyone see A—— home last night?"

"I did," replied a recently elected member, whereupon an old member asked:

"Did he tell you his father was a bill-sticker?"

"Well, strange to say, he did refer to the fact."

"What of that," said another member of the company, "the late Lord Mayor's father was also a bill-sticker."

"Yes," added a third, "and the father of Bartholomew Buggins, the baritone, was a bill-sticker!"

Silence for a second, when the Hon. Secretary asks, in mild surprise:

"*Same* Bill Sticker?"

This kind of humour was well displayed by Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, the author of "Uncle Silas." Le Fanu as a boy was always late for family prayers. Coming into the room one morning, late as usual, his father cried, holding out his watch as he spoke, "Joseph, Joseph, can this be right?" "No, sir," replied Joseph, "I'm sure you're fast."

My uncle, the Rev. Thomas Garde of Cloyne, Co Cork, was fond of telling an experience of his in the days when he was a pale young curate. He was paying his addresses to a young lady who resided in a rural district not far from Blarney. As her mother did not think the curate pursued his wooing with celerity, she, in order to bring matters to a crisis, left the young couple alone in the drawing-room, while she proceeded to a floor above.

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The curate was shy and diffident, and after some small-talk on nothing in particular, he bade the girl farewell, and went downstairs, unaccompanied, to the entrance hall. Here he was engaged in putting on his gloves, prior to making his exit, when he overheard the following conversation between mother and daughter, the former speaking loudly from the upper floor to her daughter on the lower :

“ Well, Molly, did he pop? ” To which the girl replied :

“ Oh, the divil a pop! ”

Whereupon the mother exclaimed, “ Oh, the mane baste! ”

A propos of clergymen, I used, when living in Dublin, to delight in attending the services at the little church in Lower Leeson Street, whenever the Rev. F. F. Carmichael, D.D. preached the sermon. Canon Carmichael is an eloquent preacher, but his expressions are sometimes unconventional as, for instance, when he, on one occasion declared that the Patriarch Isaac was “ a hen-pecked man,” and on another when from the pulpit he recommended the congregation to take seats in the gallery of the church, and glancing round, said in convincing tones, “ There are several very respectable people rent seats in the gallery,” whereupon being seated in the gallery I seized the opportunity to rise and bow towards the pulpit.

One of the many attractions of Dublin used to be the Pantomimes written in couplets by Greenleaf Withers Brown. Some of these couplets in which

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I used to take special delight, occur in "Cinderella," when the Fairy Godmother, visiting her little charge, says—

You've got a cold, my Jewel—

Drink a warm bath and put your feet in gruel!

In another Pantomime, I think "The Yellow Dwarf," the King exclaims—

My plates are dished, my dishes only plated,

My very gates with bills are variegated,

and adds—

My little *pages* have to take their *leaves*!

There was also a double play on words in—

I am *well on* in days

And badly *off* for knights.

I had a curious experience at Killarney once. There was a large party staying at the hotel there one evening in early spring. I did not know any one of the company, but after dinner there was a concert given in the entrance hall and I found myself discussing music with a young lady with a face like a beautiful rose and with a wealth of pure white hair like snow on a dish of strawberries. For the moment I forgot that she was young and was foolish enough to inquire if she remembered Decca the American cantatrice.

"No," she replied, and added, "do not think I am old because my hair is white."

Recognising the mistake I had made, I at once apologised by saying, "I can assure you that one of your *silver* hairs is worth all the *gold* ones in the world!"

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She smiled. ("Her bright smile haunts me still.")

"That is such a pretty speech," she said, "that I wish you would write it down for me."

I had no paper in my pocket so wrote the declaration on the back of my visiting card and was rewarded by her putting it safely into the bosom of her evening dress.

Next morning as I repaired to the drive in front of the hotel to mount a hired steed for a morning ride, I found a second horse which had just been mounted by a somewhat gloomy but handsome man.

We rode side by side in silence for some time, when I ventured to remark:

"Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Colles."

"Ah," he said, pulling up suddenly, "so you're the d——d scoundrel whose card I found on my wife's dressing table when I arrived late last night."

"Calm yourself," I replied. "Surely a simple statement of facts is not wrong?"

"Compliments like that you paid to a married woman are not right," he said, wrathfully. "Don't let me catch you doing it again!"

"There was no compliment meant," I said.

"What!" he exclaimed; "No compliment! What do you mean?"

"Only that I take no interest save in brunettes," I replied.

"Oh, you d——d Irishmen!" he shouted, as he put his horse to a gallop, "you'd wriggle out of anything!"

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I let him ride ahead and ride his ill-humour off. When he returned he invited me to breakfast, and we have been the best of friends ever since. He is not now averse to his wife being complimented, for he understands how frothy my compliments are.

A few months after his last son was born, we went in a small party to the British Museum, and visited the Egyptian galleries. His wife was looking radiant, and I inquired affectionately about the latest arrival. One of the party came up, and addressing her while he pointed to a mummy case, asked:

“Is not that a perfectly lovely mummy?”

I replied, as I patted her shoulder, “Not in it, my boy, with this ‘perfectly lovely *Mummy!*’”

This time, being an old friend, her husband merely remarked, “I agree with you.”

At the risk of chronicling small-beer, I may give the following to conclude this chapter.

My friend Max Deutsch, President of the Francis Joseph Institute for the relief of suffering Austrians and Hungarians, is the proud possessor of two handsome Blenheim spaniels. These dogs are allowed after supper to sit on chairs on either side of Mrs Deutsch and have plates laid before them which, when filled with their suppers are taken elsewhere and the dogs follow.

On one occasion these intelligent creatures spent their time in alternately gazing at the empty plates in front of them and into their mistress' face, to learn why their supper was delayed.

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“One would almost think they could speak,” someone remarked.

“What language would they speak, if they did?” I inquired. “Not Dog Latin.”

As no one guessed I answered my own question —“*Plât Deutsch!*”

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE FAMILY OF COLLES IN IRELAND

The Colles Family in Worcester — William Colles, Secretary to Sir Henry Harrington—Sir Roger Purefoy—Job Colles serves under Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden—Is wounded at the Battle of Leipzig, 1631—Is presented by the King with a Silver-handled Sword on the Field of Battle—The Fate of the Sword—William Colles (1702-1770), the Inventor of Machinery for Boring and Polishing Marble—The Marble Works in Kilkenny in 1748—Pococke's "Tour in Ireland in 1752"—Barry Colles (1697-1785)—Susan Colles and The Meredyth Family—Sir Joshua Colles Meredyth, Bt.—The Cabman Claimant to the Title—Charles Colles of Magheramore—His Funeral Entry—Richard Colles of Gyah, Bengal, India — His Invention — Major-General William Ramsay—The Maha-Bodhi Society.

IN a book that is frankly egotistical and cannot, of necessity, be otherwise, some facts in connection with the family of Colles may be of interest.

The family of Colles, of Co Worcester (13th Century), and other counties in England appears to have been connected with Ireland since the year 1600, or the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

William Colles, born in 1585, went to Ireland with Sir Henry Harrington, Knight, Seneschal of

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O'Byrne's country. Sir Henry, who was a brother of John, first Lord Harrington of Exton, had grants of land in Counties Kildare, Wexford, and Westmeath. He returned to England, engaged his uncle, Sir Roger Purefoy, eight Gentlemen, and twenty yeomen, of Coleshill (or Colles-hill) and Caldecote, Co Warwick, and Drayton Co Leicester, to follow him and settle in Ireland.

William's son, Job Colles, went to Sweden with Sir Frederick Hamilton, father of the first Viscount Boyne, and served under Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. He was wounded at the battle of Leipzig, 1631, and was presented by the King on the field of battle with a silver-handled sword. This sword his great-grand-nephew, William, to whom it descended, "having a great value for the said sword as a relic, and wishing to preserve it in some more ostensible shape than as an unfashionable and useless implement, had its hilt worked into a pair of shoe buckles, with a wrought inscription in very indifferent verse on them (for he was a poet and wrote several tragedies), which being in a ruinous state, his son Richard had again in London in 1812 fashioned into a snuff-box."

Of this William Colles, who was born in 1702, and died in 1770, it has been recorded that "he was a man of great mechanical abilities and abounding in a variety of those eccentric schemes which mark original genius, though success only, in the eyes of the world can stamp them with rationality, one of which was an attempt to make dogs weave linen by



WILLIAM COLLES OF ABBEYVALE, CO. KILKENNY
(1702-1770)



WILLIAM COLLES OF KILKENNY
Surgeon (b. 1648, d. 1719)

The Family of Colles in Ireland

turning wheels; another, the supplying the Corporation of Dublin with bored marble tubes, as pipes for distributing water through the city, was defeated only by a combination of pump-borers and other mechanics, who rose in a mob and destroyed them on their arrival. Such was the impression his abilities made on the common people, that to this day his feats are proverbial among them, and they speak of him as a necromancer."

William Colles was the inventor of the machinery used for boring and polishing marble. He first tried a model in a small stream, and finding it succeed, he took a perpetual lease of the marble quarry in Kilkenny. "While he amused the populace," says the writer of some "Statistical Observations Relative to the County of Kilkenny, made in the years 1800 and 1801," "by various devices, such as that of a musical instrument which played by itself, as it floated down the stream of the river, and many others, he applied himself to the construction of useful machinery for different purposes; and invented a water-mill, and an engine for dressing flax, simple and efficacious, but now no longer used."

William Colles applied his marble to the construction of a vast variety of articles. There was in Kilkenny a room lined with it by him, in imitation of wainscot; and he used it instead of leaden pipes in one or two houses. In "A Tour in Ireland, by two Englishmen," a book published in 1748, it is stated "near the mill are apartments called warehouses, where you may see such a diversity of

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chimney-pieces, cisterns, buffets, vases, punch-bowls, mugs of different dimensions, frames for looking-glasses, pictures, etc., that they would employ the eye the longest day, and yet find something to admire," and much to the same effect will be found in "Pococke's Tour in Ireland in 1752," unearthed by the diligence of the late Dr G. T. Stokes. The English traveller observes justly, that the marble "is full as durable, and bears as fine a polish as any brought from Italy," and he continues, "though the stones in the quarry sometimes weigh several ton, yet the method the contriver has to lift them, draw them out, and convey them to the mill, without any other than manual operation, adds still more to the surprise. I am informed that this ingenious gentleman sends yearly shiploads to England, which gives me a particular satisfaction, that they mind a native of Ireland has outdone all they have hitherto seen. . . . I cannot hear that anyone has imitated the machinery. It is perpetually at work, by night as well as by day, and requires little attendance."

William Colles was an Alderman of the City of Kilkenny of which his uncle, Barry Colles (born 1697, died 1785), was twice Mayor. St. John's Bridge in Kilkenny, of great beauty, was built by him, and some remains of fine architectural pieces prove the universality of his genius.

Susan, the only daughter and heiress of Barry Colles carried the Kilkenny estates to the Meredyth family, when she married Joshua Paul Meredyth, fourth son of Sir Richard Meredyth, 2nd Bart. of

The Family of Colles in Ireland

Greenhills, Co Kildare. Her son, Sir Barry Colles Meredyth, 7th Bart., succeeded to the title on the death of his uncle, Sir Moore Meredyth, 6th Bart., and her grandson, Sir Joshua Colles Meredyth's granddaughter was married to the late Sir Bernard Burke, C.B., Ulster King-at-Arms.

The tenth Baronet in the Meredyth family was Sir Edward Meredyth, a Military Knight of Windsor, who died leaving no male heir, and the title was claimed by George Augustus Jervis Meredyth of Hobart, Tasmania, who was known as the cabman claimant, he having in his long life played many parts, including those of shoemaker, stoker, storeman, policeman, and finally acted in the capacity by which his claim to be heir to a creation of 1660, was designated.

But to return to Job Colles; his brother, William, suffered in the Irish Rebellion of 1641, as a loyalist. he escaped to Coventry, but returned in 1658—"to repair his fortunes" to Ireland. Here in 1659 he took a house in Skinner's Row (now Christchurch Place), Dublin, where it appears he became a merchant. His brother Charles Colles served as a soldier in the Cromwellian army, and got large grants of land in the counties of Sligo, Wexford, and Kilkenny. He resided in Magheramore, near Sligo, and Collesford on the Drumcliff river takes its name from him. The Rev. Dr O'Rorke in his "History of Sligo: Town and County" refers to the fact that the local tradition or gossip represents Colles as having a gallows at Collesford "for

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hanging the political suspects of the neighbourhood." This tradition probably arose from the fact that Colles was Provost Marshall of Connaught for fourteen years, and High Sheriff of Co Sligo, 1685.

His funeral entry registered in Ulster's office, of which I have a certified copy, is an interesting document, and reads as follows:

Charles Colles of Magherymore in the County of Sligo, Esqr., third sonn of William Colles of Doghill in the King's county and of..... dar. of..... Lyons of Phillipstowne in the King's county afore-said. The said Charles was Justice of the peace in the said county of Sligo in the Reigne of his late Majestie King Charles the second of blessed memory and of King James the second and Provost Marshall of Connaught for fourteen years and high Sheriffe of the said county of Sligo at the time of his decease. He took to his first wife Ann daughter of Anthony Strattford who was Governour of Duncannon in Com Wexford by whome he had issue four sons (vizt.) William eldest sonn md. to Allice daughter of Deane Dudley Persse by whom he had issue two sonns Peirce and Charles both died young and five daughters (vizt.) Sarah, Ann, Dorcas, Lettice and Mary liveing and two more died young, Charles second sonn died young. Anthony Colles third sonn married to Mary dar. of Walter Johnson of Magherimenagh in the County of Fermanagh Esqr. by whome he had issue three sonns (vizt.) Charles and Francis died young, and Anthony now liveing Robert Colles fourth sonn married unto Jane

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daughter of Thomas Jones of Carrigin in Com Sligo Esqr. by whome he hath issue one daughter named Ann. The said Charles had alsoe by his first wife four dars. (vizt.) Dorcas eldest md. to George Crofton Esqr. by whome she hath issue Henry, George, Addam, Thomas and William, Mary, Ann, Elizabeth and Hanah now liveing, Frances, Charles and Sidney died young Sidney second dar. md. to William Johnson by whome she hath issue William, Arnold, George, Charles, Frances, Mary and Ann and James that died young, Lucey 3rd daughter md. to William Parkes by whome she hath issue one sonn named Roger and one daughter named Ellenor; Ismy fourth dr. unmarried and Ann and Mary died young. The first menconed Charles tooke to his second wife Affra dar. of Stinson of . . . in the County of . . . who died sans issue. The said first menconed Charles departed this mortall life at Phibbestowne in the County of Dublin on Sunday the fifteenth of November, one thousand six hundred eighty and five and was interred the twenty fourth of the same month in the chancell of the Parish church of St. Michael's, Dublin. The truth of the premisses is certified by the subscription of the said William Colles, eldest sonn and heire of this Defunct, who hath returned this certificate to be recorded in the office of Sr. Richd. Carney Kt. Ulster King at Armes this twenty seventh day of November Anno Domini 1685.

My father, Richard Colles, was a descendant of

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Charles, "this Defunct." He was a Civil Engineer in India, and invented a machine for cutting and drying indigo. I was born on 5th October, 1862, in the holy city of Buddha Gaya, Bengal, under the shadow of the great Maha-Bodhi Temple. Gaya is so sacred a place that the natives believe that, as in Benares, one can even eat beef there and yet go to heaven. My father died at the age of thirty-nine, on the 10th January, 1868, the anniversary of his wedding day. He was, like his great-great-grandfather, an inventor and mechanician, and I possess a watch of which the hour hand was constructed by him from a lady's hairpin, and in which he supplied the place of a lost jewel with the head of a pin!

My connection with India was brief, but I hope to visit it before I die. I owe such education as I received to my mother's brother, the late William Ramsay, a Major-General in the Madras Tenth Native Infantry. So much interested was I in the fact that I was born in Buddha Gaya, that in 1901 I became representative in Ireland of the Maha-Bodhi Society.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE FAMILY OF COLLES IN ENGLAND

The Colleses of Worcestershire—Members of Parliament, 1298-1341—William Colles, 1310—Gualterus Colles, *scriba principis*, 1415 — Constable of Bordeaux — Michael Colles hanged by Yorkists during Wars of the Roses—Edmund Colles of Leigh—The Colles Ghost—Tombs of the Family in Leigh Church—Sydney Smith on Ancestors.

IN a fine work, published in two portly folios in 1781, entitled "Collections for the History of Worcestershire," by T. Nash, there is much interesting information given with regard to the family of Colles, and a page is devoted to "Monuments in Leigh Church," some of which appear in the beautiful engravings which adorn the book and make it much sought for by collectors; the current price being about four pounds for the two volumes. In volume one there is an incidental reference to Richard Colles who was Member of Parliament in the Reign of Edward II.

The family of Colles appears to have been settled at Leigh, in Worcestershire, as early as the middle of the 13th Century. In 1240 Peter Colles held land in fee farm, and paid ninepence quarterly to

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the Priory of St. Mary at Worcester, on behalf of the Lord of the Manor. In 1298 (time of Edward I.) William Colles represented the City of Worcester in Parliament. Richard Colles in 1302 was one of the "Bailiffes" of the City of Worcester, and as such did penance on the 3rd day of February in that year, for a breach of the Cathedral sanctuary, committed by certain "viri sanguinum et dolore," who had treacherously allured a fugitive from the churchyard where he had taken refuge, and kept him prisoner until he agreed to leave the kingdom.

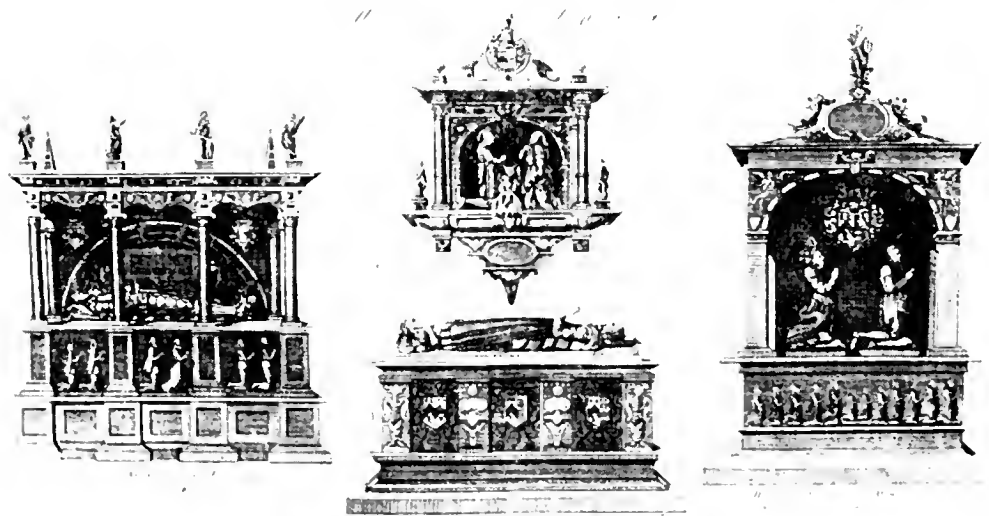
That members of the family served their country in the senate as well as on the field is proved by the following table compiled from lists published by the Camden Society and from references made in the Registry of Worcester Priory—

A.D.	1298,	26	Edward I.,	William Colles.
„	1305,	33	do.	Peter Colles.
„	1313,	6	Edward II.,	Peterus Colles.
„	1315,	8	do.	Ricardus Colles.
„	1316,	9	do.	do.
„	1316,	9	do.	Peter Colles.
„	1319,	12	do.	Ricardus Colles.
„	1320,	14	do.	Ricardus Colles, junior.
„	1320,	14	do.	Ricardus Colles.
„	1321,	14	do.	William Colles.
„	1322,	15	do.	Ricardus Colles.
„	1323,	16	do.	Peter Colles.
„	1325,	19	do.	do.
„	1327,	1	Edward III.,	do.
„	1341,	14	do.	Richard Colles.

I hope no wicked wag will accuse me of having



RICHARD COLLES
of St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, and of Prospect, Co. Dublin
(*b.* 1748; called to the Bar, 1783; *d.* 1816)



MONUMENTS IN LEIGH CHURCH

(From engravings in "Collections for the History of Worcestershire," by T. Nash, 1781.
The tomb on the right is that of William Colles, who died in 1615. The lower tomb in the
centre is that of Edmund Colles, who died in 1606)

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anything in common with the De Rougement referred to in the following. He, no doubt, was an ancestor of the wonderful liar whose exploits were chronicled in "The Wide World" magazine.

The passage referred to runs as follows—

In 1310, William Colles of Worcester granted to the Master and Brethren of the Hospital or Commanding of St. Walstan in the Parish of St. Peter's, City of Worcester, "all that land called Chestall, Oldcastle, Edward's Church, with common for six beasts in Lulsley after the hay had been carried off as also a messuage held there by one Peter de Rougemente." The License of the Bishop of Worcester, Lord of the Manor, allowing him to alienate the land is dated London, 8id July, 1310. The Commanding or Hospital of St. Walstan was a community of secular priests and had nothing to do with the Knights of St. John. It still gives, I think, its name to a street in Worcester, viz., Commanding Street.

There is a farm called Colles Place (*vulgo* Coles Place or Cold Place) in Lulsley, which is mentioned in a ledger of the Priory of Malvern, in the reign of Henry III., as belonging to the family of Colles.

In 1415, Gualterus Colles "scriba principis," was a member of the Embassy sent to France by King Henry V. Twenty years later we find Walter Colles Constable of Bordeaux and appointed with six others by Henry VI. in a Commission under his Privy Seal dated Westminster, 9th July, 1435, to investigate the claims of Bertrand de Monteforando to the

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estate of his uncle Baron de la Bret. Three Commissioners to be a quorum. These facts will be found stated in Redman's "Life of Henry V." The text in Rymer's "Foedera" runs as follows—

"The Kyng at Shene ye XIth day of May ye XIXth year by y' advys of my Lordes his counsellors commanded ye keeper of his privy seal to make sufficiaunt warrant unto ye Tresorer of Englande and Chamberlyns to delyvere money for payment of all servys after ye payment of Fraunce unto my lorde Duke of York under his furme. Yat is to say ye sayde money to be put in a secure coffre under two lokkes of which Maistre Walter Collys shall have one Kay and Lewys John Knyght anoyer, which coffre shall be opennyd in ye landyng of ye saide Duk beyond ye sees and after muster taken by ye sayde Walter and Lewys with oyer of ye sayde speres ye saide money be employde in ye payment of John on his appointment as one of the King's Council in Normandy."

The Royal Palace, it will be remembered, was at the time at Shene, near Richmond.

In 1442, on the 9th of October, the King in Council in the Great Chamber at Eltham debated the terms of the truce lately made "betwix the Duc of York and ye Duchess of Bourgoyne," and ordered a Commission to be issued, in which Walter Colles' name appears as "Magister Walter Colles præcentoris Ecclesiæ Cathedralis Exoniæ," which, allowing for

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the spelling of the period, seems to point to Walter's having been a precentor of Exeter Cathedral.

During the Wars of the Roses the Colleses (as might be expected from Walter Colles' position in the service of Henry VI.), were Lancastrians. After the Battle of Wakefield (29th December, 1461) one of them, Michael Colles, was seized and hanged by some of the fugitive Yorkists.

It was in Henry VIth's reign that the intermarriage between the Purefoys and the ancestor of the Irish family of Colles took place.

The first of the Colles family that settled in Worcestershire, appears to have been Richard Colles of Alfrick, said in the Visitation Book of Warwickshire, 1619, to have been "e familiâ Collesorum de com. Somerset." He was buried at Powick, in 1440. His grandson, William Colles, married Margaret, sister and co-heiress of John Hitch, and died in 1558, aged 63, having had issue Edmund Colles, Michael Colles, of Hampton in Arden, Co Warwick; and Bradwell, Bucks; William Colles of Parkbury, Herts; and John Colles of Hatfield Court, Co Hereford. The eldest, Edmund Colles, purchased the Manor of Leigh, and was in the Commission of the Peace, and Deputy Lieutenant of the County. He was High Sheriff of the County in the time of Queen Elizabeth and was a Justice of the Council of the Marches in Wales.

Referring to this Edward Colles, Nash says—

"This respectable person, whose ancestors were

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possessed of lands in Leigh, Bransford, Hallow, Grimley, Sukley, Broadwas, and Cotheridge, married Joane, daughter of Robert Somerville of Somerville's, Ashton com. Glouc., by whom he had one daughter married to Mr Dansey of Brinsop, in the County of Hereford, and a son, William, who married Mary Palmer, daughter and heir of Jerome Palmer, by Eleanor Paget, third daughter of William Baron Paget, Lord Privy Seal and Knight of the Garter. His issue are mentioned in Sukley. Mr Edmund Colles had a second wife of the name and family of Townsend, anciently in Norfolk, but most esteemed in the Marches of Wales. His issue by her were Susan Colles, wife of Sir Edmund Harewell, Knight of the Bath, t. James I., and Edmund Colles of Grimley, whose wife was descended from the knightly families of Cornwall, and Blunt of Kinlet, com. Staff., and was of the blood of Acton, of Acton, a name existing before the Conquest. A brother of that eminent man, Mr Edmund Colles, was Mr John Colles, of Hatfield, com. Heref., whose son's heir, Mr Colles, married the apparent heir of Mr Ingram of Earle's Court, near Worcester."

In the Habingdon MSS., the following passage is quoted from "The White Book of the Bishoprick of Worcester"—"This Manor (Suckley) being the Abbot's of Tewkesbury, together with the Parsonage of Bushley appropriate, falling into the King's hands by the suppression of Monasteries, was afterwards

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passed away (3 and 4 Philip and Mary) to John Handby, or Hundby; from whom it came to Edmund Colles, of Leigh, Esq.; who gave it to John Colles, the son of his younger son, Mr Richard Colles," and Nash in his remarks on Berrington says

"it is a manor one mile north west of Tenbury, and was annexed to the Priory of St. John the Evangelist in Pembroke. After the dissolution of this priory, it was granted (36 Henry VIII.) to Richard Andrews; who conveyed it to Mr Richard Palmer, from whom it passed to Mr Matthew Palmer, from whom it descended to Mr Jerome Palmer, whose daughter and heir, Mary, brought it to her husband, William Colles."

Nash also says in his account of Leigh, "This ancient lordship of the abbots of Pershore falling by the dissolution of monasteries into the King's hands, remained there until Elizabeth's time. The tenants of the house and demesne, both under the abbot and under the King and Queen, were the Colleses, of which family was Mr Edmund Colles, 'a grave and learned justice of this shire, who purchased the inheritance of this manor,' whose son, William Colles, succeeded him, whose son and heir, Mr Edmund Colles, lived in the time of Mr Habington, and being loaded with debts (which like a snowball from Malvern Hill gathered increase), thought fit to sell it to Sir Walter Devereux, Bart."

This sale led to the Colleses of Leigh being

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accredited with a family ghost! The legend, as told by a correspondent of *The Athenæum*, 26th September, 1846, is as follows—

“I well remember that in my juvenile days old people used to speak of a spectre that formerly appeared in the parish of Leigh, in Co Worcester, whom they called ‘Old Coles’; and said that he frequently used, at dead of night, to ride as swift as the wind down that part of the public road between Bransford and Brocamin, called Leigh Walk, in a coach drawn by four horses, with fire flying out of their nostrils—and that they invariably dashed right over the great barn at Leigh Court, and then on into the river Teme. It was likewise said that this perturbed spirit was at length *laid* in a neighbouring pool by twelve parsons at dead of night, by the light of an inch of candle; and as he was not to rise again until the candle was quite burnt out, it was, therefore, thrown into the pool, and to make all sure the pool was filled up—

“And peaceful after that slept old Colles’ shade.”

My cousin, the late Surgeon John Armstrong Purefoy Colles of the Bengal Army told me that when he visited Leigh in 1869 that this ghost was by no means laid, but was still supposed to haunt the cellars of Leigh Court “where he sits on the largest beer barrel and squeaks like a rat.” A rope hanging from the vault of the cellar is known as “Colles’ Bell.” This, however, I think is quite too undignified behaviour for any Colles to indulge in.

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From ghosts to monuments is an easy transition. The descriptions in "Nash's History," of the tombs which I have had photographed, run as follows—

"On the north side of the church Mr Edmund Colles' arms, who was the first that bore them, a man esteemed the wisest of his age in the government of this country. This first coat of the Colles' is impaled with three birds. The arms of his family about the reign of Henry IV., are a chevron between three birds."

In the Habingdon MS., the description of Edmund Colles' tomb is given—

"On the south side (of Leigh Church) is a raised monument, having the portraiture of a man in civil habit, with a lion at his feet, and some verses over him that are scarce legible, and not worth much trouble. About the tomb is this inscription 'Hic jacet sepultus Edmundus Colles arm. qui. obiit 19 Dec., A.D. 1606, æt. suæ. 76.'" Then follows a description of his arms which I spare my indulgent reader.

Of another of my illustrations of tombs the following description is given by Nash—

"On the north side of the chancel, on a raised tomb and under an arch supported by two pillars is the portraiture of a Knight armed and kneeling; behind him his wife kneeling; over them the arms and crest of Colles. On the dexter pillar the arms of Colles, and over it some emblems, and above that the crest of Colles. On the sinister pillar his wife's

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single coat. This Inscription in great letters: 'Hic jacet sepulta Maria Colles, uxor Gulielmi Colles armigeri, qui Obiit 14 Aprilis, A.D. 1602'; and about the tomb these words, 'Here lieth William Colles, of Leigh, in the County of Worcester, Esq., with Mary, his wife, daughter and heir of Jerome Palmer, Esq., by Esther Paget, his wife, third daughter of William Lord Paget, Baron of Beaudefert, Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and a Privy Counsellor to Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Mary. William Colles died 20th Sept., 1615; and Mary his wife, died 15th April, 1602.' Beneath are his seven sons and five daughters kneeling."

In 1892 I had the particulars given above printed in a little pamphlet for private circulation, and as I glance at descriptions of the crest "A sea-pye Sable seizing on a fish proper, wounded and bleeding," I recall the words of Sydney Smith: "My ancestors had no arms, but invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs."

CHAPTER XXX

THE FAMILY OF COLLES IN THE UNITED STATES

Christopher Colles, the First Projector of Inland Navigation in America—A Pupil of Richard Pococke, the Famous Oriental Traveller, later Bishop of Ossory—Death of Pococke in 1765—Colles leaves for Philadelphia in 1771—His Public Lectures—His proposals for Construction of Reservoirs—The Revolutionary War—Colles teaches Gunnery to American Artillery—His Pamphlets on Joining the Waters of the Great Lakes—His Proposals for the Introduction of the Telegraph—His Death in 1816—John Colles (1751-1807)—E. G. T. Colles, Inventor of the Colles Fourfold Heater and Live Steam Purifier—Pioneers of American Progress.

“To no single individual is the system of American improvements more indebted than to Christopher Colles,” so wrote John Austin Stephens the Editor of “The Magazine of American History,” in an article which appeared in that magazine in June, 1878, headed “Christopher Colles, the First Projector of Inland Navigation in America.”

Christopher Colles was born in Ireland in the year 1738. Left an orphan at an early age, he passed into the charge of the renowned Richard Pococke, the famous Oriental traveller, later Bishop

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of Ossory. The pursuits of Pococke led the mind of his adopted pupil to physical investigation, and, it would appear, that to considerable attainments in languages, he added a fair acquaintance with mathematics, mineralogy, climate, antiquities, and geographical science.

Upon the death of Pococke in 1765, Colles started upon his wanderings. The first reference to his name, in connection with New York, appears in Watson's annals of that city, in which it is stated he delivered public lectures in Philadelphia in 1772, upon pneumatics, illustrated by experiments in an air pump of his invention.

He is also said to have been the first in the United States to undertake the building of a steam engine, for a distillery in Philadelphia, but failed for want of means, although his plans secured the approval of David Ritterhouse and the Philosophical Society. In 1773 he lectured at the Exchange, in New York, on the advantages in *lock navigation*.

Colles was the first person who suggested canals, and improvements on the Ontario route. In November, 1784, according to the records of the Assembly, he presented a memorial on the subject, and, in April following, a favourable report was had thereon. Colles visited the country, and took an actual survey of the principal obstructions upon the Mohawk river as far as Wood Creek. He published the results of his tour in a pamphlet in 1785. "The amazing extent," he wrote, "of the five great lakes to which the proposed navigation will communicate,

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will be found to have five times as much coast as all England; and the countries watered by the numerous rivers which fall into these lakes, full seven or eight times as great as that valuable island."

In an article on the "Water Chronology of the City of New York," published in that valuable repository, the Corporation Manual of Valentine for 1854, the services of Colles only are noticed by the writer, Theodore R. de Forest.

Colles, in 1774, proposed the construction of a reservoir and other works, and the laying down of a system of conduit pipes. With the aid of the corporation of the city, a steam pumping engine was erected near the collect pond. This enterprise was completed in March, 1776. The engine carried a pump eleven inches in diameter and six feet stroke, which lifted 417,600 gallons daily. The War of the Revolution arrested the undertaking, yet in 1778 the people petitioned that Colles' plan might be carried out. When later, the Manhattan Company was chartered to supply New York with water, it is claimed that the original proposal to look without its limits for a supply came from Colles.

On the breaking out of the war, Colles turned his remarkable fertility of resource to a military enterprise, giving lectures on gunnery, and teaching the American artillery the principles of projectiles, in which employment, his biographer in Appleton's Encyclopædia says, he was continued until this branch of the service was remodelled on the arrival of Baron Steuben in 1777.

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Immediately on the close of the war, he again devoted his attention to his favourite project of internal improvement. All the authorities concur in giving to Colles the credit of having been not only the first to propose, but the first to bring before the public, in a practical form, the feasibility and vast national advantage of a system of water communication, which should unite the great lakes and their boundless tributary territory with the Atlantic ocean.

The priority of Christopher Colles in the conception of the grand design is demonstrated by several passages in his pamphlet of 1785. For instance, where he says that "by this the internal trade will be promoted; by this the country will be settled; by this the frontiers will be secured; by this a variety of articles, as masts, yards, and ship timber, may be brought to New York, which will not bear the expense of land carriage, and which, notwithstanding, will be a very considerable remittance to Europe; by this in time of war provisions and military stores may be moved with facility in sufficient quantity to meet any emergency, and by this in time of peace, all the necessary conveniences, and if we please the luxuries of life, may be distributed to the remotest parts of the GREAT LAKES which so beautifully diversify the face of this extensive continent, and to the smallest branches of the numerous rivers which shoot from these lakes upon any point of the compass."

Although this great project temporarily failed, Colles contrived to interest himself in matters of

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public interest, and issued proposals for publishing a Survey of the Roads of the United States of America. This was published in 1789. The plates were of copper, neatly engraved, "each page containing a delineation of near twelve miles of road on a scale of about an inch and three-quarters to a mile."

In 1808, encouraged, perhaps, by the improvement of inland navigation in the State of New York, Colles proposed a plan of navigation between New York and Philadelphia, but as before, without practical benefit to himself. His views were made public in a little tract issued at his own expense. The plan proposed was to erect canals not dug into the soil, as in Europe, but built of *timber*, entirely elevated above the ground, with perpendicular sides!

In a series of articles by Henry O'Reilly, which appeared in "The Historical Magazine," entitled "Material for Telegraph History," the writer in the article which appeared in April, 1869, recognises Colles as having been the first to make "formal proposal for telegraphic intercourse along the whole American coast, from Passamaquoddy to New Orleans." This was in the Summer of 1812, by means of public lectures and newspaper articles. Colles only partially succeeded in his endeavours. A Semaphoric Telegraph was established to signalise intelligence between New York and Sandy Hook, which for many years was under his personal direction. In a little pamphlet published in the year following, he described this numerical telegraph to

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be a machine composed of a frame of timber in the form of a five-pointed star, to be erected on eminences, so as to be distinctly visible with a telescope at a distance of ten miles. A revolving index carried a circular board, on which were marked nine digits and a cypher.

Mr O'Reilly wrote with regard to this matter: "Had the wise suggestions of Mr Colles been promptly sustained by the Government or by the business community—had his proposed telegraph system been extended along the coast to any considerable extent—so as to transmit intelligence rapidly among the American people; many movements of British fleets and armies might have been essentially impeded, if not entirely frustrated, and our national feelings, as well as the public and private interests of our countrymen, might have been saved from various painful ordeals. But in 1812, even the citizens of New York were as slow in appreciating the value of Colles' Semaphoric Telegraph as they were in 1845, when little or nothing could be raised in that city towards extending the Electro-magnetic Telegraph northward of Baltimore—to which place the National Government had built a forty-mile experimental line from Washington during the previous year."

It is pleasant to learn from a sketch contributed by Dr John W. Francis to "The Knickerbocker Gallery," published in New York in 1855; a handsome volume to which Washington Irving, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William Cullen Bryant, Bayard



ABRAHAM COLLES (1773-1843)
Professor of Surgery and Anatomy, T.C.D., and twice President
of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland
(From the painting by Martin Creegan, P.R.H.A.)



CHRISTOPHER COLLES (1739-1816)
The First Projector of Inland Navigation in America
(From the portrait by Jarvis in the Gallery of
the New York Historical Society)

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Taylor, John G. Saxe, James Russell Lowell, N. P. Willis, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and other well-known American writers also contributed; that though many of Colles' projects failed, he bore his losses philosophically. In Dr Francis' article, which fills twenty pages, and is entitled "Reminiscences of Christopher Colles," we read:

"Many paid deference to him amid all his disappointments. De Witt Clinton included him among the prominent promoters of internal improvement. Dr Mitchell often visited him, and lauded his services in the advancement of public works. Jarvis, the painter, pronounced him a genius, and painted his portrait with great fidelity. 'My pencil,' said Jarvis, 'will render you hereafter better known; you have done too much good to be forgotten.' The picture is in the Historical Society. Dr Hosack commemorated him, in his 'Life of Clinton,' as an early pioneer in behalf of the canal policy of New York, and caused an engraving of his portrait to occupy a niche on the column of his canal worthies. Senator Seward has not overlooked him in his elaborate introduction to the 'Natural History of New York.' Trumbull, the historical painter, often cheered him onward, and bid him hope, for on that article he himself had long lived. Nor was that genuine Knickerbocker, G. C. Verplanck, indifferent to his condition, nor backward in suggestions. In the great celebration which took place in New York in November, 1825, when the waters of Erie united with the Atlantic, the effigy of Colles was borne with

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appropriate dignity among the emblems of that vast procession." And Dr Francis added:

"Had I encountered Colles in any land I would have been willing to have naturalised him to our soil and institutions. He had virtues, the exercise of which must prove profitable to any people. . . . The ardent and untiring man was so connected with divers affairs, even after he had domesticated himself among us, that every movement in which he took a part must have had salutary influences on the masses of those days."

Christopher Colles died on the 4th of October, 1816, in the 79th year of his age, and was buried in St. Paul's Cemetery in New York. Mr Henry O'Reilly thus closes his account of him: "As unostentatious as he was sagacious, he was indeed one of those gifted men whose misfortune consists in being ahead of their times. The New York Historical Society has a portrait painted by Jarvis as a mark of respect from some of the eminent contemporaries of Colles; and that valuable Society may well point to it as a memento of one of the best men that ever trod its halls or honoured its membership. Be his memory ever honoured as one of the worthiest pioneers of American Progress!"

John Colles (1751-1807), at one time a publisher in Dublin, went to America with his Cousin Christopher in 1771. His son, James Colles (1788-1883) was a merchant in New Orleans, and lived to the great age of ninety-five. His son of the same name also lived to a good old age (1828-1898) and

The Family of Colles in United States

his grandson, Christopher John Colles, practises as a physician in New York, and is the author of some medical works of which some specimens are in the Library of the British Museum.

That the faculty for invention is not dead in the Colles family is proved by the fact that Edward Taylor Gillespie Colles, a son of William Henry George Colles (1803-1880), who settled in Canada in 1859, and nephew of Edward Richards Purefoy Colles (1798-1883) already referred to, is the inventor of much useful machinery, notably The Colles Fourfold Heater and Live Steam Purifier, which can be seen at work to-day in Clinton Street, Chicago, where the inventor has his factory and from which these heaters not alone are despatched throughout the United States and Canada, but leave for shipment to Europe.

CHAPTER XXXI

KINGS AND CORONATIONS

The Coronation of 1902—King Edward VII.—The Queen's Poetess—Ella Mary Gordon—"Poems for the People"—Auchintoul, Aboyne—The Town Clerk of Aberdeen—A Visit to Balmoral—Accident at Braemar—King Lewanika of Barotseland—Colonel Colin Harding—Mauled by Lions—Sir David and Lady Stewart—Balcorry Castle—The Fiji Contingent Making of Kava—A Whisky and Potass.

IN this year of the coronation of King George V., I recall the fact that in 1902 I was one of the many who were saddened by the intelligence of the sudden illness of King Edward VII. That sage King and genial gentleman may be said, without fear of contradiction, to have been the most deeply loved monarch that ever sat on the throne of England. He was in the realms of Royalty all that Oliver Goldsmith was in the realms of literature. Of him also it might be said that he touched nothing that he did not adorn. And for once Mr Bernard Shaw was right, we might admire in Edward VII. His Majesty the King, but it was the Man we loved, "the genial figure with the race-glass and the cigar; the pattern for all good stockbrokers from Friday to Monday."

I wonder do many of my readers know the work

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of Ella Mary Gordon, whose poems were the favourite reading of Queen Victoria, a fact which won for the poetess the pleasing title of "The Queen's Poetess." It is to Dr Charles Forshaw I owe my acquaintance with Mrs Gordon, who is a daughter of the great Rosarian, Mr Paul, of Waltham Cross, and wife of the genial Town Clerk of Aberdeen. Mrs Gordon's sister, Miss Florence Paul is an artist of exceptional ability, and has illustrated the Poems of the Queen's Poetess in a truly charming style.

The chief characteristics of Mrs Gordon's poems are simplicity and directness. She does not toy with her subject, nor view it in different lights, nor does she, even in the poems most steeped in pathos, indulge in introspection or in tears. There is the strength which springs from serenity in all her work, and this strength is communicated to her readers, thus making her poems a source of consolation to those who are sad of heart. Mrs Gordon seems to have accepted the *dictum* of Lucretius, that "true religion consists in beholding all things with a calm soul." Her poems breathe a spirit of resignation and of steadfastness.

In illustration I may quote the following poem which does not, as the work of many other poets on the same theme, prove the speaker to be a dweller in a region roofed by repentance and paved with despair. The situation is none the less painful, the grief is none the less poignant because the utterance is deliberately calm. Love may exist whole-hearted

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though the love cannot "starve, feast, despair, and be happy."

"Although another's name I bear,
I still am true;
And when I too have reached the goal,
Shall look for you.

Had we walked daily hand in hand,
Care might have pressed;
Now, looking back on what has been—
'Twas for the best.

One sweet ray shines when cloudy mists
Fall on my soul—
Our love has not been worn by time;
It still lives whole."

Being by Royal Deeside in July, 1902, staying at the Huntly Arms Hotel, in Aboyne, I ventured to call upon Mrs Gordon who resided during the summer months at a delightful *châlet* called Auchintoul, a beautiful little structure with a lower story of granite and an upper of pinewood, the whole being surrounded with climbing roses, and from the window could be heard the soothing sound of the river as it rounded the garden to flow under a fine suspension bridge.

I found Mrs Gordon in a charming little sitting-room, which overlooked the garden. I had had some correspondence with her in connection with the cheap edition of her poetical works entitled "Poems for the People," and at once recognised her from a fine portrait which had been reproduced as frontispiece to that book.

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At the moment of my entry she was examining some rare wild birds' eggs which her son, Paul Seaton Gordon, a fine, manly young fellow of eighteen, or thereabouts, had recently acquired for his collection. Young Gordon, who is a capital amateur photographer, was showing his mother some photographs he had taken of eggs to illustrate an article on the subject, and Mrs Gordon's private secretary, a lady, was evidently also much interested.

It is now eight years since I was at Aboyne, but I remember well the impression created by this gentle and refined woman as she spoke of Sir John Stainer and others of her friends, and, going to the piano played for me the simple air to which the following verses had just been set—

The One I loved the best
Has entered into rest,
Above the clouds' white crest.

The One I loved of old
Has won her crown of gold,
And knows the joys untold.

No breakers lash the Bar,
No sorrows surge afar,
Where shines my guiding star.

The work of life is done,
The cloudless day begun,
God guards my dearest One.

The sun has sunk to rest
For ever in the West
With her my soul loved best.

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A little later the Town Clerk of Aberdeen entered the room, and was good enough to say that in anticipation of my visit he had made arrangements for Mrs Gordon, her Secretary, and myself to visit Balmoral on the morrow. Accordingly, the following morning found me travelling with these two ladies by train from Aboyne to Ballater, from which a coach-and-four runs to Braemar.

As we neared the latter place we saw from our seats on the box that three large motor cars were rapidly coming towards us. The driver of the coach becoming uneasy on account of the restiveness of one of the leaders, pulled up and asked me to hold his head. I was dressed in riding breeches and leathers, and at once complied, but as I reached the ground, Mrs Gordon, who had recently been in a carriage accident, becoming nervous, leaped from the top of the coach. Luckily I was just in time to catch her, and leave her to the care of the other passengers, before running to the horse's head and quieting him as the motors containing a number of coloured people and one or two whites dashed past.

These cars, I learned later, contained King Lewanika, the enlightened ruler of Barotseland, who was accompanied by members of his suite and by Colonel Colin Harding, the British Commandant of Barotseland, who did much in British interests in connection with the Anglo-Portuguese Barotse Boundary question.

After a few moments Mrs Gordon recovered from her fright, and we proceeded to Braemar, where we

Kings and Coronations

had a pleasant luncheon party at the Fife Arms. Later we went in a brougham to Balmoral, which we had permission to inspect, thanks to the good offices of Mr Gordon.

On the day following, Mrs Gordon kindly took me for a drive round Aboyne, in the course of which she called upon Mr and Mrs Williams, with whom King Lewanika, Colonel Harding, and the entire party from Barotseland were staying. Here we found the Monarch and his dusky suite being photographed, and I was presented to his Majesty, and had a pleasant chat with Colonel Harding, who is a splendid type of Englishman. I may mention here, that in 1904 I heard, with great regret, that this gallant officer was severely mauled by lions when travelling near Kalomo, his right shoulder being badly smashed and both his legs severely bitten.

A day or two after the visit to Balmoral, Mr and Mrs Gordon took me with them to Balcorry Castle, the seat of Sir David Stewart. Here a large number of guests were entertained on a lovely summer afternoon, one of the chief attractions being a visit from the party of Fijians who had come over in connection with the Coronation. Amongst other things, such as dances, we witnessed the ceremony of making Kava, a drink much esteemed in Fiji. It was not made in orthodox fashion, a not very savoury method on which I shall not expatiate, but was brewed; the root being alternately soused in water and wrung out by the Chief, who plunged his

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brawny brown arms up to the elbows in the liquid, while his followers, clad in light garments, and with chaplets of roses on their heads, marched round him singing some weird hymn tunes!

When the ceremony of consecration was over, and the liquor was deemed to be ready, half-cocoa-nuts and calabashes were dipped in it and offered to the guests to imbibe. I tasted the fluid, which resembled in flavour a mixture of soap and water with a dash of red pepper. This liquor is said when indulged in too freely to affect the legs but not the head. I am glad to say that I took my departure as sober as a judge.

I saw King Lewanika several times during my short stay in Aboyne, and that shrewd Monarch is, I am glad to see, still on the throne of Barotseland. The latest intelligence received concerning him is that the Duke of Connaught devoted an afternoon to reviewing the Barotse Police and to a reception of Lewanika the Barotse Chief and his fellow tribesmen, who presented the Duke with a Royal Blue Monkey, and a grey Kaross. A sham hippopotamus hunt was got up by Lewanika for the Duke's entertainment, the hunt being partaken in by skilled hunters in dug-out canoes.

While staying in Aboyne, I had the pleasure of meeting some clergy of the district, one of them kindly asking me to visit his kirk on the following Sabbath day. I accepted the invitation and also the suggestion that I should call at the manse before entering the kirk. This accordingly I did, and

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found my reverend friend in his study with his second in command. I was a little bit curious to discover why I had been asked to call at the minister's house, but I had not long to wait for a solution of the mystery, for turning to me a few minutes after I had entered, he said:

"I thought that perhaps you might be weary, and that a glass of whisky and potass might not be amiss."

I thanked him for his kindly thought which was the outcome of genuine Scottish hospitality, and I have no doubt that in consequence of this glass of whisky and potass I sang "All people that on earth do dwell" with more unction than I would otherwise have done!

I returned to London in time for the Coronation, which took place on 9th August, 1902. The last time I saw King Edward was at the ceremony of opening Kingsway, when I stood little more than the length of a walking stick in front of him, and he looked in magnificent health and strength. Much work and worry were, however, in store for him, and he never shirked a duty. The King is dead. Long live the King! In his Majesty, George V. we have a Monarch who will not alone profit by the great example of his father, but strike out a line of his own, a line which will render his name illustrious, the indications of which are, in my humble judgment, already markedly perceptible.

CHAPTER XXXII

“ THE PROVOST AND FELLOWS OF TRINITY ”

“ Father O’Flynn ” and Alfred Perceval Graves—Provosts Jellett and Salmon—Provost Anthony Traill, LL.D.—A “ Learic ” by Father Matthew Russell—Professor R. Yelverton Tyrrell—His Essays and Translations—Professor Starkie—“ The Story of Cupid and Psyche,” edited by Professor Louis Claude Purser—George Ferdinand Shaw—His Articles in *The Dublin Evening Mail*—The Nemean Odes of Pindar, edited by Professor Bury—Henry Stewart Macran, F.T.C.D.—Robert Russell, F.T.C.D.—“ The Book of Trinity College ”—A Fine Irish Bull.

EVERYONE knows, or ought to know, “ Father O’Flynn,” that capital song by Alfred Perceval Graves, a song which will last as long as there is a priest in Ireland. Owing to his being resident in England I did not see much of Mr Graves, but when Mr Arthur à Beckett’s ill-fated paper *John Bull*, was about to be started, he called on me with the view of my becoming a contributor, and since then I have met him once or twice.

My reason for referring to “ Father O’Flynn ” is on account of the verses in that celebrated song, which praise the Provost and Fellows of Trinity as being famous alike for Greek and Latinity. I have

The Provost and Fellows of Trinity

already referred to Jellett, who was succeeded as Provost by Salmon, a celebrated mathematician and divine. When Salmon died, full of years and honours, he was succeeded by Dr Anthony Traill, the present Provost. Long may he reign! Traill is a robust and athletic man, a good sportsman and a bulwark of the Protestant Church. He is the beau ideal of "a strong still man in a blatant land."

Dr Anthony Traill has great strength of character. He cares for no one's opinions save his own, and he does not hesitate to plump for himself should occasion arise. He and his sons are men of muscle. I remember on one occasion when father and sons were on the cricket field, an English visitor asking: "Are those buffaloes which have evolved into men, or men who have degenerated into buffaloes?" The name of Traill is famous in another direction, for Dr Anthony Traill's brother ran the first electric train in the world; that from Portrush to the Giant's Causeway, and another brother was Major R. G. Traill, a Resident Magistrate in the West of Ireland, who was a terror to evil-doers. All honour to Anthony Traill, he is the right man for such a position in troublous times for the old University of Dublin.

I have already referred more than once to Professor Mahaffy, who is a Doctor of Divinity, a Doctor of Music, and a Doctor of Civil Law of Oxford. His "History of Greek Literature" is a delightful book, and is never likely to be superseded. Mahaffy's kindliness of heart is unbounded. I

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proposed, on one occasion, to lecture on the works of Henrik Ibsen and asked Mahaffy to take the chair. He wrote saying he was going for a holiday, but would, nevertheless, postpone it if I could alter the date of my lecture. I would not, however, hear of the Professor depriving himself of a well-earned holiday. One of the most entertaining of Mahaffy's books has long been out of print, his "Prolegomena to Ancient History."

Another Professor of Trinity College, Dublin, has thus been referred to by a contemporary poet, the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., Editor of *The Irish Monthly*, which he founded in 1873. Father Russell terms his verses "Learics," after Edward Lear. He wrote—

Professor R. Yelverton Tyrrell
In Latin is brisk as a squirrel;
And eke his Greek prose
As pleasantly flows
As the language of Lang or of Birrell.

Of course, Father Russell's reference is to "Obiter Dicta." What "the language of Birrell" was, or could be, when he was kicked in the leg by a suffragette, we can only guess at.

Father Russell is a younger brother of the late Lord Russell of Killowen, Chief Justice of England. After his ecclesiastical education at Maynooth, he joined the Jesuit Order, and has worked in schools and churches in Limerick and Dublin. He is well-known in the world of letters as the compiler of

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“Sonnets on the Sonnet,” published by Longmans in 1898. This collection contains no less than a hundred and fifty-seven sonnets, the subject of each of which is the Sonnet itself regarded from some point of view. Among the contributors were Swinburne, Austin Dobson, W. E. Henley, Wilfrid Blunt, Archbishop Alexander, and Professor W. W. Skeat.

Father Russell is a poet of no mean powers. His verses, entitled, “Land! Land!” was the last poem which caught Gladstone’s attention just before he died—

My dying hour, how near art thou?
Or near or far, my head I bow
 Before God’s ordinance supreme;
 But ah, how priceless then will seem
Each moment rashly squandered now!

Teach me, for thou can’st teach me, how
These fleeting instants to endow
With worth that may the past redeem,
 My dying hour!

My barque that late with buoyant prow
The sunny waves did gaily plough,
Now through the sunset’s fading gleam
Drifts dimly shorewards in a dream.
I feel the land-breeze on my brow,
 My dying hour!

Professor Tyrrell’s “Lectures on Latin Poetry,” and his “Essays on Greek Literature” are fascinating books, and he has edited with Professor L. C. Purser the “Correspondence of Cicero,” in seven volumes. Tyrrell’s translation of the

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Archarnians of Aristophanes into English verse is excellent. To translate the Archarnians has ever since Frere's days had been the ambition of classical scholars, witness the latest translation by Professor Starkie, also a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.

A propos of editions of the Classics, one of the finest achievements in this line is "The Story of Cupid and Psyche as related by Apuleius," edited with an admirable introduction and notes by Professor Louis Claude Purser, F.T.C.D. It is only by a stretch of the imagination that Apuleius can be counted a Classic, for his language is strange and unclassical and therefore by no means easy to edit.

One of the most noted figures in T.C.D., was my dear friend George Ferdinand Shaw, LL.D., for some time the Registrar. So long-lived were the Fellows, that Shaw used to complain that for over forty years he was a Junior Fellow. Shaw used to write brilliant leading articles for *Saunders's Newsletter*, and later for *The Dublin Evening Mail*, when the latter was the property of George Tickell. I also was a contributor to the *Mail*, but as I was chief Accountant of the Ulster Bank, I could not visit the offices, accordingly a book used to be carried from Shaw to me, and from me to Shaw, in which we wrote letters and messages to each other. Some of Shaw's messages were like the language of Walt Whitman full of "hells" and "damns." I secured one of these books when filled, and well remember making my friends laugh over Shaw's remarks on misprints in an article written by him on Professor

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Bury's edition of the Nemean Odes of Pindar. The page was lurid with sulphurous sentiments and ill-wishes for the printer's fate! My copy of Bury's edition of the Nemean Odes was presented by the editor to the late Professor Atkinson.

A propos of Atkinson, he edited the "Yellow Book of Leccan" for the Royal Irish Academy. In a little volume entitled "Who is Who in Dublin," Atkinson was stated to be *author* of "The Book of Ballymote" and "The Yellow Book of Leccan!" Out of this little "Who is Who" I had the pleasure of reading to Sir Francis Cruise a notice of his own decease! a fact which greatly amused that able medical man and excellent musician.

Professor J. B. Bury to whom I have just referred was for many years the "marvellous boy" of the University. He secured high honours very early in life, and even now is not fifty. His "History of Greece," and his edition of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" are fine works. Bury is now Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge.

Dr T. K. Abbott, the Librarian of T.C.D. is one of the labourers on Kant's Ethics, but his life has been devoted to his Library, which is one of the best equipped in the world, and enjoys the copyright privilege.

Among the Junior Fellows there are now many brilliant young men; but Death has been busy amongst the Seniors, sweeping away, with others, Thomas Kells Ingram, the author of "Who Fears

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to Speak of Ninety-eight?" and of volumes on "Slavery" and "Comteism."

Of the younger men my friend Henry Stewart Macran is one of the ablest. I have already referred to his "History of Greek Music."

The field of mathematics is not a flowery one, but Robert Russell, F.T.C.D. has gained a world-wide reputation in this particular branch of learning, and one in which a name is made only amongst one's peers.

One of the most amusing pranks ever played on learned Fellows in T.C.D. was when an undergraduate named Pococke wrote as a Prize Essay a long rigmarole entitled, "Signs of the Times," with obscure quotations from Browning, and without one word of commonsense. This document, strange to say, won a gold medal, which, however, the author refused to accept.

In the Tercentenary Year (1892) a handsome volume was published, entitled, "The Book of Trinity College." It contained the text of a sermon in which the following sentence occurred in reference to King David's experiences:—"With this *retrospect before* him, the Psalmist," did so and so! So that "The Book of Trinity College, Dublin," as is fitting, is not without its fine specimen of an Irish Bull.

CHAPTER XXXIII

ONMIUM GATHERUM

The Irish Crossing Sweeper—A Generous Employer—John Murray, Governor of Mount Joy Prison—"Rattle yer Tins!"—My Only Visible Means of Support—The Joys of Keeping Aquaria—A Golden Speech—"No Bill for You, Sir!"—William Allingham the Poet—A Lord Mayor of Dublin and His Speech to the Ladies—An Eccentric J.P.

A FRIEND to whom I incautiously mentioned that I was engaged in writing my reminiscences, asked, "What on earth are you writing a book for?" I replied, "for the same reason as that for which a crossing sweeper in Ireland told me he swept a crossing."

"And what reason was that?" asked my obtuse friend.

"I'll tell you," I replied. "He was sweeping a crossing as clean as a new sixpence and insinuated that I should give him a coin. I was in a bad temper, and asked him, just as you have asked me, 'What on earth are you sweeping this clean crossing for?' He answered, touching his hat most deferentially, 'I'm only trying to earn my living, sir, *if you have no objection!*' I need scarcely say I searched

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for, found, and handed him a heavy and humble coin."

"Are there any good stories in your book?" asked my friend.

"I cannot say," I said, "the tales are all true and the result of my own experiences, judge from this one. I was asked to preside at a Press Luncheon by Messrs Abbott Bros., the big poultry people and as I entered the room in the hotel in which the luncheon was being held, the head waiter, a grey-haired, solemn old man, somewhat like Mr Asquith in appearance, approached me hurriedly and asked me, 'Are you Mr Abbott's father, sir?' 'My good man,' said I, 'how can I tell you until I have seen Mr Abbott?'"

My friend did not care for the story and said that Mr T. W. H. Crosland, the author of "The Unspeakable Scott," and "Lovely Woman," told better. I said, "I agree with you, but then Crosland is a genius. There is one story he told me which is unique, that in which he asked a butcher who claimed to be literary because he wrote for *Answers* and *Comic Cuts* what was his opinion—Did Bacon write Shakespeare? 'Well,' answered the butcher, 'if Bacon did *not* write Shakespeare, he missed the biggest opportunity of his life!'"

When I was living in Dublin, and writing for the press, while at the same time I was accountant in the Ulster Bank, I received a letter from an official in the Civil Service who occupied a very good position, having at least £1,000 a year, with house,

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and fire and light. He wrote saying that his wife had left for a visit to the country and that as it was approaching Christmas he wished to give "the cook and the washerwoman's little girl a treat, and asking me to get him for them a couple of seats for the Pantomime at the Gaiety! After the lapse of twenty-four hours, I replied, saying, "My dear So and So, I have applied for seats, but Mr Hyland, the Manager at the Gaiety, tells me he is booked up for weeks ahead. However, he has placed the Royal Box at my disposal, and I have much pleasure in placing it at yours for the kindly object you have in view, but please remember, evening dress is indispensable!"

I need scarcely say that I heard nothing more about the matter.

One of my earliest friends in Ireland was John Murray, the Governor of Mount Joy Prison. I used to dine with him in his private apartments, and on one occasion was startled by hearing a tremendous uproar in the yard below. He explained that some of the cells had small windows looking out on this yard, and one very refractory woman used her tin drinking mug to bang on the window sill, at the same time calling out to her fellow-prisoners in reference to the Governor, "Rattle yer tins, ye Divils ye, and kape ould Nero from sleepin'!" Such a specimen of womanhood lived before her time. She would be a valuable addition to-day to the ranks of the Suffragettes!

Another friend whom I have known for many years is Fred Mouillot, the actor manager. On one occasion I was Mouillot's guest at a Savage Club

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dinner. Mouillot was staying at the Tavistock Hotel, and having got into a hansom, he asked me to tell the driver his address. I did so with the best English accent I possessed at the moment, which I fear must have been half-Scotch, for the driver having gone a little distance shouted to his fare, "What part of 'Averstock 'ill did you say, sir?"

My friend A. C. Amooore one day astonished me by presenting me with a very handsome walking stick. As I could not understand his reason for so doing, I inquired. He replied, "My only reason is because I noticed that of late you have had no visible means of support."

From a boy I have been addicted to keeping live fish, beetles, water-snails, diving spiders, and other interesting stock of a like nature. I had quite a large number of aquaria, and, indeed, I still indulge in this innocent recreation, having been, quite recently, presented with a huge aquarium by Val Prince, the well-known artist.

One night I was travelling homeward in the train, and put a paper bag full of gentles and another of mealy-worms in the hat rack. Tired out with my day's work and being solus in a first class carriage, I fell asleep and awoke twenty minutes later to find two ladies gazing at me in a horror-stricken way. I was covered with gentles! These innocent but unpleasant-looking preludes to future blue-bottle flies were crawling in dozens over my coat, and being white while the coat was navy-blue, they were very conspicuous indeed!

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If people knew how interesting fish can be when kept as pets, the keeping of aquaria would be a more popular pastime. Fish and water-snails live such placid lives, and to me their lives are so strongly contrasted to my own stormy existence, that they attract me very much indeed. Often when contemplating the serenity of a snail, or the peaceful life of a perch, I have been quite oblivious of being in a work-a-day world! At such times the peregrinations of a periwinkle have been to me more deeply interesting than the platitudes of a Prime Minister. The unruffled existence of a Ruffe has made me long for a peace only rivalled by the peace that passeth all understanding.

Silence is not always golden. Once with a Press party travelling in the North of Ireland, we finished our tour with a banquet at the Great Central Hotel, Belfast. My brethren of the Pen asked me to propose a vote of thanks to the combined railways, the Midland of which Mr John Elliott was then a Manager, and the Northern Counties Railway of Ireland, which is now combined with the Midland. I made a short speech to the best of my ability, saying that the *entente cordiale* between England and France would be nothing in comparison to the *entente cordiale* between England and Ireland; and that in purchasing the Northern Counties Railway the Midland had created a bond between England and Ireland which ignorance and fanaticism would be powerless to destroy, and which would bind the sister countries closer day by day!

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Six months later I passed through Belfast and put up at the Great Central Hotel. An hour after I had booked, Mr Felstead the Manager met me and said he remembered me on account of my "great speech!" I was so much pleased that I made the Great Central my head-quarters for a week, and had one or two supper parties. When leaving to catch the 10.20 a.m. for Dublin, I asked to see Mr Felstead to say "Good-bye." I was told he was out. "Well," I said, "I must go. Let me have my bill." The reply was, "Mr Felstead left instructions—no bill for *you*, sir." I have been told quite recently that my reputation as a speech-maker is still remembered at the Great Central!

I had another very pleasant experience in Belfast. Calling during a flying visit to see a friend, I found the house shut up. After repeated knocking at the door, two ladies appeared at the entrance to the next house, and explained that my friend had gone away for a few days. These ladies, hearing I had come a long distance, insisted on my having some tea, and were most kind and hospitable. I learned with much pleasure that they were Mrs Faussett and Mrs Allison, sisters of the Irish poet, William Allingham.

A Lord Mayor of Dublin, who shall be nameless, was asked at a drawing-room meeting of ladies to preside and say a few words in favour of female suffrage.

It was in the closing days of November, when the term of office of the Lord Mayor was also coming

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to a close at the end of the year. Dublin's Chief Magistrate made a short speech in the course of which he said, "I am glad to see so many ladies here this evening, for the days of my *morality* are nearly over."

A very amusing and erratic magistrate in the West of Ireland used to make extraordinary statements from the Bench. His views of men and things were somewhat strange, as, for instance, when a man was charged with drunkenness, he asked:

"Is he drunk *now*?"

"No, your worship," replied the astonished constable.

"Then," said this modern Solomon, "for God's sake let the poor man go!"

And now my pleasant task is ended, and I must bid farewell to those who have followed me thus far. For the last nine years the scene of my labours has been laid in London, that heart of "the weary Titan," to adopt Matthew Arnold's magnificent simile; with occasional excursions to Germany and elsewhere, all of which have tended to make me believe with Dr Johnson that he who is tired of London is tired of life.

I am by no means tired of life, or of London. "Stony-hearted Oxford Street," as De Quincey called her, has been, to me "all a wonder and a wild delight." *En route* for Southern Nigeria, I got as far as London, and said "This is the place for me!" Existence has not been an unalloyed source of joy,

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but although I have had a more strenuous time than these pages give any hint of, I can say with Landor's old philosopher—

Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life—

and, when it sinks, I shall “be ready to depart!”

My life in England? Ah, as Rudyard Kipling says:
That's another story!

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